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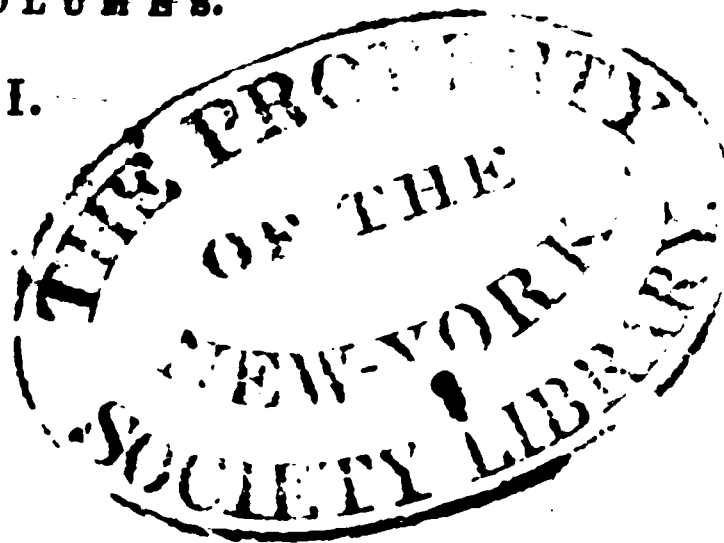
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M A H M O U D.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



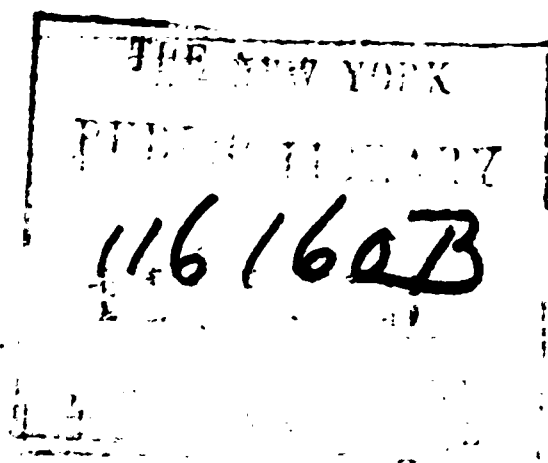
NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

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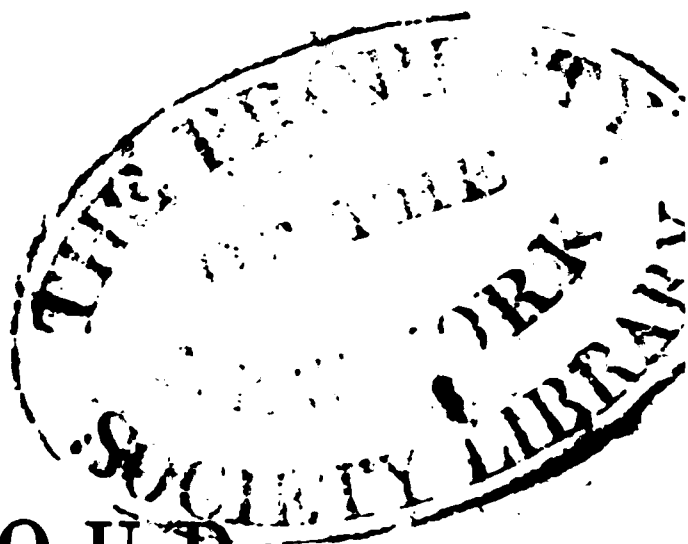
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE whole of the following narrative is a combination of facts derived from private sources or from personal observation.

With the exception of a few of the inferior characters, and the trifling accessories necessary to blend the materials and impart a unity to the rather complex web of the narrative, the whole may be relied upon as perfectly true. The events detailed in these volumes, so far from being improbable, constitute the everyday pictures of Eastern life.



M A H M O U D.

CHAPTER I.

STAMBOUL¹ gave me birth: Stamati Morozi, a Greek merchant, was my sire, and Constantine the name by which I was known in early life—my apostacy gave me the title which I carried to my grave.

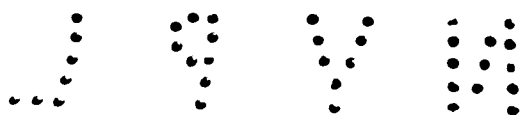
Born in the Phanar² himself, my father was connected with some of the first families in the district. Circumstances, however, arising to alter his position in life, he quitted Constantinople, and settled at Smyrna. His dealings in the commercial world were extensive: his ships, freighted to the farthest parts of the Mediterranean, visited the ports of Mesr, Akka, Raschid,³ and Alexandria, and his vast wealth, like the bounteous waters of the Nile, was diffused over the nations of Egypt, enriching its people.

My mother was one of the richest and most lovely heiresses of Smyrna. I never saw her; she died—so I was told—just after I was born. The first years of my life I passed under the roof of my uncle, Andrea, arkon⁴ of the town of Androussa. It was from him that I gathered the particulars which attended my birth. This important event happened during a voyage of my parents from Smyrna to Kalamata: such was the current story, but I afterward learned differently; I had my origin from a much higher source. My uncle assigned no cause, and I never inquired, why I was thus left to pass my early years with him in the Morea.

I saw my father only once during the long interval. I remember it as a thing of yesterday. It happened about the end of Karesma.* Gaining intelligence of his arrival, I mounted Niki, a little, obstinate, roughbacked, skeleton of a pony, set out for the Port of Koron, in the gulf of that name, kissed my father's hands, passed a few hours in his company, and remounting my jaded beast, and clearing all impediments in my road, I returned to my uncle's house, just in time to receive all the broken pots and pans clattering about my ears.*

At sixteen I felt all the vindictive passions of manhood growing within me. In giving vent to these, they were more immediately directed against the youth of my own age and station, who chanced to offend me; though frequent complaints made by their parents, of some insidious act committed on their property, showed my revengeful disposition when infuriated by provocation. I was averse to confinement of any kind. My ardent spirit panted for the space of the desert. I was incapable of submission. I had always been the favourite of my relations at Androussa; and I was told that I was the idol of my father—this will account for my insubordination.

But what was the ebullition of my youthful passions to the outbreaking of those of a more mature age? When I look back to that period of my life, and contrast it with the frightful interval from my unfledged existence to my premature decay—when I reflect on the early annihilation of all my hopes and visions of felicity; how the ties of kindred, love, and friendship were cruelly severed; the utter destitution and despair of the proscribed, the wanderer, the apostate!—when I retrace the devious path, step by step, by which I advanced towards crime—when I look through the long dark vista of past years, and behold the black catalogue of transgressions and follies, that have marked their progress, stretching even from boyhood to old age—when I review those scenes of blood and violence, in which I have stained my hands and blackened my heart—nature sinks within me, and I exclaim in tones forced from me in the bitterness of despair, “I cannot, dare not repent; mercy is



not for me. I must die, as I have lived, self-absolved of crime, and impenitent."

But let me turn from this distracting theme, and hasten to the recital of the varied incidents of my life.

The first distinct recollection which I have of my existence, or more properly speaking, the first incident in it worthy of notice, was that of being subject to the stripes of my didaskalos,⁷ in the small town of Androussa, situated in the south part of the Morea, near the luxuriant plains of Kalamata. A lofty projection of Mount Taygetus shelters it from the bleak winds of the north, while the picturesque heights of Mount Ithomé are visible on the right.

I recollect this spot, where I passed the period of my youth, with a freshness, which neither time nor calamity has had the power to efface from my memory. It was the scene of many perilous events, in which I was concerned, as well as of others more varied and interesting, on which, in after times, my heart loved to dwell when sorrow and sickness had subdued it.

The Greek portion of the inhabitants are brave, hardy, and daring by nature, but if ever slavery was fettered in bonds of irremediable servitude, the condition of the Greek rayah⁸ affords an ample proof of it. He is alike indifferent to the insults and the benefits which he receives from his masters. He has not the generosity to acknowledge the one, nor the inclination to resent the other. Hating them with a fiendish animosity, he nevertheless crouches to them with mean servility. His imbecility is equalled only by his baseness, and his abject demeanour in servitude, by his fulsome authority in office. He is the would-be master, and the abject slave; but if he be deceitful, cunning, and servile, he has to thank his proud and overbearing masters that he is so, who compel him in self-defence to the practice of these vices. Place him on a footing with them, and he would be found as capable of exercising the finer impulses of the soul, as in times gone by. But his temper has been soured by disappointment, and rendered vindictive by oppression. Under all his servitude, however, he still retains the man-

ners and the customs, though not the language of his ancestors. He still retains the lightheartedness which renders misfortune and success equally endurable ; the subtilty and quickness of perception, the spirit of intrigue and cabal, which characterized his forefathers.

Borne down and subdued by his oppressors, he has lost that buoyancy of step, and prominence of character, which distinguished his countrymen in the islands, and you might observe him pass the haughty Osmanlee' with the stealthy pace of the Israelite. The difference of creed has ever been a fruitful source of contention, and generally determines the extent of those persecutions to which the victims of Mohammedan prejudice may be subjected. The divine precept of the Koran—"We addu lehum ma istetaatum min kuwwetin."¹⁰ is ever uppermost in their thoughts, and they act upon it to the very letter. Yet even in Androussa, where cold-blooded cruelty was universally conspicuous, there were some exceptions to these general habits of the Turks. Several of the higher class were married to Greek women, allowing them to retain their religion, and observing towards them the attention due to members of their own faith.

The Turk, however, is still master of the Greek. Governed by few passions himself, the former is revengeful of injury and covetous of wealth. In the attainment of these desires, honour and honesty are alike despised by him : for if he be revengeful, the life of his enemy pays the forfeit ; and if he be covetous, his rapacity urges him to seize the possessions of his weaker brethren. His virtues shine forth in his patience in enduring adversity, his contempt of danger, and his unostentatious charity. He sums up misfortune and success alike with the simple expression of Allah kereem ;" and sees his house burned down, and his kindred butchered, with the same stoical indifference.

His duplicity and cunning are dangerous weapons to the inexperienced. Without the advantages of reading, and sometimes of writing—possessing no information in the science of physiognomy, the Turk has a wonderful

facility in discovering the latent thoughts and characters of others, while his own are buried under a veil of impenetrable mystery. Conversation is with him an impolitic indulgence. This arises from a dread of committing himself. He may be seen for hours at Stamboul, seated in his kiosk, gazing on the opposite shores of Asia and Scutari, which he regards as his future country. A few expressions comprise the extent of his conversation: thus he never fatigues or compromises himself.

He wonders at and despises the activity of the Franks, and places them on a level with his beasts of burden. In his estimation his own slaves are a far more enlightened set of beings. He has no conception of the complicated orders of society. His existence is one uniform scene of dull inactivity, rendered doubly enervating by the enjoyments of the sober berry of Mocha, the fragrant weed of his own country, and the still more intoxicating afioun.¹² The intrigue, the bustle, and the opinions which influence and vary the business of life, fail to excite an interest in his bosom. He is alike indifferent to its cares and its blessings.

Such is the Moslemin. The Turkish aga, I mean the provincial aga, is a character that will stand a comparison with the brightest ornaments of civilized society. Upright, just, and liberal in his dealings, he resembles, in manners and openhearted simplicity, the patriarchs of old. He has continued for ages, and will continue, the same. Unlike his more refined neighbours, he seeks not improvement, and scorns innovation: and you behold him, in manners and appearance, the same simple being he was two thousand years ago.

I have said that the first incident of my life, worthy of notice, was that of undergoing a probationary tuition in the academic groves of my didaskalos, the Papas¹³ Mousaki. It is a name deeply imprinted upon my memory, being connected with some events in my history in which strife and danger bore a pre-eminent part.

In a large garden at the back of the papas's house there was a row of beautiful palm trees. A Turk, of whom he had purchased it, formerly dwelt there, and had

planted those trees, which he was in the habit of watching with all the solicitude enjoined by the Prophet's injunction.¹⁴ The interstices were occupied with benches, and the scholars took possession of them, according to the time they had graduated at the grove. Various fruit trees at hand bore evident marks of devastation, committed by the young urchins, when the eyes of the didaskalos were turned in a contrary direction.

In person the papas was tall and muscular. A more sinister aspect was never beheld, nor did a sleek exterior ever conceal a more depraved heart. It was difficult to say whether the goat or the tiger predominated in his countenance. Time, evil passions, and gross sensuality had indented his cheeks with two large and deep furrows, which he endeavoured to hide with his beard. You might recognise him afar off by the length of this appendage, which hung low on his breast, clotted with the filth of years.

His actions corresponded with the questionable character of his looks; for, among his own people, neither laws divine or human withheld him from the commission of crimes at which humanity shudders. Addicted to the worst propensities himself, he mulcted the poor wretch whom he found committing a breach of morality with tenfold severity. Still he was looked upon by the community as a pattern of meekness and of piety: he was celebrated besides for one or two thaumuses,¹⁵ which his own ingenuity, and the credulity of the inhabitants, had rendered immortal. If any little peccadilloes, which he had practised under the cloak of religion, unfortunately came to light, he made up for them by the austerities to which he subjected himself in public. Besides he had no papadia¹⁶ to vex his own life, or that of his neighbours, and consequently, the vow of celibacy procured him additional honour with his admirers.

Seated in a wooden chair at the head of the grove, he listened in all the listless vacuity of a theriakier,¹⁷ to the various intonations and responses of his pupils.¹⁸ His right hand grasped a large wand. From right to left it kept up a never-ceasing and untiring motion. Always

uncertain where the blow would fall, the row of urchins who stood before him were in a constant state of trepidation and alarm. Seldom did he raise his eyes to look fully in the face of any one of us, yet any deviation from the customary decorum of the grove met with its immediate deserts. An incautious smile would bring on the offender's head a terrible application of the wand, and a laugh always brought with it days of wo and of torture.

I was an object particularly selected by the papas for the operation of the wand, and two of my companions, older than myself, came in for a due share of castigation. Long did we endure the unmerciful infliction without repining; but all things must have an end, and our patience gradually gave way. The eldest, Eustathius by name, was a daring youth, capable of committing any act of violence on those who wronged him. Our feelings accorded, and we resolved to be revenged. Many were the plans we decided upon, but as they depended on our personal exertions, we rejected them, knowing that a severe punishment would follow the detection of those who should offer any violence to a priest.

We, however, put our plan into execution, and entered the more readily into it, because there was little chance of detection. A few yards from my uncle's house was a well, seldom or never used, about twelve feet deep, and nearly half full of filthy water. Time, or the inhabitants, had levelled the slight wall which formerly surrounded it, and its mouth was now even with the ground. Moss and thick long weeds had fallen into the aperture, concealing it from view till you stood close to it. Such was the scene of Mousaki's disgrace and our triumph.

One night, soon after the inhabitants had retired to rest, which was generally very early, we overspread the mouth of the well with reeds, and covering them with turf, it was not distinguishable from the adjacent plot of grass. When all was prepared, we took our stations behind some bushes opposite, and despatching a companion (who had promised to assist us in the execution of the scheme) to the house of the papas, we instructed him to say that my uncle Andrea was at the point of

death, and required his presence immediately. Upon consideration, it was thought prudent for me to retire, in case I should be inquired for ; but young and ardent for revenge, I disdained to let my companions suffer alone, and we waited the result with considerable anxiety.

It was not long before we heard the papas approach. His well-known, lengthened, and husky cough sounded hoarsely up the street, and we tried to laugh at the thought of having disturbed his rest, but we could not—it was a convulsive chuckle, and we gaped at each other with more of awe than satisfaction. The terrors of the grove rose in fearful array before us. We almost wished our victim had refused to come, but it was too late. We heard our companion, with a shrewdness beyond his years, conversing with him on the coldness of the night, and deploring the necessity which had brought him out so late. Then we heard the papas give a louder and a longer cough in answer, and bless the lad for his kindly consideration. We saw them approach the fatal spot, the boy leading him by the hand, the priest blindly following. Once he turned aside, as if aware of his proximity to the well, but the ready assurances of the lad convinced him that he had just passed it.

Presently there was a sudden and hoarse cry, a loud splash followed—then all was still for a moment. Our companion joined us, capering at the success of his scheme. In a few seconds the despairing cries of the papas rose from the well, his naturally harsh and disagreeable voice sounding hollow as from a tomb.

“Murder ! thieves ! robbery !—good people, save your priest—save your priest. It is Mousaki calls. Haste ! I’m drowning—quick ! I’m going—speed ! I’ll absolve you all. Bring a rope, a ladder, anything—save me, save me !”

It must be confessed that these despairing cries produced an uncomfortable sensation on our young minds. We began to think that we had carried our scheme too far, and unable to move, already quaked for our own lives, when the door of my uncle’s house opened, and, accompanied by three or four persons, he rushed into the

street with lights. Directed by the cries, they approached the well, and hearing the papas's groans, but receiving no definite answer from him, notwithstanding their continual questions, they began to think the well was inhabited by evil spirits, and one of them communicating his fears in a whisper to his nearest neighbour, the alarm soon spread, and under a strange kind of impulse, they retreated towards the door from which they had just issued. Presently the cries of the papas rose again, and Andrea, recognising the tones of a voice familiar to him, approached the well, lowered a torch, and to his consternation perceived the well-known countenance of Mousaki, which was indeed the only part of him visible above water.

The uproar occasioned by the papas aroused the whole neighbourhood, both Turks and Greeks. Rushing to the scene from all quarters, they arrived just in time to behold him emerging from the well, dripping wet and shivering with cold, having lost his mitre¹⁹ in the fall.

"How is this?" many exclaimed together. Others cried aloud, "Our priest has fallen into a well," and they rent the air with their lamentations.

After relieving himself by sundry eructations, occasioned by the water which he had swallowed, the papas proceeded to explain the accident attending his progress to his neighbour Andrea, for whom he had been solicited to come and pray, that worthy man being at the point of death. My uncle, hearing such a misrepresentation of his bodily condition, stepped forward to deny the fact, making it evident to all present that he was in sound and vigorous health. Mousaki, groaning aloud, repeated what he had before advanced, and complained bitterly of the joke that had been played upon him. My uncle's wife, who till now had calmly looked on from a window of the house, exclaimed, in a shrill voice, that her husband had been in bed and asleep since the setting of the sun. "May he who is in a certain place²⁰ far from hence take me away if I speak untrue," she cried—but

it was of no avail, the people believed the papas and began to murmur.

Half a dozen Turks came up at this moment, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. It being explained to them by the respective parties, a fierce-looking, black-bearded fellow, Moctaleb by name, turning to the papas, said, "Dog! how dare you invent such abominable and filthy lies? Because you have been overcome with wine, and thereby fallen into the well, to exculpate yourself from infamy, you cast the blame on your innocent and unsuspecting neighbour. Malek!" he cried, elevating his voice, and a slave approached; "up with his heels, and let the lying Christian receive a hundred lashes."

The populace stood petrified with horror for several minutes, but recovering their mental and corporal faculties at the same moment, they fled in all directions, uttering cries of wo at the profanation about to be exercised upon the papas.

We had mingled with the crowd as casual lookers-on, and standing apart, were now the only spectators, with the exception of the Turks, who witnessed the operation of the bastinado. We gazed on our victim with feelings of eager satisfaction, which, however, we took especial care to conceal from observation. At length he was released from the stripes of his tormentors; but unable to move, a litter was brought, and he was carried home on the backs of some of the inhabitants.

Various were the groups of figures seen in the streets of Androussa next morning, and the rumours that went forth from each assemblage were no less various. Some sober-minded people looked significantly wise, pointed to their foreheads, and with an expressive shake of the head, trusted the papas would overcome the snares of a certain being. Some affirmed that he had been seen to walk in his sleep on various occasions: others now accounted for the circumstance of having seen a figure in the dead of night, perambulating the streets. Many, more charitably inclined, believed it to have been a scheme of the Turks, who, ever on the alert to annoy

the Greeks, were implacable in their hatred against the papas. This was the most received opinion, and it was fortunate for us that the circumstance was ascribed to so questionable a source. But though so degrading and unforeseen in its results to Mousaki, it eventually proved the greatest blessing. Presents poured in upon him from all quarters; every one was anxious to show him some attention, and many, though living at a distance, came and received absolution at his hands.

For some days the papas was unable to stir abroad; but at length he made his appearance at the grove, and with his return came a renewal of the customary terrors. On his entrance, he cast on the assembled pupils a look of fierce meaning—but more particularly towards me. I was too well versed in hypocrisy even then to betray myself. Approaching me with expressions of wrath upon his lips, which were as pale as ashes, he suddenly seized me by the hair of my head, and flung me on the ground, affording me a practical illustration that his strength was nowise abated. I immediately concluded that he had discovered the authors of his disgrace, and looked towards Eustathius and his companion, but their youthful countenances were flushed with indignation. Whispering to each other, I thought they were upon the point of coming to my assistance, but by a look I forbade them to approach, and they retired to a recess in the grove.

Well do I remember (for the incident rankled like poison in my throbbing veins) that day, and that punishment: my heart boiled: I muttered a few words—I know not what—and rising from the ground, hid myself among the trees. Such was the malignant feeling which took possession of me, that at this moment I could have struck the papas dead. It was well there was no weapon at hand. But I lived to be revenged. I breathed no curses upon him: in silence I swore revenge, and kept my oath.

Mousaki had a heart little formed either for charity or forgiveness. He entertained an idea that my uncle, or some one connected with his house, had been the occa-

sion of his disgrace, and I, being the only male of the family over whom he could exercise authority, was consequently doomed to suffer the whole weight of his vengeance. He eyed me with the watchfulness of a tiger, and allowed no opportunity to escape in which he could illustrate upon me the prerogative of unlimited retaliation.

I have said that the punishment of the papas was followed by innumerable benefits. Every one manifested the most kindly consideration towards him. Many females, in the exuberance of their fanatical zeal, visited him, and condoled with him under his sufferings. He was not slow in working upon their credulity. Elated by the applause, and the expressions of condolence uttered by every tongue, confident in the suffrages of the enthusiastic populace, his exactions were unlimited, and his arrogance boundless; he assumed the airs of a resident despot,²¹ and strutted abroad in all the unbending pride of self-confidence.

CHAPTER II.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that shortly after the foregoing adventure, I quitted the classic groves of the papas. Years wore away; and the recollection of this affair, if it still rankled in his bosom, was, no doubt, made subservient to the secret spirit of revenge which actuated him at a subsequent period. His demeanour in public was marked by a meekness bordering upon servility. Even the most cautious observer could not have detected, in his inflexible features, a single indication of the undying principle of hate that was preying within.

I was now in my twentieth year, and I considered myself arrived at man's estate. I was tall beyond my years, and nature had imparted a degree of strength and activity to my frame seldom acquired before manhood.

I was ardently devoted to the chase. In a neighbouring valley, a few miles north of the town, teeming with wild boars, I had my wishes gratified to their utmost extent. But I was not alone in these dangerous and exciting adventures. A daring spirit and a powerful arm often interposed to shield me from peril, and to rescue me from destruction.

Allied to the powerful and wealthy house of the Benaki, residing at Kalamata, was Alexis, a kinsman of the family, who led a life of roving independence; nay, sometimes days passed away, and no one saw or heard of him. His absence, however, created no alarm among his friends. His habits being known, his frequent seclusions were easily accounted for.

I had long known Alexis Benaki, more particularly as he was the chosen but secret admirer of my cousin Ina, the daughter of Andrea. He had looked upon and encouraged my boyish sports with a patronising air, and I had carried his messages to Ina with something of a similar feeling. But he was not an everyday sort of man. Those who had looked upon him once, stopped to look again, and found themselves irresistably attached to him, even before they had claimed his acquaintance. I looked up to him as to a superior being—nay, I worshipped him with a kind of idolatry, there was such fascination in everything he did, divested of all affectation. Even the great padisha' himself suffered in my estimation when placed in comparison with Alexis Benaki. He was one of those characters which generally spring up in troublesome times, and gradually rise, from a state of comparative insignificance, to a pitch of dangerous, but shortlived glory. He had fought in the Russian service. His valour had shone conspicuous in the late struggle of that power against the Polish confederacy, and it had been honoured with several marks of distinction by the general under whom he served.

Alexis detested the Turks. He viewed their occupation of the Morea, though sanctioned by ages, as a recent encroachment, and he panted ardently for the period when Greece should once more resume her ancient rank

and independence in the history of nations. Could valour and a chivalrous daring, which no dangers could subdue, have effected such a consummation, Alexis Benaki was the man who seemed destined to accomplish it. In him I could have fancied I beheld the regenerator of Greece. If other families, like the Benaki, had joined in the struggle which animated them at a subsequent period, long ere this the Turks would have been rooted out of the Morea. Of all the powerful houses that, even to the entire destruction of life and property, supported the fierce but temporary struggle which Greece, aided by the Russians, made for its independence in the year 1770, the Benaki family shone conspicuous. Once as numerous as a tribe of the desert, not one of its descendants, and scarcely a vestige of its lofty towers,² now remains, to tell of its former power and opulence, or of its magnanimity in that sanguinary struggle. Forced by a cruel destiny to quit their native soil, the Benaki found in foreign climes and in a foreign service that death which they had hoped to die for their country.

My uncle was an old favourite of this family, and particularly of Alexis. The secret attachment which subsisted between the latter and Ina, had cemented a lasting friendship between my uncle and him. It was not to be expected that his proud kinsfolk would look calmly on a member of their house uniting himself to a family so much their inferiors. It was therefore necessary to keep the affair quiet, lest some angry manifestations of dislike should break out, and destroy the amity which had so long subsisted between the two houses.

When not otherwise engaged at Androussa, or on a visit at Kalamata, my time was employed in the valley of wild boars. My uncle perceiving that my enmity towards the papas was likely to bring me into trouble, devised this method of separating us. Circumstances, however, which were intimately connected with my future destiny, recalled me to Androussa, to witness a scene which struck every one with dismay.

Mousaki's enmity towards Andrea and myself had in nowise abated during the lapse of years, but my uncle,

though caring little for the ill offices which the priest might do him, was nevertheless apprehensive of treachery, and with his customary prudence he avoided coming in contact with him.

With all his bold and fearless intrepidity, however, Andrea was nevertheless a slave to superstitious terrors—a feeling which was no doubt rendered more acute by the ill-repressed and easily excited fears of his wife. Seldom did they retire for the night without observing certain precautions to strengthen themselves against supernatural agency, which, owing to the hatred of the papas, they believed he was about to practise against their security. A bunch of garlic was hung before the door; they spat upon the threshold, and often, in the course of the night, protruded their heads from the window to see whether the fatal log of wood³ was placed before the entrance of their house.

Mousaki's enmity, however, took another and a more demonlike scope. It did not vent itself in such idle machinations. Aiming at more vital consequences, it struck the blow which filled every one with dismay, and eventually proved his own ruin.

Ina was a pretty animated girl about fifteen, not only the solace of her parents, but the flower and pride of the town of Androussa. There was not a heart but loved, not an eye but lightened with joy at the approach of, Cocona⁴ Ina. Her complexion had the transparency of the water lily. The brightness of her large dark eyes, shaded by long and fringing lashes, was softened by the sweet expression of candour which beamed from them. The rest of her features were in harmony with the youthful character of her countenance. Her long and streaming hair⁵ hung in hyacinthine ringlets down to her slender waist, shading and disclosing by turns the delicate proportions of her tall figure.

During the tender years of infancy it was feared that she would not live long. She was one of those gentle and fragile flowers that bloom only in spring and fade before the summer. But though possessing a form so exquisitely proportioned, the divine spirit which seemed

to breathe in every lineament of her eloquent countenance, and sparkled in her eye, imparted unutterable expression to her mouth, and a mild dignity to her noble forehead, giving token of a mind that, in a situation calculated to call forth its energies, could contend with perils, which even man's superior nature might sink under, and endure hardships only to be endured by the bravest, to whom endurance is a sort of natural and prescriptive inheritance.

Like most girls at her age, the idea of a partner for life chiefly occupied her waking thoughts, and was no doubt often the subject of her dreams. She tried every received charm recommended by her companions, in the hope of discovering the youth destined to render her happy for life. Her heart told her there was one man, above all others, whom her inclination led her to select. This was Alexis. The morai,⁶ however, might ordain it otherwise : but if doomed under the influence of a ruling star to accept a husband contrary to her own wishes, she felt that she should be able to endure the change with fortitude, feeling confident that her nuptial state would be happy, because Heaven had smiled upon her, and would send her a partner suitable to that state. This was superstition, but it was Ina's way of thinking.

An opportunity soon occurred, which enabled her to fulfil her warmest wishes. It happened, while Ina was in this state of mind, that a tribe of Zingari⁷ took up their abode in Androussa. One day during their stay, having occasion to visit a friend who lived at the extremity of the town, she fell in with the tents of the peripatetic tribe, and was immediately surrounded by the sibyls, whose continual solicitations at length overcoming her timidity, she consented to have her destiny foretold.

She was conducted to the tent, and requested to stand in a circle, on the edge of which were placed two or three skulls, sundry bleached bones of an aged mule, and many unmeaning hieroglyphics. During this preliminary step one of the hags commenced a low and hollow chant ; presently it grew louder, and then burst out into a sharp and lengthened yell, in which her compan-

ions joined with equal volubility and shrillness. When the invocation was concluded, one of the sibyls taking some paste from a bag, rolled it in her hands and formed it into the shape of a pie. A slice or two of meat, seasoned highly with mint, pimento, and other aromatic herbs, was put within the crust. It was then placed on the fire, and in the course of a few minutes was sufficiently baked to have satisfied the most epicurean appetite after novelty.

The pie was presented to Ina, who was instructed to eat it going to bed, and to abstain from all kinds of liquid. She was previously to hang round her neck a small bag, containing three flowers, which had been gathered on the mountains, one white, another red, and a third yellow. On rising the following morning, whichever of the flowers she first drew would designate the age of her future husband. If it happened to be white, she would marry a young man; if red, a middle aged; and if yellow, a widower well stricken in years. In the mean time, she was to beware of encountering the evil eye.

Delighted with her success, she quitted the tent. Just as she came forth, she encountered the papas. That respect which all classes in the Morea are accustomed to pay their priests, failed not to draw a similar token of obedience and regard from Ina, as she was about to pass the holy man. Mousaki called to her with a stern voice, and demanded why she associated with beings whose impieties sank them, in moral turpitude, below the pagan and the Jew.

"How is it girl," he continued, "that you dare to countenance the mimes and fantasies of this lost and abject people, whose souls are in the keeping of one who abideth in everlasting darkness? Know you not that your innocence becomes contaminated, that your character suffers by the association, and that the spirit they worship enters into the soul of the hapless being who consults these dissolute and abandoned wanderers? I marked the smile of pleasure which played in your face, as you came from their tents, but I saw in it the semblance of an unearthly joy. Better is it to seek counse

from your spiritual guide, than trust to the predictions of a wandering heathen."

Ina, heretofore accustomed to view these things through that habitual superstition common to all classes in the Morea, imagined that where all practised the same, she could not be guilty in following their example. But now, overcome with terror, she heard in the denunciations of the papas a most terrible fate awaiting her, and falling on her knees before him, wept bitterly.

"Kneel not to me, girl," the priest cried, exalting his voice; "but rather implore mercy of Him you have offended."

"Spare me, good father, but do not curse me!" exclaimed the agitated Ina. "If I have committed an error, I did it unwittingly; but I would willingly wash it away with my tears, and by a sincere repentance."

The papas gazed a while on her lovely countenance, then taking her hand, and raising her from the ground, said, in a tone seemingly kind and conciliating, "Come to me this evening. I must absolve you of the impurities these wicked people have instilled into your soul." Ina promised obedience, and they separated.

In his way home Mousaki called at my uncle's, and extending his hand in token of reconciliation, said, he had never regretted any action of his life with more sincerity than that of having imputed the blame of the accident at the well to him. To their common enemies the Turks was to be attributed the entire transaction. Heaven knew, he considered the chastisement but as a mark of the Divine favour, and begged Andrea would grant him that forgiveness, which he willingly extended to him. My uncle's blunt and open nature could not withstand the pathos expressed in every word of this hypocritical speech, and he quickly became a convert to the sophistries of the crafty priest, who left honest Andrea's dwelling followed by the good wishes and blessings of his unsuspecting host. Thus he gained a fresh footing in our family during my absence.

In the evening Ina attended Mousaki to receive absolution. With a beating heart she entered the precincts

of the grove, and beheld him at the extremity, seated in an attitude of meditation, counting his *combookiola*." With a faltering step she advanced and stood before him, her arms folded on her throbbing bosom, but he saw her not. At length she said, "Father, I am come to receive absolution." The papas looked up, and motioned to her to take a seat by his side ; she obeyed, and overcome by an unaccountable impulse, burst into tears.

"Weep not, lovely Ina," said the crafty priest ; "those eyes were not formed to glisten with tears of sorrow. Rather let them beam with emanations of gladness : for I have prayed that the Evil One may depart from you and my prayer has been heard."

In a tone of voice, interrupted by sobs, Ina faltered forth her thanks for the mercy shown to her.

"Heaven only knows," said the papas, "the anguish my spirit endures in prayer and fasting, to absolve sinners from their impurities ; yet such is the inconsistency of human nature, that they are equally prone to run into their former wickedness. You, my daughter," continued Mousaki after a pause, and taking her hand, "you are imbued with some of the false and idle notions most prevalent here ; yet I can perceive a disposition in you to avoid those errors, and I confidently hope that the period is not far distant when I shall hail you as one of the blessed under Divine protection ; go, and prosper, and let me see you here at this hour to-morrow."

Ina departed, but not the being she was when she entered the grove. Mousaki had impressed her mind with the terrors, rather than with the consolations, of religion. From a state of innocence, she suddenly felt herself plunged into the depths of sin. She had entered the grove, compared with her present desolateness of heart, a happy and a joyous creature, whose buoyant spirit had scarcely ever experienced the influence of a sorrowful thought. Now, she knew not why, she felt fallen and debased in her own estimation, and the innocent acts of her former life were converted into unpardonable offences against her Maker. Such are the inconsistencies which emanate from superstition.

It would be needless to detail the various arts practised by the papas on the unsophisticated nature of the hapless Ina. By turns he exalted her virtues, and condemned her indiscretions; held out the mercies of Heaven to her soul, and threatened her with the terrors of excommunication. Wearied by his unceasing persecutions, she sank into a state of apathy. Such was the influence which he had acquired over her mind, that he prevailed upon her to grant him opportunities of seeing her during those hours devoted to rest. It was at one of these meetings that he completed her ruin.

One night, after they had met, he whispered in her ear his poisonous desires. The natural feeling of a woman made her turn from him with loathing. Mousaki was not, however, easily repulsed: he seized her hand; the insulted virgin could no longer conceal her indignation.

"Beast!" she exclaimed, "unhand me! Was it for this I consented to meet you? Are the consolations of our religion to be made the instruments of villany like this? Oh, Panagia! save and defend me from shame and infamy."

She attempted to escape from him, and would have flown to her friends with the determination of revealing to them his sinister designs, but the priest grasped her arm, and exclaimed in bitter irony, "And do you imagine that your statement will be believed? Do you think there is one here who will credit the assertions of a silly girl, when opposed to the thousand good opinions which support and adorn my character? No, lovely Ina, you will reap all the infamy of the deed, without its gratifications; you will confer an additional lustre on my name, and stamp your own with degradation; you will entail endless misery on your race, and incur damnation hereafter."

Terrified by the appalling exclamations which she heard—too far advanced into his toils to recede with honour; threatened with the prospect of endless misfortunes on earth, and everlasting torments hereafter—she sank beneath the accumulated horrors of the mo-

ment. He triumphed ! she fell ! an angel might have fallen as she did, and have lost no purity.

The morrow came : the sun streamed into her chamber. She turned away as if gazing on some loathsome object. It brought shame and sorrow to her heart ; she who was as fair and spotless as the day, now saw the approach of light with the terror of guilt. She wished for perpetual night, and eternal unconsciousness of the past ; but alas ! the scorpion sting was envenomed, and its touch brought despair and anguish. The act of the preceding night rushed upon her mind in all its sickening certainty, and the thought whirled her brain into madness. Long and trying was the malady which ensued, and brought the hapless girl to the last stage of a loathed existence.

The whirlwind of wo, and the overwhelming horror consequent upon the scene of her ruin, had passed away ; but it had left a blank in her intellect. Thought and memory were gone : she sank into a hopeless lethargy, resembling death. She spoke not, nor did she manifest by her actions that she continued to exist. The only token she gave of vitality was a transient and vacant smile which sometimes flitted over her placid features. She lived on in apparent good health—but the corroding worm was within ; and when at length words, or indistinct mutterings, came from her bosom, they were the light and unmeaning sounds of an idiot.

A few months elapsed in this utter desolateness of heart ; and Ina, still withering under the influence of a diseased imagination, though at intervals consciousness would return, dragged on a wretched and protracted existence. At length the terrible truth, hinted at by many, but exciting the indignant surprise of all, burst upon the inhabitants of Androussa. The closely fitting dress of the females in the Morea is little calculated to conceal a lapse from female innocence, and Ina's form bore incontestable evidence of her state. The people rushed one and all to the residence of the Turkish aga, and demanded justice on her seducer ; but it was first neces-

sary to discover who he was. The papas, with his usual foresight, had provided against this possible contingency.

A youth about Ina's age, who had been the partner of her childish sports and years, and who, it was believed by many, would eventually marry her, had unaccountably disappeared about the period of Ina's secession from the paths of innocence.

Mousaki prevailed upon his victim, in one of her lucid intervals, to consent to cast the shame of her dishonour on the absent youth, and as a requital for his statement, he undertook to swear that he had married them secretly, previous to the disappearance of the young lover. She would thus, as he perhaps truly said, shield him from a degrading punishment, and herself from trial, and perhaps from an ignominious death!

"Think what it is, Ina, to die friendless, and an out-cast from society, when, by a single word, you can avert so terrible a destiny."

Exhausted both by bodily and mental suffering, the wretched girl consented to follow the advice of her seducer.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, enveloped in a ferridgee,¹ walking between her disconsolate parents, and followed by a numerous assemblage of the inhabitants, Ina proceeded to the residence of the aga. Mousaki mingled in the train, his countenance assuming alternately a fiery and cadaverous hue. Arrived at the aga's, he placed himself opposite to his victim; and casting his dark eye upon her with a significant import, the trembling girl, overcome with the conflicting emotions of fear, grief, and shame, sank sobbing upon her mother's bosom.

I know not why, but the Turks manifested an implacable hatred towards the papas. True, it was, in some

degree, owing to the difference of their religious creed—the vast and infinite difference between the tenets of Evangelion² and the Koran. But they entertained a secret cause of enmity against him. Moslemin are not all equally bad. Where they are not bigoted—where their intolerant religion does not interfere with their better feelings, they tolerated Yaoors³ with Christian charity. But the Turks of Androussa could not boast of this amiable quality; scarcely one of them could charge his conscience with an act of improvident kindness. Whether they were summoned to cut a rayah's throat or discuss a pilau, they did it with the same gentlemanly goodwill and indifference.

It was said that Mousaki had found considerable treasure in the grove. This alone was sufficient to ensure their enmity; for the finding of money is construed into the discovery of vast wealth; and though the fortunate mortal should offer the whole of it to his unsatiable masters, so unbounded is their avarice, that they are not satisfied until they add the personal property of the finder to the adventitious treasure. Whether there was any foundation for the report or not, certain it is that the papas became apparently more wealthy from that period; but the Turks never saw a para⁴ of the supposed riches, though they threatened him with all the horrors of cremation. This will account for the chastisement which he received at the well.

Ina had not yet disclosed to her parents, though repeatedly urged to do so, by whose allurements she had been enticed from the paths of virtue. The urgent entreaties of her relations, and of the inhabitants of Androussa, made her hesitate to fix so foul a stain on the name of an innocent individual, nor would she have attempted it, had her mind been unbiased by religious terrors.

At length she raised her head from her mother's bosom, and her glance inadvertently fell upon the papas. His eyes were lighted by a ferocious gleam of vengeance, in which there lurked an expression of dastardly fear and submissive entreaty. The quivering lip, the clenched hand, and the heaving of his chest, bespoke a mind il

at ease. The spectators marked the terror with which she shrank before his looks, and their solicitude rose to a pitch of breathless anxiety, when upon being entreated by them to name her seducer, she exclaimed in tones of anguish—"I cannot—dare not, name him in the presence of the papas."

All eyes were instantly turned upon Mousaki. His quailing eye and blanched cheek bespoke conscious guilt. In vain he endeavoured to repress his turbulent feelings—to appear indifferent; the unlooked-for exclamation struck like a blight upon his soul, and anticipating the exposure which awaited him, with one bound he sprang towards the spot where his victim stood. The deadly makaisa⁶ already glittered in his hand, and was about to descend on the bosom of his victim, when the strong arm of Andrea arrested the blow, and struck him to the ground.

"There!" shrieked the distracted Ina, quitting her mother's embrace, and pointing at the fallen priest—"there lies the destroyer of my happiness! Behold him, who, under the specious cloak of religion, impressed my soul with the terrors of a false faith, to accomplish my fall with greater certainty; and instigated me to accuse an innocent youth to shield himself from ignominy. Oh! how could I have been deceived, and ruined, by this monster of iniquity!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen amid the assembly, it could not have produced the sensation of amazement inspired by this disclosure. A while the people stood gazing upon the slim form of the injured maiden, struggling with uncontrollable passion. Their suspended respiration at length exploded in one continuous burst of feeling. Low and lengthened murmurs were first heard, like the roaring of the sea afar off; then loud and passionate exclamations resounded through the hall, pealing the death song of the papas.

The expression of malignant joy which shot across the countenance of the aga resembled the triumph of a fiend. His eyes flashed fire—he grinned from ear to ear—and his very mustaches, in the fulness of his delight,

manifested an extraordinary degree of sympathy with his physical sensations. It mattered little to him if the papas ruined all the damsels in the town, so long as a single act of indiscretion placed the Christian priest in his power. He looked not at the immorality, or the turpitude of the act—these were trifling considerations in the estimation of a bigoted Islamite. He considered the capability of the accused to redeem himself, by a bribe, from the hands of justice, or whether any secret cause of enmity against him existed either in himself or his associates. Resolving these several ideas, he came to no very charitable conclusion respecting the papas.

It was with difficulty that the populace could be restrained from inflicting upon the criminal summary vengeance on the spot; and had not a guard of janizaries made their appearance, he would have been subjected to the tortures of martyrdom. But he was to be reserved for the purpose of gracing a more gratifying spectacle on the morrow, unless the despot of the diocess should intercede in time, and save him from degradation by banishment to Agionoros.⁶

The multitude dispersed. But though an apparent tranquillity prevailed, deep and harrowing were the emotions which raged in their bosoms. A more circumstantial detail of the artifices employed by the papas was elicited from his victim, which acted like fire upon their already excited imaginations.

“Would that our just indignation,” many exclaimed, “had prompted us to adopt a more determined course, or that some resolute hand had at once avenged the dishonoured maid, by ridding the place of such a monster.”

No sooner had the morning dawned above the hills which surrounded Androussa, than the whole town poured forth its inhabitants; who hastened to the prison where the papas was confined, impatient to see him brought out. My uncle was the foremost among those determined to sacrifice him, as an atonement for the infamy which he had cast on his house. Honest and resolute in his nature, he could face the front of battle with

unflinching courage, but his hand trembled when he drew forth his handjhar.⁷

Alexis, the lover of the hapless Ina, stood at Andrea's side, resolved to despatch the prisoner in his progress through the town. Several persons connected with the latter, either by blood or by friendship, came secretly armed, (for it is unlawful for a Greek to carry arms in the Turkish dominions,) ready to support any course which he might choose to adopt. Disaffection was at its height. It had manifested itself about this time in various parts of the Morea, and an occasion was only wanted to excite these feelings of discontent into open rebellion. The circumstance of a Russian fleet having been despatched upon a secret enterprise by the great Ekatherina,⁸ and the knowledge that a portion of it was now at anchor in the Gulf of Koron, added fresh fuel to the flames which were kindling within the bosoms of the disconsolate Greeks.

The populace had been kept in a state of feverish suspense all the morning, parading the small square opposite the prison, before the aga thought proper to make his appearance. He was at length seen coming up the street, followed by his janizaries. When he arrived at the prison, Hamed, the keeper, was summoned to bring forth his prisoner but no Hamed appeared to answer the challenge. The continual thundering of muskets and clubs on the door, produced a tumult sufficient to have awakened the dead; but Hamed was known to be a sound sleeper—though many people expressed their belief, that he was enjoying the profound slumber of his ancestors: at which piece of information the aga grinned like an afrite.⁹

The impatience of the populace was at its height—it was dangerous to trifle with it longer, and they resolved to surmount the difficulty of unbarring the door, by the application of a very simple expedient. An enormous beam of wood, swung by the brawny arms of a score of Androussiotes, forced the portal from its hinges, and to their astonished eyes was disclosed the inanimate body of the keeper, extended at full length in the passage.

Anticipating a confirmation of the truth they feared to utter, they rushed to the cell of the papas, but he was gone; yet how he had escaped, they knew not, nor whither.

I will not say much in favour of the resentment shown by the Turks on learning this. It is impossible at all times to feel excessive joy or grief—but it is not impossible to counterfeit such passions. The Turks are not very sensitive either way: at least they seldom or never manifest any tender ebullition of feeling, though on the present occasion they managed to pick a quarrel with the Greeks, and even to squabble among themselves, that the papas should so easily have eluded their vengeance.

The Androussiotes, on the contrary, exhibited an appearance of rage and fury, which produced no little effect upon the nerves of the aga, though surrounded by his janizaries. Seeing the inutility of attempting to stem the torrent of popular wrath, he wisely yielded to its violence, and ordered a few scouts to go in pursuit of the papas. This he was aware would be useless. He therefore returned to his home, intrenched himself within the centre of his harem, and calling for his pipe, revelled amid smoke in the most luxurious vacuity of thought.

In order that I may not have to interrupt the current of my narrative, it will be necessary to explain the circumstances attending the escape of the papas. No sooner had he been conducted to prison the previous day, than he requested an audience of the aga, stating that he had something of great importance to communicate. The aga came and demanded what he had to say.

“I trust,” said the priest, “you will give me credit for the confidence which I am about to place in you, when you fully understand what I have to say. I once had the misfortune to fall under the frown of your displeasure, but hope to appease your wrath by the sacrifice I am about to make. I have a few piastres in my possession, which some of the inhabitants have committed to my care. To-morrow they will require me to refund these deposits. You, I have no doubt, will perceive the

absurdity of allowing the knaves of Androussa to receive back a fraction of their wealth. To your fostering care and custody, therefore, I will commit the treasure, to which I shall add a portion of my own scanty means; and in consideration of this I only request your permission to travel alone as far as Kalamata."

It required very little penetration to discover the bent of this speech; but the aga, accustomed to conceal his thoughts under the imperturbable mask of Moslem gravity, manifested neither surprise nor satisfaction at the proposal. He took some time to consider the bearings of the offer. The prospect held out to his avarice far outweighed every consideration of personal enmity, and throwing open his immense jaws, he inquired the amount of the deposits.

"Five hundred piastres," replied the papas.

"And the addition of your own stock?" demanded the aga.

"Two hundred."

The aga shook his head, and advanced numberless objections. The thing was hazardous. He should have to encounter the rage of the whole town, and to secure the concurrence of other powers, in the event of the affair reaching his superiors. The papas should recollect he was purchasing his life.

"Three hundred then is all I can advance," said the papas.

The aga shook his head, put on a look of increased solemnity, and observed, "The papas no doubt remembers the treasure found in the grove. *Ou Allah!*¹¹⁰ it cannot be, papas."

"Four hundred!" exclaimed Mousaki.

"I have said," coolly answered the inflexible Turk, relaxing into his former apathy.

"Four hundred and fifty," rejoined the papas, trembling with excessive agitation.

"Say five hundred," rejoined the aga, "and your liberty is certain."

Equally long and equally unimportant was the wran-

gling which ensued. It ended, however, in the papas's acceding to the terms of the aga.

"To-night, then, I shall expect you," observed the former, "and I will then conduct you where you shall receive the ransom. I only stipulate to be provided with a brace of loaded pistols to defend me on my journey. I shall expect you."

"Inshallah!"¹¹ replied the aga, and departed.

The night approached; but as it was necessary to keep the watchful Hamed out of the way, in order that the aga might secure the whole of the bribe to himself, unknown to his associates, it was agreed that the papas should make him drunk. On the part of the keeper there was not the slightest objection. Hamed had an utter detestation of water. Place before him boza,¹² or mint and pimento, and his religious scruples, together with his hatred of Christians, vanished like morning vapour before the rising sun. His bibacious propensity was, however, doomed on this occasion to a severe trial.

To make security doubly sure, a few drops of a certain poison, clandestinely mixed with his potation, proved too strong a narcotic for the unsuspecting Hamed. In less than half an hour the poison had worked, and he was a corpse. The papas regained his liberty, unknown to all except the aga, who came and released him personally. Thus he triumphed—and thus evaded our vengeance. It was, however, but for a season.

Scarcely had the sensation, occasioned by his escape, in some degree abated, when the loud and wailing cry of the moiro logistri¹³ was heard in the house of Andrea. Ina was no more! For some time she had wandered about like a solitary being, deserted by all. There was not a heart but mourned for and pitied her, not an eye but looked with a feeling of compassion on her desolate condition. On the morning of the third day after the papas had disappeared, her parents, impatient at her long absence, hastened to her room. There they found her huddled in a corner, her hands resting on her knees, and her mind seemingly excited by imaginary terrors. Her eyes, *strained in their sockets*, were intently bent upon

some object, invisible to others, and her lips moved with a frightful rapidity, but no sound, either of sorrow or of anguish, came from them. At length her limbs fell, after a slight convulsive motion; her arms dropped listlessly at her side; her eyes closed with a placid smile; but she neither spoke nor wept. A faint sigh alone heaved her bosom, and she was no more!

She died; but the spirit of revenge increased tenfold, and fortunate was it for the Turks that a party of thirty Arnaouts¹⁴ from Navourino arrived during these manifestations of discontent, else the colyva¹⁵ distributed at her funeral would have been the signal for a general massacre. Their stay in the town for a time stifled the explosion of those turbulent feelings rising in the breasts of the Androussiotes. Dreading some violent outbreaking of popular fury, the aga had despatched a messenger to Navourino for the Arnaouts, though their arrival was ascribed to a different cause. It was pretended they came as a guard to the codgea bashee¹⁶ of Kalamata, as the roads were infested with banditti.

I have said there was one young man above all others upon whom Ina, had she lived, would have fixed her affections. This was Alexis Benaki. Weakness looks to power for protection, and valour seeks to become the reward of virtue. Alexis had long and ardently loved Ina, and was beloved by her. He felt for her an earnest attachment, even in her debasement—but she was gone, and now he had only to learn how he might best avenge her.

He wandered whole days in the mountains of Maina¹⁷ in pursuit of Mousaki, but his search was unsuccessful. On the fourth he returned, weary and faint with travel. He had traced the papas to Kalamata, where he learned that the hoary seducer had hired a boat to convey him to Kytries, a port in the coast of Maina. Further pursuit he knew would be useless. In those desolate regions, the abode of robbers, wolves, and eagles, it was in vain to seek him, where he was aware a papas would be received by the natives as a gift from heaven!

Once the foremost in hurling the djerreed¹⁸ and the

disc,¹⁹ the most active in the martial movements of the Pyrrhic dance, the swiftest in the foot race, an unerring marksman with the musket, the sturdiest hunter of the wild boar in the neighbouring valley—in short, the first in all enterprises of danger, was Alexis Benaki. Now he avoided his companions, and saw them practising their various feats of strength and agility with the most listless indifference.

It was only when a herd of wild boars passed near the town, that he would shake off his apathy, and repair to the scene of danger, with the alacrity of a bridegroom going to a marriage feast. Since the death of Ina his spirit had been subdued into impotence. One principle—one feeling alone now occupied his breast—vengeance on the papas. He meditated on it by night and by day. It was his constant theme. Unforeseen circumstances at that time prevented the vow which we jointly swore against the treacherous priest. But though delayed, it came when least expected, and suddenly as the flame which precedes the thunderclap.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH had elapsed since the death of Ina, when an event took place which involved Alexis and myself in considerable trouble.

Late one evening a forlorn and wretched-looking Jew passed through the town on his way from Navourino to Tripolizza. His wife had breathed her last on the road. As he was far from any habitation, he had been compelled to bury her on the spot where she died—with his own hands he fashioned the grave which received her remains. Though the solemn chant, the hymn of praise, and the saintly voice of priests, honoured not her funeral, the aspirations breathed faintly, but holily from the heart of the desolate Israelite, no doubt were as

acceptable as the more pompous rites prescribed by church formularies.

A lovely infant hung in a hood at the Jew's back. The desolate father sat down at the extremity of the town, exhausted and overcome with toil and travel, and together with his child, partook of the scanty fare contained in his bag. As night approached he entered the town, with the stealthy pace of a dog, which snuffs and scents the portal of a house, ere he dares to cross its threshold. No sooner had he set his foot within the precincts, than he was assailed by a body of young urchins who observed his suspicious meanderings.

"A Tchifout! a Tchifout! stone him!" they exclaimed; and prepared to put their threat into execution.

Isaak looked around him with evident dismay, but darting down an obscure turning, he avoided the missiles and imprecations of his juvenile tormentors. He had often endured the scorn, the stripes, and the sorrows which everywhere attended his race; and now, wandering far away from those who might have pitied and probably assisted him in his tribulation, the imprecations even of a boy wrought sorely upon his agonized mind.

Observing three Turks lounging near the door of a building, used as a temporary barrack for the Arnauts, he went towards them, and solicited their permission to pass the night in a corner of the shed attached to it.

"And what will the dog of a Jew pay for the accommodation?" demanded the fiercest looking Turk.

"I have not wherewithal to purchase favour in your sight," returned Isaak, with a crouching obeisance.

"Dog!" exclaimed the Islamite, "do you think the children of Allah will stoop to herd with infidels, or allow them to cross a threshold of theirs, unless they purchase admission?"

"By the blessed Father Abraham, good sirs, I have not gold or silver in my possession to purchase your commiseration."

"Perhaps," interrupted the Turk, grinning from ear to ear, "the bastinado will explain that."

"Or what say you," said another, and he suddenly snatched the blooming infant from the hood of the Jew—"what say you to a trifling ransom for this sprig of Eblis?"

The exulting Turk held the lovely babe on high, and crossed its throat with his knife. The sudden act imparted no little impulse to the roars of laughter which shook the sides of Isaak's relentless persecutors.

A while the afflicted Israelite stood gazing upon his child in speechless agony. Uttering a piercing cry, he was about to rush forward, in the vain hope of shielding it from the murderous knife, when suddenly a strange arm levelled the exulting Turk to the earth; the next moment Isaak clasped the firstborn of his lifeless Rachel to his agonized heart, and his matted beard swept roughly over its beautiful countenance. He then looked up, his eyes swimming in tears, which trickled through the deep furrows of his blanched and withered cheek, to thank the deliverer of his babe, but the stranger was gone. The giant form of the Turk, whom he had slain, lay at Isaak's feet, seemingly insensible to the affairs of this world. His two companions, with loud imprecations, had instantly departed in pursuit of the avenger of wrong, who, it appeared, was a Greek, and the Jew now stood alone over the vanquished Turk.

Fortunate was it for him that the band of Arnaouts, together with the janizaries, were at the residence of the aga, else the loud cries of his pursuers would have drawn instant annihilation on the stranger's head. Joined by others in their route, the sound of their curses was now lessened by distance, and their threats of vengeance, against the rash mortal who had presumed to smite a Turk, were scarcely audible on the passing breeze. Perceiving signs of returning animation in the body extended before him, the Jew pressed his lovely burden distractedly to his bosom, and rushing

"Be he on the waters of the sea, or on the deserts of the land," said the aga; "be he in the depths of the forest, in the caverns of the mountains, or in the sanctuary of the mosque, return not without his head."

I waited not to hear any further confirmation of the aga's intentions, but betook myself with due alacrity to the completion of my task.

The night set in dark and stormy. At intervals the broad moon broke through the fast rolling clouds, and threw a transient and silvery light over the town. I avoided the public road which led to the valley, not only on account of its narrowness, but because it was partially lined with Turkish habitations. Pursuing a route which diverged to the right, I forded a branch of the Pamissus, and then, following another circuitous path, at length entered the beaten road near a small *aïasma*.⁴

Here the weight of the various implements which I carried compelled me to rest a while, and having refreshed myself at the fountain with a draught of the pure element, I started again, and in the course of an hour approached the path leading to the entrance of the valley. Suddenly turning the corner of a mass of rock, which had fallen from the heights above, I saw two figures reclining near the dying embers of a fire. I stepped back as though I had trodden on a slumbering reptile. I then advanced again, cautiously concealing myself behind the jutting crag, and recognised, in the grim and swarthy countenances before me, illumined partially by the flickering blaze, the pursuers of Alexis.

"So," thought I, "Moctaleb has traced him, then, to his very lair!"

How to elude their vigilance now became a matter of consideration. They sat in the centre of the pass, and might easily have withstood a much superior force. I therefore saw that it would be madness to attempt an entrance that way. In vain I looked about in the hope of discovering some friendly opening—*in vain I wished for the attributes of ubiquity: no rocks*

parted asunder—no supernatural agency offered itself to my relief. The pass was stoutly guarded, and to gain the valley I must either climb the rugged and almost inaccessible cliffs on either side, or force an entrance at the point of my weapon.

While I was considering what course to pursue, Moctaleb, casting his cloak round his huge form, threw himself at full length upon the ground, and was soon buried in deep slumber. His companion rising from the earth, and pacing backward and forward before the expiring embers, kept watch the while, and the shadow of his figure passed across my sight, like mist on the mountain tops.

Perceiving the impracticability of entering by the pass, I resolved to scale the rocks by which it was flanked. Placing the several articles belonging to Alexis in a recess, with the exception of his musket and pistols, I mounted a ledge of rock, and by dint of unceasing perseverance—after having several times, in opposition to every effort, fallen back upon the spot from whence I started—I had the satisfaction of standing on the rugged apex of the mountain.

I was about to proceed on my way when it struck me that it would be as well to take a last scrutiny of the gentlemen below, in order to see that all was quiet. I laid the weapons on the rock, and guided by the dim and flickering glare of the embers, approached the edge of the precipice. I stood on a ledge which jutted over their heads, and could just perceive Moctaleb slumbering near the fire, and his companion standing in an attitude of meditation, nearer the base of the hill on which I stood.

Satisfied that all was quiet, I turned to retrace my way, when a sharp sound, like the smack of a whip, struck my ear, and a convulsive motion of the rock on which I stood almost threw me off my equilibrium. Suddenly I felt it move under my feet. Holy Virgin! what was my dismay when I perceived the enormous mass separating from the hill. A moment's hesitation and *I should have been precipitated into the valley*

beneath. I stopped not to consider how I might best escape annihilation; a chasm was about to yawn before me, and I gave one desperate bound, which at once brought me to the solid rock, and accelerated the fall of the detached mass. The next moment it thundered in the valley beneath. One loud and bursting shout rose from below—a cry, a shriek of bitter agony followed, then all was silent. I paused to listen in a strange kind of wonderment, expecting to hear it repeated; but no sound save that of the rough breeze came sweeping up the side of the mountain. Between hope and fear, as to the fate of the Turks beneath, I bent my steps to some shelving rocks, about half a mile farther up, from the tops of which I swung myself down to the bottom.

After pursuing various intricate windings, I reached the centre of the valley, marked out by the abrupt rising of a huge mass of stone, and immediately made the signal agreed upon between Alexis and myself. I waited a few minutes in mute and feverish expectation, but no one appeared. I repeated it still louder, and the sound was re-echoed among the adjacent hills. At length a footstep on the opposite side of the valley caused me to turn round, and I beheld a figure emerging slowly from behind some stunted brushwood. It neared the spot where I stood. I called aloud the name of my friend: it rushed forward—it was Alexis!

“Welcome!” he cried, “thrice welcome, my brave Stancho,⁶ to the valley of wild boars. But you are faint.”

“I can never sufficiently serve the chosen of my cousin Ina,” I said. The convulsive grasp of his hand told me that I had touched unconsciously on a forbidden theme.

“No more!” he said, interrupting me, and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand—“no more, boy, of that. The recollection of her fate comes like madness upon my brain: name her not, I beseech you—she is happy in the bosom of Panagia!”

I ventured to offer some expressions of consolation,

when he turned suddenly upon me, and asked me, in bitter accents, " Know you by whose agency it was that the papas escaped from prison ?"

" No ; who could have shown him favour ?"

" Who ?" shouted Alexis, " who else but those same Turks that placed him there ? To this discovery I am indebted for my present condition."

" How so ?"

" Listen, and you shall hear. As I was returning this evening from the hamlet of Nisi, I passed along a hedge just outside the town, on the other side of which I observed the aga and the codgea bashee of Kalamata. My attention was drawn towards them in consequence of the loud tone of voice in which they spoke. Certain expressions concerning a sum of money received by the aga tempted me to listen to their conversation, which in the end only tended to convince me that the aga had been the chief instrument in the papas's escape. I heard no more. Convinced of the treachery which had been practised, in no enviable state of mind, I walked, or rather ran, towards the town. The name, the sight, the very mention of a Turk, always hateful to me, was now become doubly so, and I swore the most deadly enmity against the whole race.

" Passing the barracks of the Arnaouts, I saw a Jew in conversation with three Turkish soldiers of the aga's guard. I might have passed by unnoticed and unknown. What was the Jew to me ? I have known the time when I scorned a Jew as I do a Turk ; but a different feeling actuated me now. In the dark Mohammedan I saw an eternal foe ; in the disconsolate Israelite a suffering brother ; and my vengeance was only to be satisfied by the blood of the former. You know the rest."

I then related to him the adventure with Moctaleb and his companion, and the fall of the rock by which I concluded they had been crushed to death.

" Would that the whole race had met with a similar fate!" exclaimed Alexis, with a phrensied burst of laughter ; and the sounds leaped in wild reverberations among the rocks around us.

“Right!” uttered a sharp, harsh, and disagreeable voice, at the sound of which we both started, and grasped our arms. “Right!” repeated the same voice, “thus should the wicked perish!”

We looked around in vain to discover the intruder, but nothing possessing life was visible. The night was dark and lowering, and the rude breeze came swelling stiffly up the valley. As it moaned at intervals among the narrow passes and hollow caverns, it conveyed to my ear sounds resembling the wailings of human beings in distress. My brain, overheated with the events of the day, became impressed with the strange and busy images of a restless imagination. I turned and seized the arm of Alexis. He drew a dagger from his girdle, levelled his musket in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and in a suppressed tone demanded who was there. A rustling sound was heard, but no one appeared.

“Speak!” cried Alexis, aloud, “that I may know you.”

Immediately a figure issued from the shade of a jutting crag, enveloped in a long robe, and stood before us in an attitude of abject submission.

“The Jew!” exclaimed Alexis, with an imprecation, as he dropped the butt end of his musket on the ground with violence, and replaced the dagger in his waist.

“Ay, the Jew,” returned the intruder. “Thanks to your strong arm, I am yet enabled to clasp this image of my departed wife to my aching heart. How can I repay you for that act of devotion?”

“Wherefore came you here?” demanded Alexis, sternly interrupting him.

“Alas! I know not,” replied the afflicted Isaak. “I am a lone and wandering man, and in a strange land cannot distinguish the safe from the dangerous path. Four hours have I toiled with unceasing speed to gain a place of refuge on the road leading to Tripolizza, but I travelled wide of the beaten path.”

“Enough,” said Alexis, and he stood a while reclined against a tree, musing. “Constantine, I will not keep you longer. I will conduct this Jew to a path leading from

the valley ; he will then pursue his road. Fear not for me. I possess a shelter in these solitudes, which will enable me to defy the utmost vigilance of our slothful tyrants. To-morrow—”

“ To-morrow,” I said, interrupting him—“ to-morrow, with the dawn of day, a band of Arnaouts, sent by the aga, will scour these heights, and the surrounding places, in pursuit of you.”

“ Let them come, boy,” he cried, in a tone of derision. “ If the caverned rock will not conceal me, a stout heart and strong limbs never yet failed me, in avoiding the pursuit of more dangerous foes. Go—to-morrow morning early I shall expect you here,” he added in a whisper. “ Farewell !”

I informed him where I had placed the articles which I had taken from his dwelling : we then embraced, and separated in contrary directions. I climbed the side of the valley to avoid passing the entrance, in case any one should be lurking about, and in two hours arrived safe at my uncle’s house.

CHAPTER V.

In the morning I rose with the sun. It was very certain that Alexis could not exist on what he might happen to kill in the way of game. I therefore took the liberty of putting everything I could find in our storeroom into a bag, which I placed on the back of Niki, and, followed by my two dogs, took the road to the valley. Scarcely had I gained the prison at the end of the town, when the deep-toned boukovallos¹ of the Arnaouts, despatched after Alexis, struck on my ear. I was about to fly, in order to give him notice of their approach, but as they were only a short distance behind, and any sudden movement on my part might create suspicion, I prudently re-

strained any farther advances on that of Niki, and dismounting, drew up on one side to allow them to pass.

"Ora kale sas,"² I said, wishing to conciliate.

"Whither so early, palikar?"³ demanded the chief of the band, without noticing my salutation.

The person who asked this simple question, which, nevertheless, I was unprepared to answer, was a fellow of gigantic size. His brisk and peering eye gave additional animation to an oval and highly bronzed countenance, ornamented with immense but finely tapering mustaches. His handsome mouth, slightly opened, disclosed a set of teeth which would have shamed ivory. A simple scullcap, covered with red cloth, from the top of which depended a blue tassel, sat lightly on his head, from under which his thickly grizzled hair fell bushily on his shoulders. His phermeli⁴ was of red cloth, richly flowered on the back with gold embroidery. His yeelee,⁵ equally rich, lay open at the bosom, exposing his broad and hairy chest. His foustenella,⁶ reaching to the knees, was, nevertheless, rather yellow, from constant wear. His limbs, full and muscular, from the knee downward, were cased in strong red cloth, corded crosswise with gold twist, and his buskins were of the same description, but of more beautiful texture. A white shaggy capote hung on his left shoulder, like the haik of the Arab, which served him alike for a bed and as a protection against cold. Over his right shoulder was slung a douphegi.⁷ In his belt he wore an enormous pair of superbly embossed pistols, and a handjhar. Altogether, he presented a fine specimen of a daring and reckless chief of banditti, in whom no small stock of self-conceit and finery was predominant. His companions were similarly armed, though accoutred in less costly materials.

"Whither so early?" again demanded the chief, with emphasis.

"To the valley of the boars," I replied, mounting, and giving Niki a sly kick to expedite his movements.

"Ay, ay, you can fight, my lad—eh?"

"Yes, and kill too!"

"Turks or Greeks?"

“Both, if necessary,” I replied, with considerable gall.

“Bravo!” shouted the Arnaout, with a loud laugh.

“But pray, my young friend, what may be your cause of enmity against the gentlemen with long beards?”

“It is a just one,” I replied, “and I only wish I could maintain it.”

“And wherein have they wronged you?”

“In my family. I am a relation of that hapless girl, whom the wretch Mousaki—”

“Stop, palikar,” cried the Arnaout, with a look of ridiculous mock importance; “there you labour under a delusion. Your family wrong the good man. You should have honoured him the more for the notice he took of you, since in a very brief time he would have made the girl the mother of a saint!”

Could the reader have seen the look of stern defiance which I, a lad of twenty, threw upon the Arnaout, a strapping fellow of forty, no doubt he would have enjoyed my irritation with a zest equal to that of my tormentor. But I was as a wren to an eagle, and I saw that my ebullitions of anger were viewed with as much indifference as the king of birds would have shown for the insignificant attack of one of his own inferior subjects.

“It is well,” I muttered, with an affected calmness, while my whole body shook with rage—“it is well for those to talk indifferently of such doings who possess not the sympathies of human nature.”

“Right,” returned the chief, with an affected seriousness; “but wait until you are somewhat older, and you will think otherwise. I thought so when I was young, but with a change of fortune came a change of sentiment, and with a scarcity of piastres came a woful scarcity of morality.”

The lackadaisical tone in which this was uttered, produced an effect I could not withstand, and I burst into a fit of laughter, in which his companions joined. As I thought it would be safer to preserve an appearance of good humour, which I scarcely felt, to divert their suspicions, and to prevent any inquiry being made respecting the cause of my being abroad so early, I insensibly

got into conversation with them ; and the Arnaout being a merry and polite sort of cutthroat, noted for being particularly civil, whenever he had to despatch a refractory mortal placed under his care, I became anxious to learn something of a man who talked of killing as one of the pastimes of life.

I wish I could present my readers with his inimitable expression of countenance, while relating the brief history of his life, in which comic humour struggled with the most imperturbable gravity. The fellow possessed such a tact, too, for turning the most awful affairs into ridicule, that in embodying the following incidents for perusal, I fear I shall fall far short of the original.

“ My life,” he commenced, “ has been full of adventure, but every incident may be comprised in a few significant words, particularly pleasing to gentlemen in our line, though they might startle an honest youth like yourself. But to be brief, you must know I passed my early days in the mountains, where dwelt a tribe of the Tchimariotes,⁸ a nation of which I can say little more in its favour, than that a greater set of beggarly rogues never uttered an oath. My time was chiefly spent in idleness and robbing my neighbours’ orchards, in fighting my companions, and disturbing all the peaceable old matrons of the district. Yet these were innocent recreations, and the mere exuberances of youth. As I increased in years, my principles ebbed proportionably, and I insensibly discovered, after long practice in every kind of vice, that I had not a single virtue left, except that of fighting. My chief failing was, that I always evinced an unconquerable attachment for other people’s goods. So far did I carry this monopolizing propensity, that some of my neighbours determined to incapacitate me in future, by a very simple method, from interfering in their concerns ; but I discovered their intentions, and thinking my head, of which they would have deprived me, of far greater value than my heels, I took to the latter without hesitation.

“ I joined a band of haïdouts,⁹ of the tribe of the Gedges. While in conjunction with these active fellows, *I contrived to pick up no inconsiderable store of piastres.*

But I had an inveterate hatred against the chief of our band, which, with all my philosophy, I could not overcome. He had one day taken the liberty of demonstrating the practical effects of a kick on my person, a process which did not altogether suit my ideas of propriety ; but sweet philosophy came to my aid, and I stifled my revenge. An opportunity of retaliation soon occurred.

“ I was ordered to join him one day in an expedition. We went together. After easing an overladen fat Frank of his troublesome cash, and some important trinkets, we turned our faces towards the mountains. On passing a rough stream, a certain person inspired me with a certain thought—the hateful chief walked before me ; thinking it a good opportunity, I plunged a dagger into his back ; he fell. I transferred the contents of his girdle to my own, and then threw his body into the stream. Returning to my companions, I related a plausible tale, representing that a superior force had overpowered us. The blood on my garments, which I took especial care not to wipe off, together with a couple of wounds, which I inflicted with exceeding care and dexterity on my own person, fortunately gained credit among them, and a chief being wanted, the nomination fell upon me. Being foremost in every enterprise of danger, I managed to gain the good will of my associates. There was one thing in my favour, I never lost my temper. I did everything with the most gentlemanly forbearance, consistent with our regulations. And if I did happen to hang any one of the band, the fellow always met his fate with a sort of relish, since I seasoned his exit with infinite good humour.

“ My name now became terrible in the districts which I ravaged ; I was consequently feared and courted by turns. But with all my affection for robbing the men, I never could levy a contribution on a village when the women interfered. They sometimes procured intelligence of my coming, and when I entered the place, the road was beset with howling damsels and naked children, but the devil a man was there to be seen. The rascals generally buried themselves up to the ears in some friendly *horsepond*, or sculked into holes and corners,

leaving their wives and children to propitiate me with screams and lamentations. Poor souls! I had a tender heart, and I generally passed on to another district, on which fell the whole weight of my wrath.

“One day I made some little pickings among a set of jolly caloyers,¹⁰ whom I met pretty well fuddled. They were returning to their convent at Zitza, laden with various portable articles, which I saved them the trouble of carrying, by appropriating them to my own use. They were so drunk, and took the robbery so little to heart, that I formed them into a ring, and actually made them dance the romeika¹¹—a little fat fellow of the brotherhood chanting, with a nasal twang, one of their convent hymns, as an accompaniment.

“After various adventures, I was returning late one evening from an expedition, with three of my associates, when we passed by the house of a rich old Turkish miser. Our coming, I suppose, had been anticipated, for we found the doors secured. I left word that if a certain sum was not brought to a certain place by a certain time, I would set fire to the house. We then retired a short distance from the spot, and the time had nearly expired, when a smooth-spoken fellow came out, and told us that it was his master’s determination not to deliver up a single para. He had a dozen stout attendants in his house, who (Allah be praised!) were able to defend it. ‘Very well,’ I said; and ordering one of my men to seize the messenger, I gave him a sound drubbing, and bade him tell his master to expect the same. We then approached the house, and soon effected an entrance, but not a soul impeded our progress. We passed through several rooms, still no one appeared. I began to suspect an ambushade; but on opening a door which led to the harem, the mystery was explained. In a corner of the room, huddled as close as pickled ba-leucks,¹² squatted a dozen women. A horrible yell announced my entrance. The poor devils, expecting nothing less than instant annihilation, or something worse, flew about like fluttering doves. You see what it is to have a name.

“‘Fear not, ladies,’ I said, advancing towards them, with a most winning address ; ‘ your slave told me, just now, that you had a few jewels at my command, together with the sum of four hundred sequins ; but as I cannot think of depriving you of so much wealth, two hundred will answer the same purpose.’ They took the hint, and two of them left the room to procure the sum. In a few minutes they returned, saying they could only find one hundred. I regretted the circumstance exceedingly, but repeated that I must have the sum named. Again they departed, and returned, protesting they could only procure an additional fifty. Suspecting some one to be in treaty, I followed as they went out the third time, and lo ! the capacious person of the miser himself met my view. I certainly felt my asperity rise within me, and indignant at such black ingratitude, seized the four hundred sequins, and took my departure.

“ Soon after, I joined company with another chief, who proved himself a shrewd fellow, but a great rogue. One night after a successful expedition, we drank rather freely with our new associates. Suddenly, I and my men felt ourselves dropping into a deep slumber. We could not rouse ourselves. Deep and long it was, for we did not wake till the middle of the next day ; and then, to our dismay, we found ourselves half naked, and robbed of all our wealth. The rascals had mixed opium with our drink the preceding night. I nearly laughed myself into a fit of the ague, at the miserable appearance which my companions presented. However, we subsequently had a sweet revenge. One day, having surprised the whole of the treacherous band, returning from an expedition, we fought, took them all prisoners, and hung every one of them up, by way of landmarks, except the chief, whom I pistolled myself by way of especial favour.

“ After this my success grew indifferent, and I was deserted by all my band, except one, who professed a most ardent attachment, not only for my person, but my purse : for the rogue contrived one night, while I was asleep, to separate the latter appendage from the former, and decamped with it in safety.

“Reduced to poverty, I wandered about the country, and found myself one day on the edge of a wood, falling into a deep revery, when I espied three Franks at a short distance. I never saw a Frank but I thought of jewels and gold. Considering the country secure, they had suffered their escort to precede them. They had come about twenty miles out of their way to see a cataract formed by the river Kalamas, a little below Zitza. I thought it a pity such good gentlemen should depart without some memorial of the place. Calling aloud the names of some of my late associates, as though I had a numerous force at hand, I rushed upon them sword in hand. Instead of standing to defend themselves, they fell on their faces, beseeching me to spare their lives, nor did they once raise their heads during the process of spoliation. I lost no time in easing them of some valuable trinkets, and a store of ducats and dollars, and rushing into the wood, bent my course towards the Morea.

“This was my last adventure of the kind. I resolved now to lead a more regular life, and went to Navourino, where I arrived in time to quarrel with the chief of the Arnauts stationed there. Happening one night to find my pistol close to his head, I saw no reason why they should not be better acquainted, and he fell, mortally wounded. Unfortunately our quarrel was too well known, and I was very near being deprived of a necessary appendage to my shoulders, when to save it, and by way of a little change, I turned Mohammedan. This, together with a bribe to those in authority, procured my pardon. I discarded my name of Veniamin,¹³ and am now saluted by the faithful under the title of Osman. Thus you may perceive,” concluded the Arnaut with a sardonic sneer, “how much sympathy I have for the human species.”

Here this worthy man concluded the brief history of a period of twenty years, and I could not help condoling with him on the many rubs he had received. He was about to mention several little particulars by way of illustration, when we turned into the road leading to the valley.

I imagined Osman would continue in the road leading to Tripolizza, and great, therefore, was my alarm when I heard him order his men to lead the way to the valley. Should they see Alexis, or should they gain the slightest intelligence of his being secreted there, the cavern was not deep enough to conceal him from their keen search. They were not men to slacken in the pursuit of a fellow-creature. Neither family nor friends swayed them from the execution of their purpose. Blood was their game, and slaughter their amusement. They travelled to the scene of extirpation with hearts steeled alike to the cry of vengeance, and to the call of humanity.

"I thought," I said, addressing Osman, in order to learn something of his intentions—"I thought you intended to journey towards Tripolizza."

"Why so?" he demanded, with a look which I little relished.

"Because in that direction, or towards Mount Pheloë, there would be more chance of meeting with the slayer of Sulieman."

"Indeed," he dryly responded, eying me with increased suspicion, "I doubt that: this valley seems to present as fit a place for wandering gentlemen as wandering boars."

"You remind me," I said, "of the purpose for which I came hither."

The tenour of his speech alarmed me, as also the searching scrutiny of his eye, to both of which I endeavoured to appear indifferent. I was determined to get away in the best manner I could, so planting a sharp kick on the right collateral of Niki, and calling upon my two dogs, I added, "I fear I shall lose the scent of the morning, which last night's dew has laid upon the ground—so farewell, Osman."

"Stop, stop a while," he said, with the most provoking coolness, and laid his brawny hand upon my shoulder, compressing it with the firmness of a vice; "stop a while, my young friend—travelling in company is always pleasant, and—"

"But I have changed my mind," I said, doggedly, and stopping Niki short; "I will not go."

"By our Holy Prophet ! but you must," exclaimed the Arnaout.

"By our Holy Virgin ! then you shall carry me," I retorted : uttering which, I relieved Niki from the encumbrance of my person, and struggled in the grasp of the bandit.

"Don't kick up such a dust, palikar," he said, coolly.

"Dust or no dust," I replied, in a fury, "I shall certainly return."

"You seem to have a great desire to have your throat cut. How would that pretty face look, think you, stuck on the head of a pikestaff?"

"I don't know how it would look," I answered, carelessly ; "I only know that other heads would most likely resemble it in point of singularity of situation."

"Bravo !" shouted the bandit, with a loud and hoarse laugh, which I thought would be eternal, when at length he stopped and said, "I see you are a lad of spirit ; but I wonder you have not yet learned the practice of a little deception. Take my word for it, you will find it as necessary as bravery."

"I do not need it."

"No doubt, but it would have served your friend Alexis," returned Osman, and he laughed like a devil.

"How ?" I demanded, eagerly, thrown off my guard, though I almost dreaded to ask the question.

"Because every word you have uttered, has not only tended to convince me that you know where he is concealed, but that it was your intention to visit him this morning. I am aware of your acquaintance. Ti gnostico kephall !" he added, patting me good-humouredly on the head.

"I know nothing of his being here," I said, with evident emotion.

"Nay, don't be alarmed, palikar."

"I am not alarmed," I said, angrily : "I came here to hunt the wild boar."

"You ! you came here to hunt the wild boar ?" exclaimed my interlocutor, with an incredulous sneer, "why the very sight of one would immediately put you

to flight. By the Prophet's beard ! if that is your intention, I will soon start one for your amusement."

"With all my heart," I replied, amused, and yet annoyed at the fellow's humour. I again mounted Niki and we made directly for the valley.

"Since you are akin to the family which the papas took such a liking to," said Osman, after a pause, "perhaps you can give me some particulars respecting this Alexis Benaki. You know him?"

"I do, well."

"He is considered fatal with the musket."

"I would not stand his fire at three hundred yards for the besmalik¹⁵ and the jib-khargi¹⁶ of the favourite sultana."

"Know you of any cavern in this valley where it is said he passes his time?"

"No; and if I did, I should be the last to let his enemies know it."

"What if I try the association of a slight bastinadoing on your person, don't you think it would have the desired effect?"

"If you think it worth your while, you are at liberty to try the experiment. I can only repeat that I am ignorant of such a place of concealment. If I knew it I should not disclose it. He is my friend, and I will never betray him."

"We shall see," observed Osman, dryly.

CHAPTER VI.

WE had now gained the entrance to the valley, but the mound of earth which had fallen the preceding night nearly choked up the narrow pass, and in some measure obstructed our advance. Osman, however, led the way, I followed, and the three Arnaouts brought up the rear.

He had reached the other side of the fallen mass, when his sudden exclamations aroused our attention.

“By Allah! some one has been let blood here!” he cried, observing crimson marks upon the rock.

Moctaleb's grim and lifeless carcass, protruding almost halfway from under the enormous mass, next presented itself to our view.

“And this,” resumed Osman, spurning the body with his foot, “is one of those ill-fated gentlemen who followed in the pursuit last night, I suppose: ay, it is Moctaleb!”

The upper part of the body alone was visible, the remaining portion was covered by the huge rock. It was evident that he had received a brief warning of his fate, and had made a desperate effort to avoid the impending destruction—for he lay on his face, and his fingers were buried deep in the earth—when a point of the rock struck him on the lower part of the back, and almost severed him in twain. Osman inclined over the body, and drew it from underneath the fallen mass. Turning it round, he said, with a most expressive look of condolence, “Poor fellow!” At the same time he separated a girdle well lined with piastres from the Turk's vest, with which he crammed his jeppa' till it overflowed. His men scrambled for the remainder.

Wishing to allay the suspicion which I had excited in the breast of the Arnaout, and in the hope of securing his good will, I must need observe, “There is another body under those fragments.”

“How know you that?” he demanded, with a fierce and scrutinizing glance.

“Because I saw Moctaleb's slave join in the pursuit with his master.”

“That is a very lame reason for so confident an assertion.”

“I can say, too, with equal truth,” I continued, perceiving I was in a scrape, “that I saw them seated together on this spot.” But in endeavouring to get out of the difficulty I only plunged further into it.

“And no doubt you saw the rock fall upon them, and

enjoyed the gentlemen's dying groans," interrupted Osman, with a sneer.

I was silent.

"What might you have in that bag?" resumed my tormentor, observing my emotion with an unfavourable grin, and pointing to the bag of provisions on Niki.

"Provisions for my own use."

"And are you accustomed to carry a week's food with you when going only for a day's sport?" he demanded, opening the bag and examining its contents. "As I live! a delicious chalva,² and a dainty tourte!"³ tasting them by turns. "By the Prophet's beard! a fine macaroni, too, strewed with the cheese of Sicyon—excellent! And lo! a delicate piece of lamb, fit for an emperor. If you were in Stamboul, my friend, you would soon become vizier azem⁴ for a pilau like this. Pastry and tyganites⁵ too—by the blessed houris! you are considerate of your friends. And lo! three bottles of boza and Chian wine; and one—two—three—four of giaourta!⁶ Admirable! Well, I thought I should be fortunate to-day, for the first word I heard this morning on rising was 'Allah!'"

Thus did Osman, with the most provoking coolness, amuse himself and companions at my expense.

"Bismillah!"⁷ he said, with mock gravity, "commence, comrades!" They sat down. "But stop, this is sarcostee⁸ with you"—addressing me—"are you inclined to break your fast?"

"No," I said, "I would sooner break my neck!"

"With all my heart," he responded, seating himself on the ground by the side of his associates. They then proceeded to accomplish the demolition of the several eatables, washing them down with feljanes⁹ of boza and Chian wine, while the bandit seasoned the repast with interminable jests and good humour.

"By that bread!¹⁰ palikar, we are friends!" he cried, stretching out his hand to me. I took it, and he gave mine such a squeeze as made it tingle for half an hour afterward.

The report of a gun about a mile up the valley interrupted their hilarity, and made them start from the

ground. It was immediately followed by the loud snorting of a heard of wild boars.

"So!" said Osman, "the gentlemen are on the alert: the music of that little instrument has made them dance. I wonder who fired that gun!" and he gave me a significant glance. "Now, my fine fellow," addressing me, "place yourself in the pass: by their grunting the boars are coming fast upon us."

I feared less for my own safety than for the danger which threatened Alexis; being aware that the shot proceeded from him. I trembled lest, in the ardour of pursuit, he should follow the herd to the place where we stood, when his destruction would be inevitable. A similar idea, I thought, seemed to strike Osman; for he suddenly turned to his men, ordered them to conceal themselves among the rocks, and imparted something in a whisper which I failed to hear.

I was considering how I could give Alexis notice of the danger which threatened him, when Osman seized me by the arm, and commanded me to mount a precipice on the right of the pass, from the summit of which there was a view of the valley. "Gligora! gligora!"¹¹ he said, taking me in his arms as he would a child, and placing me on the first ledge of rock. He then mounted, and followed in my track. The Arnaouts had concealed Niki behind a hillock, and the dogs followed me.

On gaining the summit, Osman turned to me, and said, in a decisive tone, "Dare to utter aloud a syllable of our concealment, and I will blow your brains out!"

This plain and sententious speech was followed by the jarring cock of a pistol. I needed no further evidence of his determination, and therefore promised obedience, still cherishing the hope of affording Alexis timely notice of the ambushade.

Another report was now heard a short distance from our ambush, rattling in prolonged echoes among the rugged cliffs; while the piercing squeals and hoarse grunts of the wild animals, as they jostled against each other, resounded with tenfold clamour. The loud barking of my dogs contributed not a little to the confusion,

but they were almost unheard amid the general uproar. The herd now approached the base of the rock on which we stood, and the foremost eagerly fell upon the fragments of the repast left by the Arnaouts, and finished by devouring the mangled remains of Moctaleb.

“It will save the trouble of burying him,” observed Osman, with a grin.

A loud shout was now heard close at hand. The voice was too familiar to my ear to be mistaken. I looked over the rock, and saw Alexis leaping down the inequalities on the side of the valley. His sudden appearance caused me to utter an involuntary exclamation of surprise. Osman caught me by the throat, and held a pistol to my head, while he looked in a contrary direction to observe the motions of the hunter.

No sooner had the latter gained a safe footing on a pinnacle of stone upon which he leaped, than he fired among the grizzly swine. An enormous boar, which appeared to be the leader, fell, on the instant, writhing in agony. Not less acute was the torture I endured on beholding the dauntless hunter precipitate himself among the excited herd. The report of the shot had scattered most of them, and when he made his appearance, the rest scrambled over the fallen rock, and took to flight in the open country.

It was a moment of feverish anxiety. Alexis leaped from the ledge on which he had been standing, and approached his fallen prey: at the same time Osman relaxed his gripe upon my neck. He had silenced the dogs by cutting their throats. He then made a signal to his men on the opposite side of the pass to descend and secure their victim. Of the hunter's ability to elude them if he once gained intelligence of their proximity, he was too well convinced to risk the uncertainty of firing. Osman descended first, with slow and cautious steps, and I followed. The Arnaouts imitated our movements. Several minutes elapsed in this anxious state of uncertainty—it was like sipping the poisoned draught!

As we approached the base of the precipice, my feel-

ings rose to such a pitch of excitement that I was upon the point of giving vent to them in one loud shout, when a piece of stone, on which Osman chanced to step, yielded beneath the pressure of his foot, and rolled into the valley. Alexis looked up. On the instant Osman sprang from the height, uttering a terrible imprecation. I anticipated his purpose, and called loudly on Alexis to fly, but he was already beyond their reach. Osman looked up at me, and fired a pistol. The bullet passed close to my head, and lodged in the earth behind. The next minute, joined by his companions, he dashed away in pursuit, the report of their muskets ringing wildly through the valley.

"Speed, speed!" I cried, shouting deridingly after them. I sprang forward, elated with a sensible degree of animation; and followed in the pursuit, actuated by very different motives.

On gaining an elevation, I could observe Alexis bounding with inconceivable speed over every impediment. He loaded his musket as he went on. Once he turned and fired upon his pursuers; the unerring shot took effect in the arm of one of the band, but the wounded Arnaout continued his course with unflinching perseverance. The hunter had now gained the centre of the valley, when he diverged from the track, and dashed up the heights on his right with the rapidity of a deer. On—on went his pursuers, with the impetuosity of a deluge sweeping over a broad and level plain.

In pursuing my way I became surrounded by hanging rocks, and lost sight of the combatants altogether. When I again emerged into an open space, I saw Alexis standing on the summit of a rugged precipice, in the act of levelling his musket at the Arnaouts. As he fired, one of them fell dead at the foot of the ascent which he was in the act of mounting. The shots of Osman and his men, in return, flew around Alexis in all directions. He heeded them not, but proceeded with infinite coolness to reload his piece. Followed by his two remaining companions, Osman climbed the tortuous windings of the height. The hunter watched their approach, fired a second time, and another Arnaout fell headlong among

the sharp jutting crags below ! But his ammunition was now expended, and he saw his enemies fast gaining the point which he occupied. He turned not to fly, but remained as immovable as the flint on which he stood, leaning upon his musket, and calmly awaiting their approach.

At this moment I came into view. I rushed towards the precipice, and seized a musket belonging to one of the fallen Arnaouts. Alexis noticed me by a loud and bursting exclamation ; I answered the shout with an exulting cry, immediately ascended to a favourable point, and presented the piece at Osman's remaining companion, for the bandit himself was almost concealed from view.

Little did Alexis imagine, when he tutored me in the exercise of my boyish sports, that my proficiency in the art of using firearms would one day prove instrumental in rescuing him from the hands of his enemies. Influenced by feelings of no ordinary excitement, I fired. One loud and agonizing scream mingled with the echoes of the report. A moment the wounded Arnaout clung with desperate tenacity to a pointed crag : his hold grew weaker—he fell ! The lifeless corpse coming in contact with a projecting ledge, rebounded far over the base of the precipice, and pitched headlong into the valley beneath.

Osman perceiving the fall of his only follower, ascended the remaining portion of the rock, which separated him from the hunter. I stopped to reload the musket, and to secure the ammunition of one of the fallen Arnaouts, and then, excited by the adventure, rushed up the precipice after him. The overhanging crags jutting from the side a while concealed him from my view. On mounting one of them I again caught a transient glimpse of his muscular frame, as he gained the summit of the ascent. The sound of a rough and hoarse voice was immediately succeeded by the report of a pistol. The rattling echoes came upon me with a chilling sensation. I thought of the stoutly armed Osman, and the almost defenceless hunter. As I climbed panting up the height, the sounds of fierce contention became more distinct

Yet even these communicated a degree of satisfaction to me, since they convinced me that Alexis was enabled to continue the conflict.

At length, I reached the broad summit of the precipice, and saw the intrepid foes at some distance, engaging fiercely with the butends of their firearms. A loud cry announced a severe contusion on Osman's scull: but he closed upon his adversary with frantic vigour. The hunter, exhausted, was fast sinking under the powerful attack. The sight nerved me with tenfold strength, I bounded forward, calling upon Alexis to continue the combat. He saw me, and the recognition gave additional impulse to his physical energies.

Osman receded a few steps, but it was only the recoil of the tiger, to make his second spring more deadly and decisive. He turned round to see who had uttered the exclamation—and perceiving me, seemed to hesitate a moment as to which of the two he should first sacrifice. The hunter was nearly vanquished. I was considered an easy conquest. To my instrumentality the Arnaout chiefly owed the destruction of his band and the failure of the expedition, and consequently the sight of me inspired him with a fury the most implacable. Vengeance alone occupied his breast, and he came upon me with the impetuosity of the sirocco blast.

I saw my danger, and with a throbbing pulsation of heart, which nearly choked my respiration, I raised the musket to my shoulder. Osman noticed the movement by a wild and scornful laugh, and advanced with redoubled fury.

The Arnaout was within a few paces of me when I raised the musket for the last time to take aim. My whole frame shook under the excitement of the moment, and it was with difficulty I kept possession of the gun. I saw that everything depended upon one single, steady, and decisive aim. Thrice did I present the musket to fire, and thrice lower it in despair. A fourth time I elevated it with desperate energy to my shoulder and fired! Some invisible agency carried the ball to its destination. *The aim I took was indecisive and uncertain.* To this

day I scarcely recollect how I raised the instrument of destruction. It was not fear, it was not cowardice, that took possession of my feelings, and unnerved my very soul. I felt that I was contending with the devotedness of a man who is aware that all depends upon one desperate cast.

I did not fire in vain: the bullet sped—the bandit leaped high from the ground, and in spite of a momentary exertion in its victim to spring forward, he staggered and fell on his back, and the sanguine stream issued from his side in torrents. He lifted his powerless hand as if in the act of striking an imaginary foe: a convulsive motion shook his whole frame in the last throes of dissolution. A grim smile, rendered more ghastly by the hues of death, flitted over his blanched lips: a rattling sound came with a rush of blood from his throat—and then all was still!

I gazed upon his athletic form with feelings of no ordinary description. How degrading was it to human nature to think that I, a mere raw and almost powerless youth, should have the means of absolute destruction, and thus be enabled to destroy a fellow-creature, who, if placed in the actual competition with me, possessed the power of crushing me, even as he would a worm!

A moment I stood contemplating the fall of Osman, when a heavy groan aroused me from my trance. I looked up, and saw Alexis fall like a dead weight upon the ground. I sprang forward at the sight, as though I had heard a voice from the dead, and raised him in my arms. He breathed not, nor was there any preceptible motion in his frame. I grasped his hand, almost expecting to feel the chill contact of death: it was clammy and cold—a deathlike sweat was upon him. With an agonizing sensation of despair, I tore open his bloody garment and placed my palm upon his heart. I even listened, so flattering is hope, to catch the pulsation of vitality. A tremulous beating—a slight warmth still remained: no further sign of life was preceptible—it seemed as if death was fast arresting the functions within.

After stanching a wound which he had received in his side, I procured some water that remained in the chinks of the rock, and applied it to his parched lips. I passed a few minutes in a feverish state of anxiety, when the trance, which had been solely occasioned by excessive loss of blood, abated, and he partially recovered his senses.

His eyes at length opened with a kind of inexpressive stare. I pronounced his name—my own—that of Ina. His torpid faculties revived at that talismanic name. I trembled for the success of the experiment, but the result proved favourable. His stiffened features beamed with a ray of vitality, his glazed eye emitted emanations of light, a faint tinge relieved the pallid hue of his cheek, and the lifestream gushed back to his heart. He turned his eyes upon my face with a radiant joy, and pronounced my name in a low but audible whisper.

Finding him thus far restored to sensibility and speech, I besought him to use some exertion to regain the place where he usually secreted himself. The balmy breezes of morning breathed softly over his frame, communicating an impulse to his renovated powers, and though still bewildered in his thoughts, he rose, and leaning on my arm, we descended the precipice by a more safe and distant path.

We proceeded at a slow pace towards the extremity of the valley. Upon reaching a few lofty and scattered rocks, piled on one side, Alexis stopped and pointed to some stunted bushes vegetating at the base of one of them. When removed, a small archway, about two feet in height, was perceptible. He motioned me to enter. Placing myself on the ground, I crawled along the cavity, like a snake. After proceeding about ten paces with much labour, I reached the cavern, the sides of which were formed by a natural chasm. The roof was supplied by a mass of rock that had fallen from the overhanging heights. With infinite toil Alexis had cleared the place of the loose fragments detached by the fall, smoothed down the inequalities on the sides of the chasm, and formed a small crevice by which sufficient

light was received from above. In one corner was a bed of straw, covered with a capote; in another his spear, and various weapons of destruction. Overhead hung the remains of a wild boar: the tusks and hides of several enormous beasts of this species adorned the cave, and communicated a more agreeable air to it than I had observed on my entrance. If it did not altogether exhibit the appearance of very great comfort, it had at least the merit of security.

Alexis attempted to crawl into the cave, but I was obliged to drag him in after me. The exertion he had used in the encounter with Osman, together with his wounds and bruises, proved too much for him. Upon entering, he sank down, as if struck by the hand of death. I placed him on the bed, and used every means which came within the scope of my little experience to restore animation. For some time he remained in a state of half consciousness, which seemed every moment as if it would end in dissolution.

Towards evening, however, he revived; and ere night set in, was so far composed that I left him, in order to procure more effectual remedies at Androussa. I reached the pass, where I still found Niki as quiet as when I left him in the morning. I mounted him, and taking a circuitous path to avoid observation, entered my uncle's house by a garden at the back.

CHAPTER VII.

If any one had prophesied that I should act so conspicuous a part in the foregoing incidents, I should not have considered my life of one hour's value. Yet it is most probable that, had I been aware of the dangers I was to contend with, the adventure would have terminated differently, and perhaps fatally to myself—so overconfident are we in our own strength and resources, a

so indifferent to the power which works in secret for our safety.

On my way home from the valley I hesitated whether I should inform my uncle of the perilous adventure in which I had been engaged. Far from being accountable for my absence, such is the liberty enjoyed by most of the youths in the Morea, that three or four days spent with young persons of my own age in wandering among the mountains, were considered by Andrea rather a proof of the hardihood of my disposition, than an act of rebellion against his authority. Recent events, however, might induce the Turks to criminate Andrea, or some one connected with him, and prudence dictated the necessity of apprizing him of our critical situation.

I entered the garden at the rear of his house, and found my uncle seated on a bench outside. Under some pretence I drew him on one side. He addressed me first.

"Well, Stancho, what sport have you had in the valley this morning—any blood spilt?"

I started and replied, "Much—and more than I expected."

"Ay, ay, you are a lad of spirit, and I doubt not played your part well: but where are the spoils?"

"I left them behind."

"And where are your dogs?"

"Killed."

"They deserved a better fate than to be mangled by the tusks of a wild boar."

"They died a shameful death," I said, and a feeling of indignation escaped me, as the events of the day occurred to my mind.

"What's the matter, boy?" demanded Andrea, roused by the energy of my language.

"Alexis," I murmured.

"Ay—poor fellow; those bloodthirsty Arnaouts will never let him rest. I fear he has not long to live."

"Unless you will assist him. Remember how he would have been related to us, but for the late distressing events."

"Name it not—name it not," said Andrea, sternly—

"'tis past ; a time will come for vengeance. What know you of Alexis ?"

As we entered a grove of chestnut trees, in a field at the rear of the house, I related to him the circumstances which had actuated the hunter to the commission of the rash act of the preceding night, namely, the treachery of the aga.

"Released by the aga !" exclaimed Andrea. "The papas released from prison by the aga of Androussa !" he repeated, in a more vehement tone.

"As there is truth in heaven," I replied.

"May the lightning of that heaven blast him in its fury !" he cried ; and drawing a dagger from underneath his vest, he fell on his knees, and vowed the aga's destruction as an atonement for the sacrifice of his child. "Is there no lightning, Panagia, to requite the destroyer of my happiness ? Is there no plague yet unloosed upon mankind to smite him with ? Grant me vengeance—vengeance !"

When this ebullition had somewhat abated, I proceeded to relate the events in which I had been personally engaged ; but Andrea's indignation would scarcely allow him to listen to details of minor importance. The treacherous conduct of the aga alone occupied his mind, and his exclamations consisted only of threats of a terrible revenge. At length his passion subsided into the settled calm of a determined purpose.

"And where is the brave Alexis ?" he asked, when his emotion had ceased.

"Wounded and faint, I assisted him to a cavern in the valley, where he remains, lacking common necessities, and wanting the aid of some one to dress his wounds."

"That shall be my task. Before we commence our journey, however, we must visit a neighbour, whose heart and soul are alike hostile to our rulers, and who is equally ready to sacrifice them for the common good. Follow me."

Andrea had occasion to precede me into the house a moment or two. I was about to follow him, when he came back in haste, after having carefully secured the

outer door, and said, "There are several Turks lounging about the street, evidently scrutinizing our dwelling. We must be cautious—they suspect something." I looked through a window to observe their movements, but they had disappeared. To avoid coming in contact with them, we went out at the back of the house, and hastened to a friend and neighbour, who resided close at hand.

We found him at home. His name was Buzari. He conducted us to a back room, and there we proceeded to discuss the measures which it might be expedient to adopt, for the safety of Alexis, myself, and, indeed, the principal persons interested in the late affair with the papas. Andrea lost no time in laying the whole matter before his friend, requesting his advice and assistance. Buzari listened to my narrative with astonishment, not unmixed with satisfaction; but he likewise perceived the imminent danger which encompassed us. Nevertheless he promised us his support, and also to engage the services of several inhabitants, who would hold themselves ready to act on the least emergency. And for this purpose he left us to summon the boldest of them to a council.

I must confess I heard this announcement with mingled pleasure and alarm. It had been expressed with caution, and not without the prospect of ultimate success. Rumours had long been afloat respecting the arrival of a Russian fleet, which was hastening to the Morea, for the avowed purpose of uniting with the Greeks against the Turks. A messenger had just arrived with intelligence that the whole of the fleet had anchored off Cape Tenauros. The news had comparatively the same effect upon Andrea and his friends, as a spark of fire upon a heap of gunpowder. Wild with joy, they were eager to rush upon the Turks, and sacrifice them without a moment's delay. But the more prudent urged deliberate measures, as the only means of success; and it was finally settled to await the arrival of the Russians, unless the Turks commenced hostilities by any open act of aggression.

It was late ere we had concluded our interview with the

friends of Buzari. They numbered fifty, independent of those whose assistance we could rely upon should the affair come to a crisis. The persons chiefly selected were men fierce and indomitable, ready to act upon all occasions, and to throw their lives willingly into the balance, should such an act be necessary to secure the welfare of their countrymen suffering under Turkish oppression.

Having completed our arrangements, Andrea hastily procured what things were necessary for the comfort of Alexis; we then mounted a couple of horses and set off towards the valley. We went out the back way, for the sight of the Turks lounging about the front had alarmed us. Recent circumstances had rendered us so cautious, that the most trivial matters were thought of too much importance to be hastily despised. Our suspicions proved well founded in the end.

In the course of an hour we reached the entrance of the valley. We left our horses among the rocks scattered around the pass, and then proceeded at a quick pace towards the cavern.

As I turned a projecting rock, on nearing the place of concealment, a flash, as I thought, of lightning, played momentarily at the end of the valley. I looked up, but the heavens were calm, the stars shone with resplendent brightness, and the broad moon, dimmed at intervals by some light and fleecy clouds, shed its broken lustre over the scene. I stopped till my uncle came up, when the light increased, and we observed a man issue from behind a hillock bearing a torch. In the course of a few minutes he was joined by another, when they commenced examining the surrounding recesses with the most persevering scrutiny.

Alarmed by so unusual an occurrence, we approached sufficiently near to watch their motions unobserved, being screened by some intervening bushes. The more I gazed upon one of the Turks, who was muffled up in his beenish,¹ the more I became convinced that the figure was familiar to me. His back was turned upon us, but there was something in his manner which satisfied me.

had seen him before. In his companion, who faced us, and had now approached within a few yards, I recognised a slave of the aga's. The discovery afforded us no very agreeable reflections, and only served to involve their present employment in greater doubt and mystery.

The slave continued his search, interlarding his occasional soliloquies with oaths expressive of great disappointment. One sentence caught our ears which brought to my mind a startling certainty of his intentions. After examining the recesses around he lowered his torch, and muttered, with the conviction of a man who at length begins to think he has been deceived, "I am confident I saw them disappear among these rocks; there they entered, and it is certain they could not have gone far to gain a place of safety."

An exclamation from his companion disturbed his soliloquy, and on looking that way I discovered, in the muffled form before me, the aga of Androussa. I pointed him out to Andrea, who eyed him with a look of inextinguishable hatred, and could hardly be prevailed upon to desist from sacrificing him on the spot. He was calmed by my persuasions. A few expressions, dropped in conversation by the aga and his slave, tempted him to remain quiet, and we gathered sufficient to enable us to elucidate the mystery in which their present employment was enveloped.

It appeared that the slave, being on his return from Tripolizza, had passed through the valley at the juncture of our contest with the Arnaouts, the whole of which he had witnessed unobserved by us. He had watched Alexis and myself, for we were well known to him, until we disappeared among the rocks leading to the cavern. He then approached and examined the spot, but there being no perceptible opening, it seems he thought it advisable to continue his journey to the town, to apprise the aga of what he had seen. Though the tale, at first, gained little credit with the aga, to whom alone the slave named it, yet my long absence, and the repeated assertions of his bondsman, at length convinced him of its truth.

My doom was sealed, and a guard was stationed near

Andrea's house to watch my arrival. It was the same which he had so opportunely observed as we were about to visit his friend Buzari. Our departure afterward for the valley was managed so secretly, that the Turks were not even aware of my arrival, till Andrea and myself were halfway on the road. Their disappointment on learning that I had been at home, but had gone no one knew whither, was expressed in no very measured terms. They instantly took the road to the valley.

Meanwhile the aga, too impatient to await my return, had set forward with his slave for the purpose of making a personal scrutiny; judging that it would require no extraordinary exertions to capture a wounded man, in which condition Alexis was represented to be. He was thus engaged when we discovered him. How to elude him now became a matter of consideration, at least with me. My uncle, however, with a rashness peculiar to himself, contemplated a more decisive step. The blood of the aga could alone satisfy his revenge. I knew it was useless to dissuade. He had made an oath, and never broke one.

His resolution being taken, he gave me one of his pistols, desiring that I would get as near the slave as possible, and should I hear his master give the least alarm, fire and endeavour to disable the former from going to the aga's assistance. He then quitted me, and made a considerable circuit so as to fall unexpectedly on the aga, who had separated from his companion, and was pursuing his search higher up. The expedient was rash, but Andrea never knew a medium.

I trembled on observing the aga's motions. Two or three times he passed the slight bush which concealed the entrance to the cavern. Once he almost kicked it aside; but this was done with that species of petulant disappointment which actuates men to vent their spite upon inanimate objects, when sentient beings are not at hand. Again he approached and stooped down to examine the spot. Prompted by some latent suspicion, he parted the shrubs asunder, and thrust his torch behind them. To a common observer the cavity would have

appeared a passage only for reptiles into the heart of the rock. But a startling proof of the certainty of there being some one within, was given by indistinct groans which struck on the aga's ear. He paused a while, and looked around in dismay, as if in doubt from whence the sounds proceeded. Superstition is a prominent feature in the mind of a Turk, and the aga felt the full force of its influence. He threw himself on the ground, applied his ear for a moment to the aperture, thrust in his torch again, and listened with the eagerness of a demon. Suddenly he started on his feet, and called aloud, with manifest exultation, for his attendant.

Those were the last words he uttered. A shot, directed by a hand that never failed, passed through his brain, and he fell on the ground lifeless, almost before his voice had ceased to echo among the surrounding rocks.

Andrea rushed forward and seized the terrified slave, before he had time even to suspect the fate of his master. I immediately joined them, when Andrea, unloosing his girdle, secured his prisoner with it, taking the precaution to gag him effectually. Having conducted him to a distance from the cavern, and placed him between some rocks, we returned to the scene of action, Andrea chuckling with satisfaction at our success.

On entering the cave we found the hunter extended upon his bed of straw, and covered with his capote, groaning from extreme agony. My uncle immediately proceeded with a practised hand to dress his wounds; and administered a cordial to relieve the burning thirst by which the sufferer was consumed. He seemed to languish between life and death, for there was much less hope of the former, than certainty of the latter. Andrea watched him for a few moments with deep emotion. The eyes of the wounded man were partially opened, but without any expression of consciousness. They turned to no object, his ears to no sound. At length, after swallowing a cordial and his wounds having been dressed, he partially revived, but with a dim and vague apprehension of the past. Excessive loss of blood had

occasioned great weakness ; nevertheless his wounds were fortunately not dangerous.

Scarcely had we completed these attentions to Alexis, when we were startled by the exclamations of people without.

Anxious to learn the cause of so unusual an interruption, I returned to the entrance of the cave. I had just reached the bush, and was about to put it aside, when the long robe of some one passing caught its prickly branches. The Turk—for such I supposed him, from an oath which he uttered—in endeavouring to extricate his garment, nearly completed the destruction of this fragile hope of our concealment. I drew back as though a tiger had crossed my path ; but acting under that undefinable impulse which sometimes prompts men to look with a kind of fascination upon things they abhor, I again approached the entrance, and cautiously laying aside the bushes, saw half a dozen Turks, whose countenances were visible by the glare of the torches which they held, examining with solemn gravity the body of the aga. It was still lying on its face, no one having taken the trouble to identify it. The intruders proved to be the guard which had been ordered to watch my movements.

“ Bismillah ! how is this ? ” said one ; “ another of the faithful slain ! Where can the aga and Mezvir be ? ”

“ If I mistake not,” said another, “ the body of the aga lies before us.”

“ Impossible ! ” said the first speaker, in whom I recognised a Turk, named Mustapha, who, in consequence of some secret influence which he possessed, it was well known, would be the successor of the deceased ; and speaking to a slave at his side, he added, with an appearance of great phlegm, “ Turn the body on its back.” He was instantly obeyed, and, rigid in death, the ghastly features of his superior met his view.

The Turks in general manifest as little sympathy on a sudden departure from office, either by death or by the tyrannical compulsion of their own rulers, as they show unbounded contempt for the sufferings of those beings whom they are pleased to term infidels. It was not, there-

fore, surprising, that Mustapha and his companions should sum up their respect for the deceased, and their sympathy at his loss, with the single exclamation of "Allah Kereem."

Had they been aware by whom the act was committed, their hatred would have risen in proportion to the joy which they usually manifest on the fall of an enemy of their own faith. The question however did at length suggest itself—By whom was the act committed? For as the ample robes of the faithful prevent the full activity of bodily exertion, so do their minds partake largely of their corporal listlessness.

I smiled involuntarily, as I contemplated, at this moment, our relative situations, and the facility with which I could have enlightened the understandings of those Turks, by expounding what to them appeared so perfect a mystery. One thing eased my mind. They did not attribute the aga's death either to Andrea or myself. For they were so satisfied with the extraordinary despatch they had used in reaching the valley, that they would not allow us the credit of exerting superior speed. The next thing which occurred to them was, Where could the slave be who had accompanied the aga? Treachery, on the part of this man, was the conclusion they came to; and their suspicions received confirmation, when a dagger with his name engraved on it, and which he had cast aside in the struggle with Andrea, was found near the bloody corpse of the aga. Exclamations of indignation, and threats of a terrible revenge, were vented upon him, which no doubt he heard, and must have inwardly thanked us for his present place of concealment.

But no one stirred a step, or proposed any pursuit after the supposed assassin. They expressed their feelings of reverence for the deceased, and looked significantly at Mustapha, the aga in expectation. They talked of vengeance, and requested, with due obeisance, to hear his commands. To my great relief, he immediately ordered four slaves to take up the body, and place it upon one of the horses which stood at the entrance of the valley. *Wrapping the corpse in its ample robe, they raised it upon*

their shoulders, and followed by the chief elect, hastily quitted the place.

When I related to my uncle the accusations brought against the slave, a thought struck him that it would divert any suspicion from us, if we brought him into the cavern, and fastened him securely against the rock. His absence would thus afford additional strength to the suspicions entertained against him by Mustapha, while his enlargement would certainly bring destruction upon us all.

I waited upward of an hour before I ventured to quit the cavern, in case there should be any stragglers lurking near the spot. At the expiration of that time, I armed myself with a brace of pistols, and directed my steps towards the place where we had confined the late aga's attendant; but what was my amazement to find it deserted. The recess where we had placed him was scarcely more than sufficient to contain a man, and yet, so flattering is hope, that I actually examined various holes, into which it was impossible for a human being to have entered.

Shuddering at the dreary prospect that presented itself, and the inevitable ruin awaiting us should Mezvir gain the town, I flew from place to place, searched every recess, explored the sides of the valley, and the tops of the adjacent hills; but in vain. No trace of the object of my pursuit was visible. He was gone: yet how, I knew not—nor whither.

I returned to the cavern exhausted with fatigue, and sickened with disappointment. Andrea received the intelligence with a calmness which I could neither imitate nor comprehend. The more pressing the danger became, the less anxiety he manifested for the result, as it regarded his own safety. But the urgent necessity for adopting measures to secure Alexis against any future harm fully impressed him with the peril of our situation. Flight was out of the question. It would at once betray our guilt, and subject us to be hunted like wild beasts. In case any suspicion should attach to us, our immediate return to Androussa would materially weaken it, provided we met the

charge at once. Had we secured the slave, we might have defied the power of the Turks to injure us. But the circumstance of his having beheld the destruction of the Arnaouts, and the probability that he would also be able to identify Andrea as the slayer of the aga, left us little hope, should he make his appearance in Androussa.

Though unable to speak, Alexis comprehended our discourse, and signified by signs that we should leave him, and consult our own safety. There was every chance of his recovering from his wounds, in a short time, and as our presence could no further avail him than by administering to his wants, and as there was every probability that the entrance to the cavern was yet unknown, even to the slave, we resolved to return without delay.

Before we quitted our wounded friend, we placed within his reach the necessaries we had brought, and also a brace of loaded pistols, together with several charges of ammunition, in case the Turks should visit him during our absence. As only one person could enter the cave at a time, he might defend himself against a very superior force, unless the sublime idea of blowing up the rock should enter the heads of his enemies. Having made these arrangements, we left the cavern and hurried to the pass. Mounting our horses, we took a circuitous route to the town. The first blush of morning was illumining the hills around us, and the cry of the Muezzem² was swelling softly on the passing breeze, as we entered the precincts of Androussa.

CHAPTER VIII.

As we entered the town we observed several Turks hurrying along the path leading to the residence of the late aga. There was nothing singular in seeing them abroad so early, but the unusual despatch observable in their movements, and the direction they took particularly attracted our notice.

The aga's death was known all over the town, and his slave was generally believed to have been the assassin. It was some satisfaction to us to learn that he had not yet made his appearance in Androussa. As to the aga, there was not a man in the whole community but had suffered from his merciless exactions, or been subjected in some way or other to the caprice of his intemperate passions; consequently every one felt a secret satisfaction on being released from so tyrannical a ruler, even while a general expression of respect for his memory was heard.

Our ignorance of the Turks' intentions kept us in a state of indescribable suspense. One thing was determined upon, that if they commenced hostilities, a general rising should take place. While we were debating at the house of Buzari the probable issue of this unfortunate adventure, Doreas, an intimate friend of Alexis, arrived at Androussa with intelligence that the Russians had landed.

The Mainotes¹ were in arms, and it was expected that the following day would be rendered glorious by the commencement of a struggle for our emancipation. It was immediately proposed that Andrea and I should make the best of our way to Mount Taygetus.² My uncle, however, scorned to leave his associates at a time when his presence was most needed. Whatever success might attend the struggle, he was resolved to stand or fall by

them. He had lived to avenge the dishonour of his child on one who was equally guilty with the papas, and he could now meet his fate with tranquillity.

In the midst of our deliberations, a man, who had been despatched by Buzari to watch the proceedings of the Turks, returned with unpleasant intelligence. It was not generally known that Alexis and I were the destroyers of Osman and his followers: and Mustapha, successor of the late aga, was not anxious that it should be. He had his own purposes to serve in concealing the authors of this tragedy from the knowledge of his associates.

When, however, the remainder of the band of Arnaouts learned the inglorious circumstances attending the fate of their comrades, their first impulse was to commence a system of extermination on the Greek portion of the inhabitants of Androussa, which, no doubt, would have been signal in its effects, had they been permitted the full exercise of their bloodthirsty dispositions.

But here Mustapha interposed. He had taken immediate measures for securing his authority, by despatching a messenger to the pacha of the Morea with the customary presents, though he owed his appointment to other influence. He combated their inclinations, and persuaded them to listen to milder measures. Not that he was influenced by a spirit of humanity, or a desire to screen us from the vengeance of the Arnaouts. On the contrary, he would gladly have seen the decapitation of the whole Greek community, had not his avaricious nature prompted him to delay a measure which he calculated would eventually enrich himself.

He knew Andrea was accounted rich, and that the family of the Benaki also abounded in wealth; and he had the sagacity to perceive that they would very readily purchase their security by the sacrifice of any sum he should choose to name. These were the considerations which withheld him from manifesting any open hostility towards us. In order, however, to silence the murmurs of the Arnaouts, he despatched half a dozen of his own guard to bring me before him.

Such was the intelligence brought to us by the messenger. As I was the chief object upon which the Turks sought to exercise their wrath, my safety naturally became the first object with Andrea and his friends.

"You must fly this instant, Stancho," said my uncle, grasping my arm and hurrying me to the rear of the house. Buzari and his friends offered to accompany me; but my uncle said it would be better for me to go alone, as, in case of many persons being observed to quit the house, a pursuit would be commenced, which might probably end in the destruction of all.

It required but a few moments to equip one of the fleetest horses for the service. I mounted, and was about to depart, when I paused to inquire whither I should direct my flight.

"You cannot be safer than in the cavern with Alexis," replied my uncle—"so speed thither! There is not a horse in the Morea that can surpass the speed of Mootza," he added, patting the broad chest of the impatient animal.

He then embraced me affectionately, and put a brace of loaded pistols in my fusicleiki.⁴ I urged my horse over a slight hedge, that divided our garden from a large meadow, nearly two miles in extent, and after a few curvetings, he bounded down a descent on which the house stood with the velocity of an arrow discharged from a bow.

Taking a circuitous route, I avoided the habitations of the Turks, which lined the road leading to the valley. At the extremity of the meadow flowed a small branch of the Pamissus. Its current was strong and boisterous, but Mootza dashing amid its rough waters, I soon gained the opposite bank, and turned my head in the direction of Androussa. To my consternation, I perceived several men on horseback, whose movements at once convinced me of their intentions—I was pursued! Three of them had outstripped the rest in speed, and were rapidly descending the hill.

They suddenly deserted the line of pursuit, and diverged to the right, foreseeing that my road must eventually lead to that quarter, as a low range of hills stretched to the left, the side of which it was impossible to ascend. I now urged Mootza to greater speed. The generous animal seemed to understand my wishes. With strained neck and thundering hoof, he dashed towards the road leading to the valley with the swiftness of the wind.

It was difficult to say which would arrive first at the point where the road leading to the valley joined the meadow. My confidence in the superior speed of Mootza, however, afforded me every hope. I again looked towards the town, and beheld a multitude of people pouring from various quarters, some on foot, and others mounted, but all seemingly bent in pursuit of one object—myself.

A grove of chestnut trees now intervened between me and my pursuers. I was in agony. The sight even of my foes was some consolation, as I was enabled to judge of the probability of escape by their distance. As I passed the middle of the grove, the report of a gun close at hand came with a startling sensation upon my ear. I turned my head in dismay, thinking my enemies had gained the other side of the plantation. At the same instant a ball whistled past my head.

“Holy Virgin!” I exclaimed aloud, “what can this mean?”

Another report almost immediately followed my words. “I am surrounded,” I said, “and betrayed.” I again cast my eyes in the direction of the grove, and a slight curling wreath of smoke rose from behind some low bushes.

Not a human being was visible. A ball had taken effect in my left arm. I was not aware of it for some time, so strongly were the energies of my mind excited by the proximity of personal danger. But at length a burning sensation in the thick part of the wounded limb, and the sanguine stream flowing thick and fast through my sleeve, convinced me that I was wounded.

I had now cleared the grove, and perceived, with a

gratification which made me forget for a while the pain I suffered, that I was considerably in advance of my pursuers. I had time for reflection. I threw the reins over the neck of Mootza, and loosening the sash from my waist, bound it round my arm.

The sight of me, however, as I emerged from the grove, urged my enemies to greater exertions. But Mootza needed neither stirrup⁶ nor whip to goad him to a fleetness which was inconceivable. At this moment the horse of one of the Turks fell, and threw its rider, who lay insensible from the fall. One of the remaining two gradually relaxed his speed, and at length stopped altogether. I had now only one to contend with ; though his personal appearance was calculated to weigh fearfully against me, in the balance of actual combat. He was the only one who had gained upon me, but a vast crowd still followed in the distance.

I had just reached the road leading to the valley, when I perceived three Turks, preceded by three surrigees,⁴ coming towards me : it seems my pursuer, who was not far behind, caught a glimpse of them at the same moment, for he uttered a loud shout, and discharged a pistol. Despairing now of being able to accomplish my escape, should the strangers attempt to dispute my passage, I prepared my pistols for immediate use.

I observed that the Turks, on perceiving the velocity of my career, stopped short in the middle of the road, but whether it was with the intention of preventing my farther progress, or that they were struck with the novelty of the pursuing crowd, I had no time to conjecture. I dashed by the surrigees, who did not attempt to molest me. Neither did their masters manifest any symptoms of opposition, though I considered it necessary to be upon my guard. As I passed them, I distinguished the voice of my pursuer loudly entreating them to cut me down. The youngest of the strangers, for the others were all old men, placed himself in the middle of the road, and drew his yataghan ; I presented my pistols, and he pulled up on one side as Mootza flew by him.

Considering myself now free from danger, I turned my head to survey the movements of my pursuers.

The only one who followed—in whom I recognised one of the scourges of the Greeks of Androussa, by name Assad—made a halt on reaching the Turks whom I had just encountered. He held a brief conference with them, and pointed after me with violent jesticulation. The youngest of the Turks immediately dismounted, and delivered his horse to Assad, who vaulted into the saddle, and continued the pursuit with a velocity which quickly left but a short distance between us.

The supply of a fresh horse to my enemy was a contingency which I had not calculated upon, and in this unexpected event I fancied I beheld the certainty of my fate. This was anything but a cheering anticipation. Escape, with all its bright and visionary prospects, had elated me; and now the cup of enjoyment was dashed from my grasp, ere I had raised it to my lips. My heart sickened as I witnessed the rapidity of Assad's advance.

I had just reached the entrance to the valley, and here it was that Assad gained upon me. He was within a few yards of me, when I turned into the pass, and checked the speed of Mootza. As he urged his horse on with the wildness of a demon, he drew a pistol from his girdle, and discharged it at me. I was in the act of dismounting, when the ball passed through the head of Mootza. The noble animal convulsively springing forward uttered a cry of agony, and fell dead without a struggle.

If, placed on fortune's proudest pinnacle, I had suddenly beheld the annihilation of my dearest hopes, the mingling and choking sensations of rage, grief, and despair, which shook my whole frame, could not have been exceeded by those which I experienced on this occasion. It was but for a moment that my feelings overcame me. However we may regret the loss of anything, personal safety, the ruling principle of our nature, prevails over all. I dashed the tears from my eyes, and trembling

with rage drew both pistols from my girdle, and discharged them at my approaching enemy.

He fell, but I knew not if he was mortally wounded. I scarcely wished his death, though the hysterical chuckle, between laughter and weeping, which my surcharged bosom gave vent to, convinced me I thought my aim had been fatal. My intention, however, was only to disable him, for I had spilt blood enough lately. I stopped not to observe his condition. It was sufficient for me that he was disabled. I distinguished the rattling sounds of approaching horsemen, and turned to quit the spot. A loud shout broke the melancholy tenour of my thoughts, and I quickened my pace towards the cavern. I reached it, thrust aside the bushes, and entered.

Replacing the shrubs, I proceeded to the inner cavity; but my astonishment, not unmixed with terror, may easily be conceived, when I found my farther progress impeded by the nether portion of a human figure, with its heels upward. I recoiled involuntarily from the contact, but the mysterious being exhibited no sign of vitality. I placed my hands on its legs—it did not stir. Suddenly I grasped and raised them, as they appeared to show symptoms of animation, but I was deceived. I dropped them, and the stiffened members fell before me a motionless mass.

I must confess, if I ever felt a sensation of sudden terror, it was upon the present occasion. The mystery which enveloped the firing on my passing the grove of chestnut trees had wrought my mind to a high pitch of excitement, and the present unaccountable position of a human body tended to aggravate the feeling. Agitated between hope and fear, I shouted aloud the name of Alexis.

“Who calls?” demanded a hoarse voice, which came from the heart of the rock.

“Constantine—your friend,” I replied, recognising the voice of Alexis.

“Enter, and be quick.”

“Alas! I cannot. What means this body choking up the passage?”

“What body?” he demanded, eagerly.

“I know not; here it is—and if I may judge by the stiffness of the limbs, life is extinct.”

“Is it Greek or Turk?”

“I cannot tell; but if I may conjecture, I should say the latter.”

“The Virgin be praised!” responded the hunter, fervently; “drag the body out, and enter.”

I was about to perform this necessary operation, when the deadened echo of shouts at a distance withheld me. I managed to make a retrograde movement towards the bush, and there awaited, in almost breathless suspense, an explanation of the threatening cries. My uncertainty was not of long duration. Four Turks immediately rushed into the open space which fronted the cavern. The first thing that met their view was the blood of the aga. It appeared to raise doubts in their mind of a very disagreeable nature; for though his death was universally known, they evidently were not certain that this was the spot where his existence had terminated so abruptly.

While they stood deliberating upon the most advisable course to adopt, they were joined by another party who had followed in the pursuit. Among the latter was Murad, a brother of Assad. He was the oda bashee⁸ of the aga’s guards at Androussa. His fury was ungovernable on learning that I had escaped. Gnashing his teeth in the bitterness of disappointed rage; he doomed me to all the agonies of empalement here, and to everlasting torment hereafter.

“By the Prophet’s beard!” he exclaimed, drawing his yataghan; “I will pursue him, till this blade is dimmed by his infidel blood.” And in pursuance of this laudable resolution, he dashed away towards the end of the valley, like a bloodhound just recovering the lost scent. Two or three of his companions joined him in the hopeless search, and my only wish was, that the remainder would imitate so desirable a movement.

The wish, however, was not reciprocal on the part of my pursuers. A circuitous chase of eight or ten miles,

urged with unbroken speed, and the difficulty of toiling along a rugged valley, nearly a mile in length, had rendered them unfit for further exertion on foot. They had left their horses in the pass. It was not, therefore, without considerable uneasiness that I beheld several of these Turks throw themselves carelessly on the ground, and produce their everlasting tchibooques,⁹ which, with the aid of flint and steel, soon scattered their somniferous fumes even into the recesses of the cavern. The deliberate production of their several articles of domestic luxury, as they were arranged for use, tended not a little to increase my inquietude. But I was doomed to experience a more severe trial.

The weather being cold, fuel was sought for. It grew in several places near the encampment. One place was as good as another ; but the spirit of inspiration seemed to possess the fellow who gathered it. After collecting a few rotten twigs, he approached the spot where I lay concealed, and laying his brawny hand upon the bush, in defiance of its pointed branches, proceeded to pull it up by the roots. The agony of that moment I shall never forget. It can only be conceived by those who have been placed in situations where life is held so precariously.

The demolition of the bush would have exposed me to the view of the Turks. I forced myself back, I know not how, for the imminence of the danger seemed to charm me to the spot. I gazed on his hand as though it possessed the power of fascination ; yet I recoiled involuntarily from the entrance, and sinking with my face to the ground, awaited, in all the horrors of a despair which might have been truly said to be the extremity of human endurance, the termination of the scene. Unexpected relief, however, was at hand. A loud shout acted like magic on my nerves—I looked up—the Turk had quitted the bush, and joined his companions, when they rushed simultaneously towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

“What means this uproar?” demanded Alexis.

“Wait patiently, and you shall know,” I replied ; “let

it suffice that I have been pursued, and my enemies are nigh. They come !”

I had scarcely uttered the words when several Turks, at the head of whom was Murad, reached the spot which fronted the cavern. Half a dozen followed, dragging and goading on a man with the points of their weapons, in whom I recognised the unfortunate Jew, whose presence in Androussa had been the cause of the late events. He screamed with agony, imploring them to release him, and suffer him to depart. He was a lone man, he said, and would not injure the meanest reptile crawling, much less would he lift the hand of destruction against a human being—for they had taxed him with the death of the aga. His assertions were disbelieved; they demanded why he lay concealed among the rocks at the end of the valley.

“Necessity compelled me,” he replied, as he lay on the ground. “Behold !” he cried, uncovering his right leg, and exposing the broken and bloody member to view; “but yester morn, climbing a rock where you found me, my aged limbs, unable to support me, refused their office, and falling on the stones below, I fractured one of my legs, as you see. From that time even unto this I have been on the same spot, enduring all the horrors of insufferable agony, in a burning thirst which I could not slake. Am I then a man, good sirs,” he continued, in a subdued tone, rendered harsh by suffering, “endowed with that bodily capability necessary to contend with men of strength ?”

Fortunately for the credit of Isaak’s story there was no one present who had seen him at the barracks on the night when Alexis slew the Turk in his defence. However his plea did not avail him.

“Dost thou see this sanguinary stream ?” demanded Murad, in a tone of deep import, pointing to the blood of the aga. “Such another stream bedews the earth at the entrance of this valley—’tis my kinsman’s ! such another defaces yonder crags ! such another defaces the streets of Androussa ! all of them cry aloud for vengeance. Your present condition is a convincing proof

of your guilt. Who knows but the wound in your leg is the effect of the aga's defence of his own life?"

"It must be so!" shouted a dozen voices, kindling with rage at the logical deduction of Murad. Whether true or not was of little importance at the moment. It did not suit their inclinations to inquire whether the wound was occasioned by accident, or received in combat. Vengeance, long delayed, and eagerly pursued, required a victim, and it mattered little upon whom the choice fell. If the Jew had not fallen in their way, it is most probable they would have vented their wrath on each other before the conclusion of the day.

Brief was the time afforded to the disconsolate Jew. His enemies grasped their pistols and yataghans, and awaited only the signal from Murad to slay. Notwithstanding the agony he endured from his shattered limb, Isaak met the dark looks of his tormentors with a calm and unmoved countenance. He shook his head and appeared to expect little mercy from them.

"Hold a while!" said Murad, addressing his followers.

"Did you," he resumed, turning to his captive—"did you witness a conflict in this valley yesterday morning?"

"I did; but the nature of my wound bound me to the spot: I called in vain for assistance—my cries were unheard."

"Know you any of the parties?"

"None," firmly responded Isaak, and he met the scrutinizing glances of his deliberate tormentors with a look of calm placidity. "Spill my blood or not, as ye list," he mournfully continued, "you will only rob me of a brief period of existence, which I would willingly devote to purposes more sacred than those which engross your attention now."

But the Jew's end was not so near as he expected. At this moment, when all hope seemed to have deserted him, a shot was heard at a distance in the direction of the pass, and immediately a loud shout followed the report. The name of Murad was distinctly heard amid the exclamations of a stranger, who was immediately answered by the person called upon. Presently a man

rushed into view ; his look was wild, and his face bathed with the sweat of extraordinary exertion.

“The news?” demanded Murad, recognising in the new comer a slave belonging to the aga.

“The Greeks have risen in a body,” replied the slave, with breathless rapidity ; “they have attacked the aga, who, unsupported by his followers, has fled. Even when I quitted the town, the insurgents had reached the quarter of the faithful, and your presence is loudly called for.” Having concluded this alarming information, he turned off again with the greatest precipitation.

Murad remained fixed for some moments to the spot, his dark eyes rolling with inconceivable fury, while his countenance assumed the pallid hue of death. It was but for a moment. Calling upon his followers, he rushed impetuously down the valley, which rang with their idle imprecations, and then nothing was heard, save the lonely sighs of the disconsolate Israelite !

My feelings during the foregoing incidents may easily be imagined. Alternate hope and despair agitated my mind. And never did mortal, under the hands of the executioner, receive a pardon with such unequivocal delight, as I experienced when I hailed the departure of the Turks. Isaak’s presence alone deterred me from making my appearance. I had not the heart to let him die thus : there was something about the old man that interested me strongly in his behalf. Feeling satisfied that he might be safely trusted, I issued from the cavern, unobserved by him, and stood before him.

“You have seen me before, Isaak,” I said—“the other night, near this spot—you remember, I perceive.”

“May Heaven forget me when I fail to forget the friends of that night,” he solemnly replied.

“Enough ! can you be faithful?”

“Adversity has made me suspicious of the man in power, but weakness never yet sued to me in vain. I am your friend by right.”

“I doubt not your faith ; but I have a friend at hand who saved your child from the knife of the Turk—will *you serve him ?*”

“What can I do?” he demanded eagerly.

“He lies near us dangerously wounded: keep secret the place of his concealment.”

“I know not where it is.”

“But I will show you presently; you require rest, and will find it a place of security for yourself.”

“Alas! young man, I fear I am beyond the power of this world’s aid. But if I can assist your friend, I would willingly devote what time I have yet to spare in his service.”

I flew to the cave, and seizing the dead body which choked up the entrance by the legs, dragged it into the light. I turned it upon its back, and to my astonishment, the ghastly features of the slave Mezvir met my view. Although his head and face were almost covered with blood, from a deep wound in the temple, I nevertheless recognised him. The idea immediately flashed on my mind that he had been shot by Alexis.

“Miscreant!” I exclaimed, spurning the body with my foot, “thou hast met with thy deserts.” I dragged the lifeless corpse after me, and casting it into the more open part of the valley, left it to the birds of prey which infested the place.

“An enemy you perceive,” I said, rejoining Isaak, who had started with astonishment at the business I was engaged in; “he richly merited his fate. Within that rock lies your preserver.”

I entered the cave, and found Alexis considerably recovered. In answer to my inquiries respecting the slave, he informed me, that shortly after Andrea and I quitted him, he had been surprised by hearing some one forcibly entering the cavern. He demanded who was there. No answer was returned. Again he called upon the intruder to make himself known, but receiving no reply, and convinced that it was neither Andrea nor myself, he fired down the entrance. One groan ensued, accompanied by the retreat of the unknown, as Alexis thought, but it was no doubt the dying struggle of the slave. My friend being too weak to rise and ascertain the effect of

his shot, contented himself with awaiting the hour of my arrival.

I can only account for Mezvir's knowledge of the cavern by supposing, that after his escape from the place where we had confined him, in order to gain the goodwill of his superiors, he had prowled about the valley, and observed Andrea and myself quit the rock : which piece of information fortunately was the means of freeing us from a very disagreeable person.

In compliance with the wish of Alexis, I managed to drag Isaak into the cave, and placed him on the bed beside my friend. Notwithstanding the agony which the former endured, he was as profuse in his expressions of gratitude as though nothing had happened to him. I dressed his wound as well as I was able, and found upon inspection that it was not so dangerous as I had imagined. Want of food was the principal occasion of his weakness, I therefore gave him nourishment in such proportions as were requisite.

As my own wound was trifling, I left it to nature and repose. The ball had not entered far, but had ruptured a small blood vessel. The only inquietude I felt respecting it was the mystery in which the circumstance was involved. Who the person was that had disabled me at such a critical moment, I was at a loss to conceive, or for what purpose he could have done it. All conjecture on the subject only involved it in greater perplexity, and I endeavoured to dismiss it from my mind.

After taking some refreshment, and perceiving that Alexis and the Jew were inclined to sleep, I wrapped a boarskin round my body, threw myself on the ground, and was soon lost in forgetfulness of the past.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRIEF repose sufficed to restore the exhausted energies of nature, and I rose from my hard couch refreshed, and with renewed vigour. As I gazed round the rocky apartment, partially illumined by a torch, I observed that Alexis and the Jew were wrapped in a profound slumber. I gazed upon the pale and haggard countenance of the latter, and thought I could perceive the terrors of death already settling in his rugged features. The sombre gleam of light shed by the torch served to heighten the hallucination. Alexis lay by his side, and though pale and wan, his handsome face relieved the gloomy impression on my mind, occasioned by the stern and awful-looking countenance of the Jew.

My reflections were disturbed by a deep sigh which broke the slumbers of my friend. He raised himself on his capote, and satisfying himself that the Jew slept, asked me what I thought of the state of our affairs.

"I fear," I replied, "that they are more desperate than I am inclined to speak, or even to think of, at present."

"Is there no remedy?" he said.

"None but flight: and that will not avail us unless immediately put into execution."

"One thing," I continued, after a pause, which was disturbed by the difficult respiration of the Jew—"one thing touches me more nearly than all the circumstances which have recently occurred."

"What is that?" eagerly demanded Alexis.

"The inhabitants of Androussa have risen in arms against the Turks," I replied.

"Is it possible?" cried my friend, his features expressing the utmost incredulity. "Rash men! It is premature, and can be of no avail."

"In this I perceive my uncle Andrea's imprudence.

Ever alive to the welfare of his friends, he thinks he cannot better serve them than by involving himself in trouble on their account. His good intentions are too apt to get the better of his discretion."

"I had hoped wiser heads would foresee the absurdity of such an insurrection," said Alexis.

"Intelligence was brought us yesterday that the Russians had landed, and were about to march hither. This no doubt hastened the event."

"Nevertheless, Andrea and his friends should have awaited their appearance, and then they might have gone to work securely. We are too weak to contend with our tyrants, and experience ought to have made us sensible of the imprudence of assailing them. Even were it otherwise, oppression has for the last three centuries so unmanned and enervated the Greek, that he is incapable of that exertion necessary to carry him through the struggles of a protracted war. Oppressed by our masters, despised by the Franks, and deceiving each other, what else can be expected? Should assistance arrive, our countrymen are so unused to kindness and protection, that, when offered, they will look upon their benefactors with that suspicion which the oppressed always feel towards those who serve them. But a truce to the state of poor Greece: future ages must work her liberation. Do you really credit the truth of this insurrection?"

"Ay," said I, "Andrea, as you well know, is capable of any rash act when infuriated by the provocation of injury. Buzari, his friend, is not less intemperate. The rest are men worthy of their leaders—daring and impetuous."

"I would give all I am worth," said Alexis, after a pause, "to know the result of this affair."

"Six hours after sunset your wishes shall be realized."

"In what manner?"

"By very simple means," I said—"my own exertions."

"I will not have it so: not a hair of your head shall be risked in such an undertaking."

"The danger is trifling, compared with the importance of the information I shall acquire."

"I would gain it at less risk," said Alexis, and he eyed the Jew with a significant glance.

"He is unfit for such an enterprise," I observed.

"Think you he can be trusted?"

"I would not hesitate to place my safety in his power."

"He is a Jew."

"And an enemy of the Turks," I rejoined.

"It is well urged," said Alexis; "I will have faith in him."

Here Isaak awoke from his profound sleep, which put an end to our conversation.

"Thank Heaven for the precious repose I have enjoyed," he exclaimed, as he raised himself on his hard couch.

"I am happy to find you so far recovered," I said.

"Were it not for this shattered limb," he replied, "I should feel but little inconvenience."

"You are perfectly aware," said Alexis, interrupting him, "of the danger of our present situation."

"I have been informed of it," Isaak meekly answered—"but I am familiar with such scenes. The Jew is born to encounter peril: it is his birthright, his inheritance, his curse!"

"And you are perfectly aware," continued Alexis, not noticing the latter part of Isaak's speech, "that the life of this youth, as well as my own, is in jeopardy."

"Even so," Isaak replied.

"Will you betray us?" bluntly demanded the hunter; and he fixed his penetrating glance on the face of the Israelite, as though he would search his very soul.

Isaak paused. It was not indecision that withheld him from answering; his countenance betokened other feelings. At length he spoke.

"The Christian is trusted—even the Turk is respected for a sincerity which he feels not; but the Jew, though he swears to observe a moral obligation, is discredited by all."

Alexis seized the hand of Isaak, and said, as he shoot-

it, "The time was when I spurned and despised your ill-fated race as I would the venomous reptile that assails my heel when I tread upon it. I know not, old man, what arts you have used to gain my good-will; there are few with whom Alexis Benaki associates, but be you content with this assurance, that you possess the friendship of one who once despised you. Where is your infant?"

"It lies a corpse where the Turks found me! It perished when I fell from the rock."

"It has escaped much trouble."

"I repine not at the decrees of Heaven," faintly murmured Isaak; "but man is weak, and prone to admire his own handiwork: how much more then does he love the offspring of his body. The Jew centres his affections in his offspring. Despised and shunned by all, he forms no likings, no friendships, except among his own people."

I now went to the outside of the cave. The sun had long sunk behind the western hills, and the quiet shades of an evening in spring were settling on the crags around. I returned to the cavern, as it was time to depart for Androussa, reloaded my pistols, and supplied myself with a stock of ammunition in case of necessity. I then embraced Alexis affectionately, who endeavoured to dissuade me from the rash undertaking, but I hastened from the place regardless of his entreaties, and was soon on the road which led to the town.

As I approached the outskirts, I perceived lights moving in various quarters, but the silence of the grave pervaded the streets.

"The work is done," I mentally exclaimed; "and this is either the calmness that follows the tempest, or the unnatural stillness which precedes it!"

I hesitated whether I should walk boldly into the town, or avoid it by making a considerable circuit. I stood at the corner of an old building, whence in a long street which lay before me, I could perceive the *movements of the inhabitants*. Small parties of armed

Turks perambulated the extensive street and several others immediately adjoining. Occasionally a few straggling horsemen disturbed the solitude of the scene, but the hollow echoes of their horses' hoofs became quickly lost in the distance.

As I gazed intently upon the scene before me, undecided what course to pursue, I suddenly felt my right shoulder compressed by a hand, which, notwithstanding my struggles to disengage myself, fixed me to the spot. I turned my head in dismay to survey the intruder; a cry of rage and despair escaped my lips, when I discovered, in the dark and gigantic being who had seized me, the form of Murad. He was immediately joined by three other Turks, who came from various hiding-places in the building. Resistance was useless, though I essayed it, as they bound my arms, and I was soon rendered unfit for further opposition.

"You have been expected," said Murad, in a tone which sounded in my ears like the mockings of an evil spirit. "You have been expected," he repeated, in a yet louder voice, which thrilled to my inmost soul, "and you shall be provided for."

His laconic but ominous greeting was followed by the loud and hoarse laughter of his companions. Their rude mirth roused me to a sense of my situation, for the suddenness of my capture had destroyed my energies, and paralyzed exertion. Had I been alone, I could have wept with rage and vexation at the unfortunate issue of the adventure—but my pride supported me.

As soon as they had bound my arms I was hurried off to the residence of the aga, for whose presence we had to wait a considerable time, he having retired to his harem. Several Turks, whose duty it was to attend him, were summoned to the council. People poured in upon us, eager to catch a glimpse of the monster who had dared to slay a Turk; but not a Greek was to be seen in the assembly.

Mustapha now entered the hall. I was brought forward, and questioned by him as to the place where *Alexis* lay concealed. He condescended to inform me

that mercy might probably be extended to me, if I would so far commit myself as to tell him the truth. I cut short all interrogatories by saying that I should not answer any questions, and remained sullenly silent. Threats and entreaties were employed in vain; they even presented their pistols at my head, in the hope of intimidating me to confess, but I did not shrink.

The Turks became furious at my obstinacy, and many of them demanded my instant death: but I knew they would hesitate to put into execution the law in its extreme rigour, as they did not possess any conclusive evidence of my guilt. They were moreover aware that I possessed friends too powerful to be despised.

A deep silence reigned in the assembly for some time, undisturbed by the sound of a voice. I had observed a messenger quit the divan in haste. No question was asked me during his absence. The Turks stood around me, like so many carved statues of imperturbable rock: they did not utter a word. I could perceive many an eye, under its shaggy brow, bent on me with a look of inextinguishable hatred.

At length the outer door of the hall opened, and a few of the aga's guards entered, conducting a man in chains, in whom I recognised my unfortunate but rash uncle. His captivity explained at once the fortune of the day's battle—the effects of which were visible upon his person. I scarcely knew him, so pale and haggard did he look. A deep cut intrenched his cheek, his left arm was bound in his belt, his right hung powerless at his side. I turned away from the sight, choking with rage and grief. I was concealed from his view by the guards of the aga, one of whom had previously tied his sash over my mouth, to prevent my giving Andrea notice of my presence. Another pause ensued ere the aga spoke.

“We have sent for you,” he said, addressing Andrea, “to afford you an example of our justice and liberality. A messenger has just arrived from the youth your

kinsman, who, having learned the issue of to-day's conflict, is desirous of suing to us for mercy. We grant it upon one condition. Let two of my followers accompany you to the valley, and on your pointing out to them the place where Alexis lies concealed, both the youth and yourself shall be at liberty to depart where you list."

Andrea, with all his rashness, was nevertheless too wary to be imposed upon by such a shallow subterfuge. The circumstance of a Turk offering terms to an enemy in his power was to be entertained with extreme caution at any time, and especially at the present. The Greek is too unused to kindness to receive it with gratitude. Andrea shook his head as the aga concluded, and his face exhibited a smile of incredulity bordering upon disdain.

"You reject our offers," pursued the aga, observing the scornful expression of his countenance, "and discredit our assertions."

"I do," replied Andrea, his eyes brightening with strong emotion, "and I despise them, as I do the petty artifice you have now made use of to gain the secret of my friend's concealment. I know my nephew too well to think him capable of suing for mercy. But were it possible for him to be guilty of what you have stated, this hand"—and he paused as he raised his manacled arm on high—"this hand should take away the life which you so ardently pant for."

"Then be his blood on your head!" exclaimed the aga, with a look of baffled cunning and ill suppressed rage. The bandage was removed from my mouth, and at a sign from the aga, the guard which surrounded me fell back, and exposed me to the view of Andrea.

"Constantine!" he shrieked, overcome with feelings of bitter anguish—"a prisoner!" and he gazed upon me with looks of parental fondness.

"Once more," said the aga, interrupting Andrea's expressions of grief and astonishment—"once more I ask, will you purchase your own safety by the sacrifice of Alexis?"

"Did you," exclaimed Andrea, in a tone of fixed determination, "offer me the lives of fifty kinsmen—nay, did you even offer me the life of this youth, whom I love as a son, for the sacrifice of my friend, I would see them all perish, rather than violate my honour."

"To prison with them," said the aga, rising, "tomorrow they shall die," and he quitted the divan accompanied by his gaurds.

We were forthwith conducted to the prison, which, as it consisted of only one large cell, contained a portion of those who had been overpowered and taken in the late affray. We were chained separately to the wall. I found Buzari, and indeed all my uncle's household, among the captives.

When Andrea's passion had subsided he asked me in what manner I had been taken. I eased his mind respecting Alexis, and gave him an account of my own capture. In return I learned the particulars of what had occurred after I fled from Androussa.

I had scarcely quitted the garden at the back of my uncle's house, when the aga's guard arrived, and demanded my person. With the characteristic audacity of Turkish insolence, they endeavoured to force their way in. Andrea stood at the door, and mildly requested them to desist, at the same time telling them I was not there. His calmness only exasperated them to the commission of further violence, and one of them attempting to rush into the house, was felled to the ground by a blow from my uncle's dagger. The rest immediately fled on observing the fall of their comrade. An alarm was given that I had escaped, and I was pursued, as above related.

The Turks who had been despatched to apprehend me, being thus for the moment disappointed of their prey, returned to the aga, related my escape, and the fate of their companion. Burning with fury, Mustapha placed himself at the head of his janizaries, and the band of Arnaouts, and prepared in person to commence the massacre. Andrea and his friends had not *been idle*. Their numbers amounted to upward of a

hundred, independent of my uncle's domestics. He had despatched messengers to several friends to join him, and they quickly obeyed the call. He then marched through the town, with his small but determined band, calling upon the citizens to arm. Many of them obeyed the summons, but the greater part remained neutral, determining to await the arrival of the Russians.

At length the hostile bodies encountered each other. On the first discharge of their firearms, the Arnaouts killed and disabled about twenty of Andrea's followers, who were armed only with pistols and yataghans. Observing the murderous execution committed by the enemy, my uncle rushed forward, followed by his companions, whose vengeance was speedily drowned in their blood. The survivors fled in dismay. A fresh band of Turks, who were approaching to support the Arnaouts, also retreated, on observing the signal defeat of their countrymen.

Mustapha collecting all his partisans, intrenched himself in his own residence, which was surrounded by a high wall. Here Andrea besieged him for some time with various success, and had nearly gained possession of the building, when the arrival of Murad and his troops from the valley, accompanied by a fresh band of Turks, infused new vigour into the hearts of the besieged, and they made a sally from their intrenchment.

Attacked before and behind, the desperate band of Greeks contested every inch of ground with the spirit of men determined rather to perish than submit. It was doubtful to which side victory would incline. At length, Buzari being disabled by Murad, and Andrea severely wounded in the face, the courage of the remainder began to waver—nevertheless, they still continued the conflict. A ball shattered Andrea's left arm, and the shot was succeeded by a desperate cut from the weapon of some unknown enemy, which rendered his right powerless. Neither of the wounds was inflicted by a Turk, and, in the confusion of the affray, Andrea was unable to discover *who had left upon him such indubitable marks of*

his prowess. Having no longer the power of action, he was defended by his followers, till most of them were either slain, or yielded themselves to the mercy of the conquerors. Such was the brief but melancholy tale of the day's conflict.

"I would give the Turk all my wealth," said Andrea, as he concluded the recital, "if he would fight this day's battle over again."

"Be content with what you have gained by it," said Buzari, "and you will not fare worse."

"I should fare better were I to die in such a struggle, than in being compelled to remain here a prisoner."

"How think you they will treat us?" asked one of the captives.

"With a bowstring," my uncle carelessly replied; "it is possible they may pay you the compliment of cutting your head off, if you remunerate them for it."

"And will this be your lot?" demanded the same voice.

"Ay, Demetrius," answered Andrea, recognising in the voice of the inquirer an old and faithful servant, "most assuredly it will."

"The Virgin soften their hearts!" responded Demetrius. A deep and agonizing groan from Andrea interrupted the conversation.

"You and Buzari are desperately wounded," I said, catching their ill-repressed sobs of bodily torture; "cannot we prevail upon the keeper to render you some assistance?"

"As well might you attempt to soften adamant," said my uncle, "as hope to subdue our masters to pity. My wounds are severe, but I can endure the agony they occasion with satisfaction, compared with what I should feel at receiving relief from the hands of a Turk. Better to die so than suffer like a dog."

Most of the prisoners taken in that day's struggle endured the most horrible torments. A scorching fever, occasioned by their undressed wounds, destroyed them. There was no water to quench the raging thirst by which we were consumed, though we made the prison

resound with our cries, imploring and threatening the keeper by turns to bring us a few drops to cool our burning lips. Our prayers and imprecations were alike unheeded, and nothing remained but to meet our fate with fortitude. Of fifty Greeks who entered that place of wo, scarcely twenty lived to see the morning light. They died in silence. Their last agonies were, happily unwitnessed by those nearest to them, and the morrow beheld them, supported against the wall by their chains, locked in the cold embrace of death.

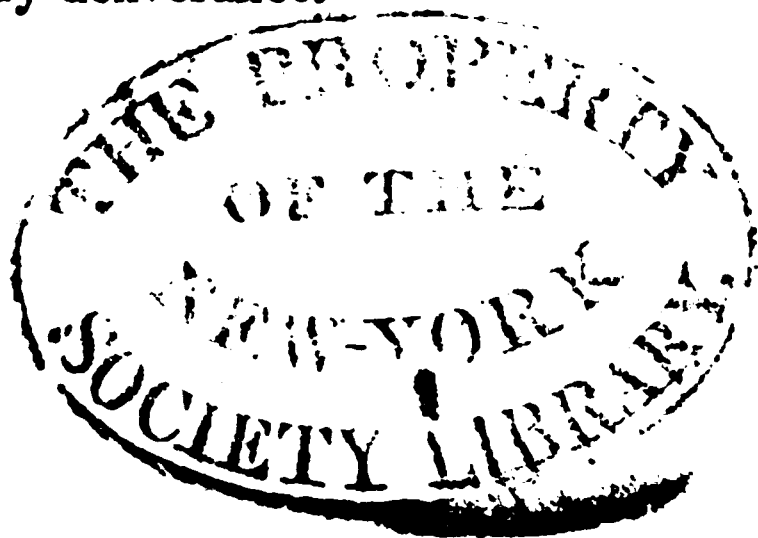
"Should ill befall us," said Andrea, after a pause during a temporary respite from his agonies, "what will become of Alexis?"

"He is so far recovered," I said, "that it was with difficulty I could restrain his eager desire to join me in my foolish undertaking."

"Thank Heaven for that!" murmured Andrea.

"My failing to return to-night will convince him that some mischance has befallen me, and his restless nature will not be calmed till he has assured himself of our safety. As sure as the morrow will dawn upon this prison, so confident am I that Alexis will be here. There are spirits yet in Androussa, and one word from him will bring a band of Mainotes down upon our enemies."

"Heaven grant it!" sighed Andrea, and he sank upon his pallet of straw, almost fainting with loss of blood. Chained as we were, it was impossible to afford each other assistance: we could only vent our agony in imprecations on our persecutors, and the night was spent in denouncing curses upon them, and in putting up prayers for our speedy deliverance.



CHAPTER X.

SINCE the conquest of the Morea by the Turks, the country has ever been a scene of almost uninterrupted contention between them and the Venetians. It has never been held by the former in the same security as the rest of Greece. After enduring all those vicissitudes which invariably follow upon a perpetual change of rulers, by the treaty of Passarowitz, and the consequent evacuation of the country by the Venetians, at the commencement of the last century, the Turks again became undisturbed possessors of the whole country.

Half a century had not elapsed, since the expulsion of the Venetians, when the great Catherine, ever jealous of the growing importance of the Turks in Europe, commenced a war, which shook the Ottoman empire to its foundation, and has so paralyzed its energies, that much time will be required to restore its shattered powers, if ever it recovers from the political debasement to which it has been reduced. The success of the Russians in this war was uninterrupted. They frustrated the operations of the Turks, and were thus animated to follow up their successes with increased ardour.

Their operations having been attended with such brilliant success by land, the Russians fitted out a fleet of eighteen ships, which entered the Mediterranean in the year 1769, but did not approach the Morea till the spring of the following year, having been separated by storms, and compelled to take refuge in the different ports of Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. The state of the country they came to succour, and the disposition of the Moreotes, favoured their ambitious designs. Discontent at the iron rule of the Turks had long possessed the minds of the Greeks, and they only thirsted for an opportunity to retaliate upon their oppressors. No nation had been *magnanimous* enough to offer them effectual support;

and they hugged their bonds with too desperate a pertinacity to encourage in themselves the hope of future emancipation. The smothered flame of liberty, however, though emitting but a faint spark of its former glory, wanted only the fostering hand of an ally to fan it into an inextinguishable blaze !

In the month of February, 1770, five Russian ships of war, part of the fleet originally sent out, under the command of Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine, appeared off the coast of the Morea. The Russian admiral landed with a large body of troops near Cape Tenauros, and from thence proceeded to the town of Maina. The natives of this country, descendants of the ancient Lacedemonians, immediately flew to arms by thousands, and hailed the coming of the Russians with unbounded demonstrations of delight. On the arrival of Count Orloff at the town of Maina, he published a manifesto in the name of his royal mistress, in which it was declared that she looked upon the extermination of the Turks from the Morea as a religious duty. Excitement was at its height. Joined by their allies, the Mainotes immediately spread themselves over the country ; and the Turks beheld the invasion with dismay, as prophetic of the extinction of their power in Greece.

Such was the state of affairs at the period of our imprisonment. I have before observed that report had for a length of time been busy respecting the arrival of the Russian fleet, and though the Turks affected to discredit the rumour, they nevertheless became apprehensive of the consequences ; and individual instances might be seen, where the haughty Moslemin condescended to propitiate the anticipated wrath of the Greek by acts of kindness and liberality.

The morrow dawned in our prison through lofty and strongly barred windows, and exposed us to each other, heavily chained against the wall. Man may despise danger in the field of battle, or on the pathless ocean—he may encounter it in various shapes with intrepidity—but the heart must be stout which can view unmoved the approach of death from the gloomy recesses of a dungeon.

A loud groan near me disturbed the course of my thoughts. It proceeded from Buzari, who was chained to the wall by my side. His head lay listlessly on his bosom, and his limbs became convulsed with the last throes of dissolution. His ill-dressed wounds had bled afresh during the night, and reduced him to the most exhausted condition. Vain were our calls for assistance. Andrea, notwithstanding, his own powerless state, made the prison re-echo his cries, but no one answered them.

A deathlike stillness seemed to reign without, as if the town were deserted. I called to Buzari, but he answered not. I could just extend my hand sufficiently to grasp his. It was cold, clammy, and clenched with the violence of his struggles. In a few seconds he was no more! I sank back, overcome by the scene, and in the bitterness of my heart, invoked the vengeance of Heaven on the head of his destroyers.

Our reflections on the death of Buzari were interrupted by sudden and hoarse sounds of tumult without. Shouts and imprecations, mingled with the agonizing screams of women, disturbed the silence which had hitherto reigned around our prison. We listened to every peal of lamentation with intense and breathless anxiety, and our hearts beat high with expectation, as we recognised the cries to proceed from the Turks.

Ideas flashed on our minds which we hesitated to give vent to. We gazed upon each other like men just recovering from the effects of a dream; fearful of asking one another's thoughts, lest we should destroy the flattering illusion created by the uproar. At length the report of firearms resounded in volleys far and near, and the tumult of voices increased a hundred fold.

"The Russians! The Russians!" exclaimed a multitude of people, as they rushed past our prison, heedless of its occupants.

"Ha!" shrieked Andrea, and bounded from his pallet with a force which almost wrenched his chains from the wall, "are they come? Then Androussa shall once more be free!"

Maddened with excitement, his exertions to liberate himself were renewed with violence beyond his strength.

I endeavoured to calm him, but in vain. He groaned aloud, and fell. As he sank on the floor, exhausted by his supernatural efforts, a thick and crimson stream gushed in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, and he speedily became a corpse!

I pass over the scene which followed. Human suffering is but inadequately depicted by any colouring of language, and grief finds its best solace in the silent sanctuary of the heart.

The door of our prison was burst open with a tremendous crash, and if I had suddenly beheld a heavenly visitant, I could not have gazed upon it with more ecstasy than I hailed the form which first met my view, as the door yielded before the united efforts of a multitude. It was Alexis! A moment sufficed for him to ease me of my chains, and he turned to perform a like office for Andrea. I grasped his arm convulsively, and whispered the melancholy fate of my uncle. He gazed steadfastly on the face of his friend, and satisfying himself of the truth by a glance, uttered a cry of vengeance, and bounded from the prison with the velocity of the wind. Leaving the faithful Demetrius to watch the body of his master, I hastened after my friend to the scene of slaughter, guided by the distant tumult of the affray.

It was a day of terror to our enemies. Long suffering had habituated the Greek to his servitude; but the prospect of liberation, and more than all, the ardent desire, the strong, the never-dying hope of revenge, now excited him to a pitch of ungovernable fury. Wo to the Turk that crossed his path that day!

I followed Alexis towards the spot where the conflict raged. He led about two hundred Mainotes, who had come from the neighbourhood of Kalamata to join him. They had entered the town at the same time with one of the numerous bands of Russians which had spread themselves over the Morea. We hailed one another with passionate exclamations of regard; and rushed towards the scene of action.

As we entered the principal street, we perceived a body of mounted Turks coming towards us, pursued by another party of Greeks and our allies. The yells of execration which rent the air in their rear maddened them with a desperate courage, which amounted to despair, when they were saluted by us in front with imprecations equally ominous in their import. They stopped a moment, as if by magic, doubtful which party to encounter; but as we were the weakest, they renewed their career with undiminished fleetness, and dashed towards us. As they approached, we fell back on each side of the street. Construing this into a sign of submission, or of acquiescence in their flight, they bounded past us with deafening shouts, elated by the prospect of escape. But their hopes, as well as their lives, were brief. The discharge of a hundred carbines brought down an equal number of our enemies, and men and horses fell mingled in horrid confusion. We rushed forward, and each man singled out a victim to exercise his vengeance upon. The dead were stripped, and their bodies mangled, till the original form was lost under the mass of blood and filth which disfigured it. It was wanton, and, in most cases, unnecessary cruelty, but we could not prevent it.

When the massacre was over, Alexis formed his followers into a compact body, and joined by our impetuous allies, we hastened towards the quarter where the principal mosque stood; the Turks having rallied round the edifice. It was on this spot that the fury of the contending parties raged with the greatest violence. Previous to the arrival of the Russians, the Turks had been reinforced by several bodies of their countrymen, who poured in from various quarters, having retreated northward when they heard of the approach of our allies.

With all the superior force of the Russians, we perceived that it was no easy matter for them to withstand the intrepid charge of the enemy. As we approached the place of action up a steep ascent, we observed the former falling back in disorder, dispirited and overwhelmed by the fury of their assailants. Shouts of "Allah hu!"¹ rent the skies, and the Moslemin contended for victory

as though they beheld the black-eyed houris of cirkam² cheering them on to glory.

“By the Holy Virgin!” exclaimed Alexis, “if we had such another band to contend with as yonder group of fanatics, it would be a long day ere we should call Androussa our own.”

The Turks swept all before them with the impetuosity of a whirlwind. There was no rest, no doubtful pause, prophetic of victory to one side, or of defeat to the other. They asked not for mercy—they did not expect it. The desire of exterminating us, even if their own ruin involved them in one common fate with ourselves, impelled them on to deeds of reckless daring.

The rout of the Greeks and Russians near the mosque now became universal. The commander of the latter lost all influence over his troops. A sudden panic seized them, and they rushed down the hill as though they were pursued by evil spirits. Alexis beheld their defeat with dismay, and impressed with the necessity of achieving something decisive, he extended his own determined band across the street in the hope of staying their flight.

“Palikari!”³ he shouted, addressing the Mainotes, “cut down all who attempt to pass.”

Vain hope! what can check a multitude acting under the influence of indefinable terror. Man impelled man, and fear impelled all. Greek now met Greek, and the sword of one was died in the blood of the other, though the former smote only in the hope to save.

“Hear me!” again shouted Alexis, in a voice which rose above the hoarse tumult, and his weapon cleared a circle for him to stand alone, and be seen, as his voice stilled the angry ebullitions of the defeated Greeks and our allies—“Hear me!—is courage so scarce among you, that you are obliged to fly before a few bigoted Turks? Where is that boasted valour which you so often talked of when you heard that the Russians were on their march? Go to the rear, and see how men, resolved to conquer, can achieve victory!”

His brief address acted like fire on their imaginations. Instead of falling back to the rear, with a loud shout of

angry defiance they rushed up the ascent, to recommence the doubtful struggle, followed by the band of Alexis.

"They will now die rather than yield," said the hunter, with a significant smile, and he bounded up the hill, eager for the conflict.

"A word, you see, is better than a blow," I observed.

"Tut! they would not have listened if I had not compelled them to it—such is the Greek."

Followed by his palikari, Alexis plunged into the midst of the battle. He was speedily recognised by some of the enemy. They endeavoured to surround and cut him off, but he defeated their purpose, and made many a Turk bite the dust, who had advanced in the vain hope of subduing him. Many a thrust was directed at him, which he either avoided by his own skill, or which was rendered of no avail by the protecting arm of a watchful follower.

I can scarcely describe my own emotions during the hurry of the conflict. It was the first I had ever been engaged in. I had often seen blood spilt in mere wantonness by the Turks: but a regular engagement was a thing I ardently longed to behold, and to mingle in. On the present occasion I scarcely knew what I saw, heard, or felt, so completely were my senses stunned and confused by the clamour of the scene. The continual firing of muskets and pistols, the clash of hostile weapons, but, above all, the shrieks of the wounded, and the shouts of the contending parties, as each by turn receded and advanced, communicated an impulse to my feelings as strange as it was exciting. I rushed forward with Alexis, and fought with an ardour the more impetuous, as I witnessed the individual prowess of his arm.

I gained no small degree of credit for one of my exploits. Alexis was engaged with two Turks, fellows of gigantic size, and strong as horses. He was considered too rich a prize to be easily released. After I had despatched with my pistol a little hobbling, but strong-backed fellow, against whom I had long cherished an unconquerable hatred, I turned to seek other prey, when I *observed a Turk prepare his carbine, and take a deliber-*

ate aim at Alexis, while the latter was engaged with his two enemies. Several Greeks advanced either to receive the shot, or to baffle his intent—they were all too late. I reached the spot first, and sent my yataghan through the brawny back of the miscreant, and my pistol completed what my weapon had left unaccomplished.

This feat over, I dashed away into the thickest of the fight, and made a push at a tremendous fellow, who paid me the compliment of parrying it with his bare hand. He raised his sword arm, with the quickness of lightning, to whisk off my head at a blow, when suddenly the huge member fell by his side, disabled by a stroke from the weapon of Alexis. I felt almost inclined to put my hand to my head to ascertain whether it occupied its usual position, for I had considered my fate inevitable, when a cheering shout from Alexis revived me, and I darted with increased fury into the fray; where, I may say, my valour became as conspicuous as any of my countrymen. I hacked and hewed without intermission; and notwithstanding the intrepid charge of a small body of the enemy, I stood my ground like the rest, and laid several Moslemin prostrate, who had rushed on in the pride of victory.

I now espied a Turk of my own age, who had often taken it into his silly head to sport with my feelings, by suddenly snapping a primed pistol in my face, and afterward grinning at the alarm which he had created. He fled at sight of me, but I pursued him with such impetuosity, that we were soon carried beyond the scene of action. I showed him no mercy—he expected none. Once out of the thick of the fight, he stood his ground manfully, till by a fortunate thrust I disabled his sword arm, and he cried aloud, “Aman.” I was in no disposition to accord mercy. The delirium of victory had infuriated my brain, and with a laugh of exultation, I plunged my weapon into his heart, and he died cursing me with his last breath.

I had just despatched my enemy, and was advancing to charge with a body of Greeks, when I received a cut from a *person behind me*, which, it was sufficiently

evident to me, could not have been accidental. I turned upon my fancied foe, and beheld—not a Turk, as I expected, but a man whose appearance and dress proclaimed him a stranger in this part of the country. His figure short, but of Herculean proportions, his rugged and cadaverous-looking countenance, shaded by shaggy brows and whiskers, his forehead surmounted by a small scull-cap, from underneath which his thick black hair fell over his swarthy temples, and his picturesque dress of skins and cloth, presented to my sight the *beau ideal* of an assassin.

It was fortunate that I turned round before the blow was repeated, or the next probably would have rendered me unfit for any further service in this world. I never was passive under a blow, and I directed one in return at the head of the unknown; but instead of remaining to defend himself, he took to his heels with the rapidity of a deer, and was quickly lost among the combatants. Surprise for a while held me stationary, but the roar of the conflict soon roused me to a sense of my danger, and I bounded forward with increased ardour to seek a fresh opponent.

Conspicuous among our enemies stood the dark form of Murad. An effective discharge of musketry had laid many a Turk low, and opened a space which disclosed him to view. He was contending singly with three Greeks; at one sweep of his weapon two of them rolled on the ground: the third evaded a continuation of the contest by a retrograde movement made with the greatest possible celerity; but his place was immediately supplied by the dauntless hunter, who exclaimed, as he aimed a tremendous blow at the head of Murad, "Join thy kinsmen!" The stroke fell harmless on the weapon of the Turk.

"Leave me," said Alexis, observing some of his palikari lingering near to support him, "this man is my own."

I stood by to observe the issue. No two men ever entered the arena of single combat with feelings of more deadly animosity, and no two men, perhaps, ever displayed more ample proof of hardihood to maintain it.

Murad had the advantage in mere animal strength and prowess, but Alexis exceeded him in activity and true courage, avoiding every blow of his desperate antagonist, either by light and agile movements, or by superior tact in the use of his weapon. Murad received a deep gash across the face. Infuriated by the agony of his wound, he darted upon Alexis, and would have overpowered him by the impetuosity of his career, had not the latter avoided the contact by springing nimbly on one side. Murad was precipitated forward by the velocity of his onset, and Alexis turning short upon him, with the quickness of thought, buried his sword in his back. The ponderous Turk fell instantly, and after one convulsive movement of the limbs, and an expression of agony which darkened his features, rendered more horrible by the ghastly cut across his face, his huge body became quickly rigid in death.

Notwithstanding the havoc which had taken place, the Turks still kept their ground with undiminished spirit. The Russians, more intent upon plunder than the annihilation of our enemies, at one time left us alone to maintain the combat, though many of them, in their eagerness to secure the splendid arms of the Turks, so overloaded themselves that they fell an easy prey.

The fury of the contending parties was suspended a while by a tremendous burst of lamentation which proceeded from the mosque. Old men, women, and children were seen rushing from the sanctuary in one continuous throng, headed by the imaum,⁵ and screaming "Yan guen var."⁶ Ere the stream of people had ceased to issue through its portal, a volume of black smoke burst from various outlets, and sufficiently explained the cause of their sudden egress. The mosque was on fire. Maddened by the sight, the enemy flew upon us with the fierceness of tigers. But it was their last charge. Numbers fell, being received by the band of Alexis with unflinching intrepidity. A small party, at the head of which was Mustapha the aga, endeavoured to rally them, but in vain: terror had paralyzed their energies, and *many, in the phrensy of their fanaticism,*

rushed into the blazing pile, invoking the name of Allah, and perished in the flames.

The massacre now became horrible. I could not have believed men capable of such excesses, if I had not beheld them. Though the Turks were enemies whom we thoroughly despised and hated, there were yet some among us, even in the heat of that day's struggle, who could discriminate between the wantonness of actual extermination and the slaughter necessary for our security. Men and women fell in heaps under the weapons of our countrymen, and their offspring escaped not the fate in which the parents were involved.

Tired of the continual slaughter, Alexis and I stopped by a fountain, and having slaked our raging thirst, we sat down to snatch a brief repose from the sanguinary toil.

Androussa was at length independent of the power, though not free from the presence of the Turks. A considerable body had taken refuge in the aga's house, which being protected by a high wall, was calculated to give us considerable trouble. Many of those we had just defeated flew to this spot, their retreat being covered by the aga and his followers, though numbers perished ere they gained the threshold of the building. The houses of the Turks were plundered, and their tenants butchered. Few, however, remained to glut the vengeance of the conquerors. On the first alarm, whole families had quitted the town, and the survivors of the late struggle were shut up in the courtyard which fronted the house of Mustapha.

Attended by his palikari, and a numerous assemblage of his countrymen, Alexis walked through the city, amid heaps of slaughtered Turks. He was received with acclamations by the Greeks, and with a fervour of enthusiasm, which was the more ardent as it was unchecked by the presence of a single Turk. Never did the Greek tread his native soil with more buoyant animation. Never did the laurels of victory sit more proudly on the victor's brow, than on the day when he beheld the downfall of *the Ottoman rule in Androussa*.

Much, however, remained to do in getting possession of the aga's house. It was well supplied with provisions, and contained the most valuable effects of the Turks; for on the first rumour of the approach of the Russians, they had deposited their wealth within its walls; in the hope that the report was unfounded, and that the struggle would prove only a temporary one.

Alexis now despatched one of his palikari to summon the aga to surrender. Our messenger soon returned, accompanied by a Turk. The latter was quickly surrounded both by Greeks and Russians, eager to learn the object of his mission. He addressed Alexis, and said he was commanded by the aga to offer him a certain sum, if he would allow the besieged to depart, unmolested, to a place of safety. Should the Greek reject the terms, he declared that his countrymen would destroy their women and their effects, rather than suffer them to become the prey of their enemies, being resolved to defend the place to the last extremity.

"Which choose ye?" demanded the Turk as he concluded.

"The ransom," shouted the Russians, with a clamorous forwardness, and the cry was repeated by a portion of the Greeks, but the greater portion awaited the answer of Alexis.

"Am I to understand this general expression as a token of your consent?" again demanded the Turk.

"No," calmly but resolutely replied the hunter: "we will listen to no terms, but those of absolute submission—we will accept no ransom but the bodies of our enemies. In the plenitude of your authority here, when did the rayah ask a favour at your hands, and you bestow it? When did he sue for mercy, and you grant it? When did he defend his own from your rapaciousness, and you revenged not his opposition? Enough. Bear this reply to your countrymen. Until the papas whom they suffered to escape for a paltry satisfaction of gain, lies beneath this sword, the life of a single Turk is not safe within the precincts of Androussa."

The messenger was about to depart, when he was stayed by the voice of the Russian commander.

"Tell the aga," he said, in a tone of authority, "that Pultazoff, the Russian commander, will guaranty him undisputed right to depart, provided he sends the amount of the ransom before the setting of the sun—nay, the Russians shall conduct him and his followers to a place of safety, should the sum prove equal to the labour."

Alexis turned fiercely upon the speaker, and his countenance lowered with the blackness of the rising tempest: but suddenly checking the ebullition of his wrath, he approached Pultazoff and said, "Methinks your present conduct but ill accords with your valour to-day."

"I never trouble myself to suit the former to the taste of every one," replied the other with indifference.

"But there is a way to make it suitable," fiercely rejoined Alexis, touching his sword.

"Ay, so it seems," said the Russian, unmoved by the threat, "or the enemy would not have found it out. Bear the message," he continued, turning to the Turk, "and with it the addition of this trifling interposition."

"Hold!" shouted Alexis, and the expression of his eye drew around him his impetuous followers, who had witnessed the insolence of Pultazoff with a feverish impatience. "One word from me," he added, addressing the latter, "and the arrogance which you have now displayed shall be humbled as low as that of the proudest Turk who has fallen in this day's conflict."

"And who constituted you a leader and a dictator here?" fiercely demanded the Russian, enraged in turn.

"My countrymen," replied Alexis, "who possess both the inclination and the power to maintain that right."

"Right!" scornfully repeated the other, "and what right have slaves to nominate their leaders?"

"Regained liberty," returned Alexis; "and further, they possess the spirit which brooks not the restraint or the indifference of others. We overlook your insolence in consideration of the service you have this day rendered us, but take heed how you repeat the provocation."

"This to me," shouted Pultazoff, shaking with rage,

and he made a thrust at Alexis with his sword, which the latter, however, avoided, and by an active movement of the limbs with which he was familiar, dexterously brought his opponent to the ground. In an instant the weapons of both parties flashed in the rays of the setting sun with a sudden gleam, ready for a desperate onset. Shouts of vengeance proceeded from Greeks and Russians, who, friends so recently, seemed now kindling with the savageness of tigers towards each other.

But Alexis, who could quell the feelings of a multitude as easily as he could excite them to a pitch of desperation, once more raised his voice, as he planted his foot on the body of the fallen Russian.

“Back! back!” he exclaimed, “dare to advance but one step and your commander dies.” The Russians fell back before him like beasts disappointed of their prey.

“Rise!” said Alexis, addressing Pultazoff: and added, in a lower tone, “If you value your safety you will quit this place instantly. There are other towns that need your presence, rich in gold, and swarming with Turks. Your followers are amply paid by the sacking of this city. Leave us. If we cut each other’s throats the Turks will again be masters. Let us be friends, ours is a common cause, and unanimity should subsist between us. You may perceive by the looks of my palikari how keenly they feel the outrage committed on my person. Farewell! and peace be with you.”

Pultazoff rose from the ground with a look of sullen defiance. He disdained to acknowledge the generosity of Alexis, and beckoning to his men, stalked from the ground, saying, as he left the spot, “We shall meet again.”

“The Virgin grant it, and I trust alone!” replied Alexis.

We parted different ways, Alexis leading his followers towards the residence of the aga, and Pultazoff taking the road which led towards Tripolizza, to join a party of his countrymen which had preceded him thither.

This trifling squabble was but the forerunner of more important dissensions, which occurred between t

Greeks and their allies. The fact is, each party had depended too much upon the other for support which neither could command, and their inability to protect and assist each other, instead of creating a more energetic co-operation, only ended in mutual hatred and disgust. But I anticipate.

The efforts which Alexis had made during the day rendered him unfit for further exertion. He was far from being recovered from his former wounds. The excitement of the past struggle, in which he had acted so conspicuous a part, had alone carried him through the day. The conflict over, the feeling subsided, and his followers soon became sensible of his condition by the paleness of his countenance. They implored him to retire to a tent, pitched a short distance from the aga's residence, but he would not quit the scene which was to behold the last struggle for our emancipation. Reclining on a capote, he lay in front of the rude tent, to behold the final blow which was about to be given to the Turkish power in Androussa.

CHAPTER XI.

THE day that saw us masters of Androussa, also beheld the emancipation of other places, where the Turks held dominion. The rising of the Greeks struck universal terror into the hearts of their oppressors. The pacha of the Morea had collected a large body of troops to oppose the insurrection, but in every encounter they were defeated with great slaughter, and eventually compelled to retire into the city of Napoli de Romania, which the Russians vigorously besieged, and soon became masters of. Navourino likewise was taken by storm, and made a general place of arms. In all quarters of the south the Turks retired before our victorious *allies*, and fell back upon Tripolizza, Corinth, and various

Cities of note, which yet held out against their assaults. The war was a continued succession of scenes unparalleled in ferociousness and cruelty, little known, and which, if known, humanity would shudder to contemplate.

It is not necessary, however, to enter into a relation of those occurrences, as they are detailed by others in the history of that period. The circumstances which will occupy a brief portion of the following pages happened at Androussa, or in its vicinity.

Having placed several sentinels round the aga's house, and observed other necessary precautions, we encamped in front of it, and silence once more reigned in the town. I retired to the tent of Alexis, whom I found considerably relieved, his wounds having been dressed by an experienced hand.

"One thing, Constantine," he said as I entered, "has just occurred to me. I like not anything to perish which holds a place in my affections. When I left the cavern this morning, I promised the Jew that if I returned not by the setting of the sun, I would send him relief. The hour is gone by, but assistance will not be too late."

I offered to set out immediately.

"But not alone," said Alexis; "Doreas here will accompany you. He is well skilled in the nature of wounds; and unlike most others, he can be trusted with the secret of our retreat. Though its concealment is now unnecessary, it is as well to be prepared against the worst in these stirring times. We may yet require a place of refuge. If you wish it, a few of my palikari shall attend you as far as the valley."

"It will not be necessary," I said; "the dead bodies of the Turks will prove but harmless opponents."

"But there may be living ones lurking near," observed Alexis.

"They will rather fly from us," said Doreas; "however, in case of accident, two of your followers had better accompany us."

“Take whom you please,” said Alexis ; “for I have a presentiment of danger.”

We selected two stout fellows from among the palikari, and having procured horses from the stable of a Turk, immediately set forward.

It was a lovely night. The broad moon rode high in the heavens, and threw a light over the scene around, strangely contrasted with its calm and beautiful glory. On the spot which fronted the aga's house reclined the slumbering Greeks, wrapped in their capotes, their only canopy the glittering heavens. A little farther on, and on various spots, which marked the fury of the late struggle, lay the bodies of slaughtered Turks, the moon shining on their bronzed countenances, cold and tranquil as the slumber in which they reposed.

Athletic forms, which the morning sun rose upon in all the pride of strength and animation, and saw returning our blows with the vigour of sturdy life, now lay lapped in eternal sleep. The voice which had vauntingly swelled the tumult of battle was now silenced for ever. The eyes which had flashed with insatiable fury, were now glazed in their sockets, and glared upon the passer-by with a fixed and rayless stare. Hardy warriors, who had bestowed death and destruction on others, were about to be passive victims of the slimy worm. I smiled involuntarily ; it was a feeling of exquisite triumph, to think that the proud Turk who lay beneath my horse's feet, whom I might spurn and defile with impunity, was so lately my superior—a being on whom I had looked with a sensation of fear, and at whose fierce glance I had often quailed with mute but repugnant apprehension. I gazed steadfastly on my slaughtered foes, and contemplated their fate with bitter satisfaction.

We quitted the scene in haste, and having cleared the town, proceeded towards the valley at the utmost speed our horses could be put to. We had performed half the distance before either of us broke the monotony, occasioned by the echo of their rattling hoofs.

"Methinks Alexis has not his accustomed spirits to-night," I observed.

"I have ever known him to be thus," replied Doreas, "when treachery is at work against himself or his friends. Scenes of danger have sharpened his senses. He can hear, see, and perceive where other men are deaf, blind, and insensible. His caution was not expressed without reason."

"Then why did you leave Androussa?"

"Who can tell where the blow will fall? It may happen here—there—"

"Or nowhere," said I, interrupting him with a laugh: "except, indeed, Pultazoff should take it into his head to pay us a visit, and return the compliment of this morning."

"It is not likely," said Doreas.

"You brought the news of his arrival," I said, wishing to turn the conversation; "where did you fall in with Alexis?"

"He entered at one end of the town as I and the Russians, accompanied by a large body of Mainotes, appeared at the other. As he hastened to join us, he was recognised by several Turks, who immediately fell upon him. He defended himself with the greatest intrepidity against four of his enemies. Never did hungry wolves fight for a poor stray lamb with more ferocity than they contended for the destruction of Alexis. Even our approach did not put them to flight; they continued to beset him, until our weapons speedily released him from his perilous situation."

Having now reached the entrance leading to the valley, we dismounted from our horses and hastened towards the cavern. When we had accomplished about halfway, we desired our men to wait our return, and quickened our steps towards the rock. Upon reaching it, we found Isaak in a terrible state of alarm. Many of the Turks who had fled from Androussa in the morning had wandered during the day about the valley, undetermined whether to try the shelter of its soli-

tudes, or to seek elsewhere a secure retreat from the wrath of their enemies.

The approach of the Russians commanded by Pul-tazoff, who slaughtered many of them, again put them to flight. But few found a place of refuge. The vengeance of a vigilant foe pursued them. They were hunted like wolves, and happier was the man who fell by the sword than he who fled.

Doreas had just completed the dressing of Isaak's leg, when the report of firearms vibrated on our ears. We hastened from the cave to ascertain the cause, and listened eagerly for a repetition of the firing—but all was silent.

"What can it mean?" demanded Doreas, in a low voice.

"Perhaps one of our men fired at a wild boar," I replied; "we had better join them."

Having supplied Isaak with things necessary for his comfort, we returned at a quick pace to our companions, whom we met hastening towards us. It appeared from their statement that there had been just cause for alarm. While they sat on a piece of rock awaiting our return, they suddenly heard the sounds of approaching footsteps, in a contrary direction to that which we had taken. Presently, three figures were seen advancing with the utmost caution towards them. Our palikari challenged them, but receiving no answer, they fired, and the strangers immediately disappeared.

"If they had been Greeks," said one of our men, "they would have answered us."

"No doubt they were runaway Turks," I observed.

"Or rather the shades of them," replied the other fellow, with a significant tone, "for they disappeared in a very strange manner. We searched every place around, but no trace of them was to be discovered."

"Perhaps it was a varacolicos,"¹ observed the first, who took a pleasure in exciting the superstitious fears of his comrade; "I have heard it said this valley is visited by one."

"Display the stavro,² then," cried the other, "and it will disappear."

We drew our swords, prepared our pistols, and Doreas leading the way, we set out on our return, keeping a watchful eye on the numerous recesses formed by the scattered masses of rock around us. Having regained the spot where we had left our horses without encountering any one, our astonishment may easily be conceived when we found the place deserted. The horses could not have strayed of their own accord; the force of man must have been employed to remove them, for we had secured them from wandering, by staking their legs to the ground. In doubt and perplexity as to the motive of those who had taken them away, we directed our steps towards Androussa.

We had proceeded nearly a mile, and were about to pass a cluster of trees on the roadside, when Doreas, whose watchfulness had not slumbered since we quitted the valley, suddenly seized my arm, and pointed to a part of the grove, where the light of the distant sky appeared through a small vista formed by branches of the trees. The heads of five or six persons were visible for a moment, but instantly disappeared.

"They have seen us," said Doreas, "let us be prepared. They are enemies, though not Turks."

"You are right," I replied, "I saw the outline of a fese.¹ What can be their motive?"

"They are robbers, no doubt," said Doreas.

"Kerie elieson!"¹ ejaculated our followers, "there is treachery abroad: we must fight."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when five men advanced from the shade of the grove, and placed themselves across the road to intercept our passage. Doreas immediately demanded what they required.

"Is not your name Andrea?" inquired one of the strangers in good Greek.

"No," replied Doreas, "the person you speak of is

beyond the power of man—he lies a corpse at Androussa.”

“So much the better,” observed another of the strangers.

“What mean you?”

“Is there not a youth,” again demanded the former speaker, without noticing the question of Doreas—“is there not a youth among you, a kinsman of his, by name Constantine?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Deliver him into our hands,” continued the speaker, “and you and your companions shall be at liberty to depart as you please.”

“The youth stands at my side,” replied Doreas, “but he shall never quit it, unless with his own free will.”

“His blood then be upon your head!” said the chief of the band, and he commanded his followers to go forward and secure me.

Notwithstanding the suddenness of the order, we were fully prepared to receive them. Doreas was a sturdy Herculean figure, equal to any two of those who advanced. Our two palikari were men of daring courage in the field, and fit instruments for such an encounter. As to myself, I knew I could muster all the intrepidity, though not the physical qualities, of my associates. No sooner had the word of command to seize me issued from the unknown, than one of our men drew a pistol, and with the quickness of thought levelled it at him, and fired. The ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead on the spot.

The firearms of both parties were then discharged at random, but without effect. We rushed forward, each man singling out an opponent. The moon afforded us sufficient light for the combat. On encountering my antagonist, I thought I perceived in him certain indications of former companionship. As I brought him, during the struggle, to face the moon, my suspicions soon became verified. I recognised the same uncouth fellow who had

lately attacked me in the heat of the engagement at Androussa.

"What!" I exclaimed, "again bent on my destruction?" His reply was contained in a terrible cut at my head, which, however, proved harmless, the blade, as I suddenly stooped, whizzing past my ear like the wind. The force of the blow threw him off his guard for a moment. I made a pass at him in return, which entered his right side, and he fell back several paces, but not disabled. He again attacked me with desperate energy, which superior knowledge of the use of my weapon alone enabled me to withstand; but his exertions soon becoming weaker, I prepared to put a final stroke to his existence.

In the mean time Doreas, and one of our men, continued the combat with their respective opponents. The other had despatched his man almost at a blow, and now stood leaning on his sword, witnessing our efforts with the most provoking calmness—ever and anon animating me by an expression of applause, indicative of the great satisfaction he felt at witnessing my valour, but not in the slightest degree influenced by the personal hazard I ran from the superior strength of my antagonist.

Doreas having at length mastered his enemy, the fate of the other was soon decided. I was the only one left to fight it out. At the moment when I was about to rush on my assailant, and by a dexterous stroke, which Alexis had taught me, put a termination to his existence, the rattling of horses' hoofs at a distance stayed my weapon. The sounds came from the direction of the town. A pause ensued. I suddenly flew upon my opponent, seized him by the throat, and disarming him, brought him to the ground. Doreas now came up, and assisted me to secure him; for he yet manifested sufficient strength to speed many a man on the journey which he was shortly to take himself.

The troop of horsemen proved to be a dozen stout fellows whom Alexis had despatched in case any accident should befall us. They arrived most opportunely, as three of us were wounded and fatigued with the com-

bat, and were in no disposition to proceed on foot to Androussa. Our assailants were dead with the exception of the fellow with whom I had fought : he yet lived ; though I could with difficulty restrain the eagerness of the Greeks to despatch him on the spot. But having explained to them that there was a mystery about the attack upon us which I was determined to have unravelled, they reluctantly yielded to my persuasions. Having placed him on a horse, we proceeded at a gallop towards Androussa.

Upon our arrival, I sought the tent of Alexis. "Did I not forewarn you of this?" he said, after I had given him a brief account of our adventure ; "you should have gone better prepared. But where is your prisoner?"

A noise without proclaimed his arrival. Alexis walked to the front of the tent, and commanded him to be brought forward.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he surveyed him, "a Kakavouliote."⁶

The fellow started on hearing his tribe named, but preserved a sullen silence.

"Who sent you?" demanded Alexis, in a stern voice.

"On one condition I will disclose all," he replied ; "deny it me, and the secret shall never pass my lips."

"What do you require?"

"My life."

"It is at the disposal of that youth," said Alexis, pointing to me.

"His life shall be spared," I said, "only let him disclose who employed him."

"To be brief, then," said the Kakavouliote, his rugged countenance relaxing into an expressive grin at the prospect of escape—"for I hate long speeches as I hate long jobs, and this has been rather a tiresome one to me—I make no doubt you all remember the Papas Mousaki—"

"Devil!" exclaimed Alexis, gnashing his teeth in an agony of rage, "and he employed you—"

"To kidnap this youth and his kinsman, for the especial purpose of satisfying the cravings of some little an-

cient animosity which he entertains against them. I have been lurking about this neighbourhood for the last week to fulfil my instructions."

"Then it was you," I said, "who fired at me but yesterday from behind the grove of chestnut trees?"

"Ay," replied the fellow with a grin, "and you have to thank the speed of your horse that you escaped. It is seldom I waste powder and ball."

"And it was you and your companions that led our horses away to-night?"

"The same," replied the fellow.

"And where dwells the villain who employed you?" demanded Alexis.

"From the port of Vitylo to Cape Tenauros," replied the stranger, "extend the habitations of the Kakavouliotes. To that spot, and the neighbouring sea, are confined the wanderings of the papas. He dwells with them in the mountains; he goes out with them in their vessels in the calm, and in the storm. He is looked upon as a superior being, and useless would be any efforts on your part to take or destroy him."

"This shall be attempted," said Alexis; "and you shall be our guide."

"Willingly," replied the Kakavouliote; "and if I might advise in the matter, I would say, man a stout vessel, and take the range of the coast from Vitylo to the cape, and you will not fail to bring the papas and his followers down upon you."

"I accept your advice," returned the hunter; "but in case my memory should prove treacherous, you can have no objection to remain our prisoner till we put it into execution. Your life is safe, but your imprisonment is necessary. Take him away."

The order having been obeyed, and the man removed to safe custody, I retired with Alexis to his tent, where we threw ourselves on our capotes, and were soon buried in profound slumber.

The morning rose fiery red, prophetic of the massacre which the day was to behold. The Turks showed every disposition to meet the encounter with the despe-

ration of men who rest all upon a single cast. The dawn had no sooner imparted light and animation to the objects around, than the firing commenced, and lasted without intermission for about an hour. At the expiration of that period, some scaling ladders, which had been prepared in the town during the night, and an enormous beam of wood to serve as a battering ram, were brought forward to aid the assault. If we had but possessed that absolute leveller of stone walls, a cannon and its accompaniments, a breach might have been effected in ten minutes: personal strength and intrepidity, however, supplied its place.

Our men were now arranged for the onset. The ladders were fixed at various points, and the huge ram, suspended from three stout poles, fixed in the ground, and rising conically, was swung by the united efforts of a hundred brawny arms, when the word was given to mount. Our hearts beat high as we ascended the ladders, and having gained the top of the wall, we sent forth a deafening shout of exultation.

Our appearance was immediately greeted by a volley of musketry, which, however, in the hurry of the moment, produced no effect; the balls passing harmless over us. The greater part of us, who had ascended the wall, instantly leaped into the court below, at the risk of our limbs, and were immediately attacked with desperate and overwhelming fury. But we received the onset with intrepidity, though pressed by superior numbers. They endeavoured to hem us into a corner of the court, and to crush us, even by the sacrifice of themselves.

The struggle now became desperate. We were so closely mingled, that our weapons became useless in our hands. In many instances they were rejected, and like the ancient *athletæ* we grappled with each other, though incited by a more deadly and vindictive feeling of hatred. Those who were unable to use their arms, clutched their opponents' throats, nor did they quit the mortal struggle till the glazed eyeball, the protruding tongue, and the last convulsive throe betokened dissolution. Horrible were the wounds which were inflicted, and the short

machaisa, or the terrible handjhar, directed at the face, left indelible effects of their sharpness. Dark eyes which had just flashed with gleams of passion, now hung from their sockets, the brain which gave animation and thought to them issuing from the same outlet. The late handsome face, disfigured by many a bloody gash, trenched from ear to ear, and the throat gaping with a hideous wound, told a fearful tale of the recklessness of man's heart, when its fierce passions are roused by hatred and despair.

The slaughter was interrupted only to be renewed with wilder animosity on the appearance of those Greeks who had now effected an entrance by the aid of their machine. The simultaneous rush of this fresh body of men dispersed the combatants more widely over the court. Headed by Mustapha, who fought like a tiger, the Turks retired slowly to the farther end, where they were reinforced by another body of their countrymen, stationed there to defend the entrance to the house. Our men stood irresolute for a moment, daunted by the unconquerable obstinacy of the foe, but a shout from Alexis, who had observed their wavering, and now sprang before them, animated them to a renewal of the contest, and they darted forward with yells of defiance. This decided the contest. The Turks threw down their arms, and immediately commenced a rapid retreat : the steady and inflexible firmness of their opponents more than counterbalancing their repeated efforts, and victory, long doubtful, became at length the prize of the Greeks.

Pursued by their insatiable foes, the surviving band of Turks rushed into the aga's house, and endeavoured to close the door. The manœuvre was frustrated by the promptness of their pursuers, who entered at the same moment, and butchered many of them. A considerable number had taken refuge in the house previously, and our surprise, therefore, became great, when, after traversing several rooms, we found them quite deserted by their late occupiers. The beautiful inhabitants of the harem, and the wives and daughters of other Turks who had fled, alone remained to glut the vengeance of th

conquerors. The infidels had put their threat into practice upon several of them : but our appearance saved the remainder, by putting the executioners to flight. Their very helplessness disarmed our fury, and at the intercession of Alexis, they were spared the fate of others of their sex, who had perished in the struggle of the previous day.

Our astonishment at the disappearance of the Turks increased, when we discovered them flying in all directions over the fields, pursued by the peasantry, and even by some of the lower class of women. They had managed to escape at the rear of the aga's house. Though defended by a high and impervious wall, they had nevertheless succeeded, during the night, in cutting through a portion of it, sufficient to allow the egress of themselves and of several horses which they had secured, in case they should be put to flight. The detached piece of wall remained in its original position until the disastrous results of the assault urged the necessity of immediate flight to those who yet prized their safety. Mustapha was among the number who escaped, though almost the last to quit the spot where his wives, and more than all, his treasures, were deposited. Tired with the slaughter, we suffered them to escape ; and the attention of those who were uninjured was now directed to the wounded.

I scarcely know how I escaped during the brief but sanguinary struggle. I had entered with those who led the assault from the walls, and had seen the horrible slaughter which ensued, but with the exception of a slight wound, I was as free from hurt as at the commencement of the battle.

I now descended to the courtyard, which presented a mingled scene of confusion, savage exultation, and loathsome mortality. The spot was literally saturated with the blood of both parties. Here a heap of dead and ghastly objects marked the fury of the combat. Opposite, a knot of Greeks, flushed with victory, were feasting and drinking to the downfall of the Ottoman empire. In the centre, heaped in a huge pile, lay the spoils. *Hand-jhars and yataghans*, carbines, pistols, robes, clocks, and

rich hangings, silks, and bags of treasure, mingled in gaudy confusion, presented a striking contrast to the sanguinary objects around.

I quitted the place in haste, and went to pay a visit to my uncle's widow, whom I had not seen since her husband's death. As I entered the principal street my attention was directed towards the spot where the prison stood ; here a crowd was collected, gazing at some object which appeared to excite a considerable sensation. Several shots were fired, and shouts of vengeance mingled with the reports. I hastened forward, and perceived that the firing was directed at a man vaulting, like a monkey, along the roofs of the houses.

My surprise was not in the slightest degree abated, when on a nearer approach I discovered in the daring fugitive, who had created such a commotion, the ferocious Kakavouliote. How he had escaped no one could tell. Without a moment's hesitation I darted into the house which he was clambering over, and quickly gained the terrace. He had cleared the two adjoining roofs. I drew my pistols and summoned him to surrender. He turned his head, but the sight of me only urged him to greater speed. He leaped from terrace to terrace, as though he possessed the power of flying. I gained upon him, however, and discharged my pistols at him. He remained uninjured, and having reached a roof with a staircase, he leaped into the opening, and was soon lost to view.

I shouted to his pursuers below that he was descending into the street. They waited a few minutes in expectation of seeing him issue forth ; but on looking towards the gardens at the back of the house, I beheld him shaping his flight that way. He was observed by some people, and compelled to return. He then made for another house farther down, and darting like a meteor by some slaves at the back of the premises, rushed into the street. Some horses, the property of the Turks slain in the late struggle, were standing at the entrance, unharnessed, except with a bridle. Quick as thought he vaulted on the back of one of them, and dashed off ;

full speed. All Androussa was now upon the alert to impede his flight. A body of Greeks stood ready to oppose his passage in the direction which he had taken. Maddened by continued opposition, he turned up a narrow street which led to the bazaar, overthrowing all persons, and trampling down everything that obstructed his passage.

Having mounted one of the horses and joined in pursuit, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing him intercepted by a party stationed near the bazaar. In despair he again turned, but observing our approach, darted down an obscure turning and eluded us.

Presently he appeared at the extremity of the principal street, clear of the crowds, which had goaded him on, and were watching at other points for his appearance. They did not discover that he had escaped, until the echoes of some distant shouts led them in that direction; and when I, with some others, had gained the southern extremity of the town, where his last batch of opponents stood, stupidly wondering at his rapid career, we had the mortification of seeing him at too great a distance in advance to afford us the smallest hope of regaining possession of his person.

Dispirited by the issue of this adventure, I returned to the aga's house, and endeavoured to forget, in the exulting crowds around me, the disappointment occasioned by the Kakavouliote's escape.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME little time had now elapsed since the incidents detailed in the foregoing chapter: the people of Androussa, being released from the Turkish yoke, quietly beheld the struggle in more distant parts, and resigned themselves to the enjoyment of those temporal blessings which circumstances had wrought in their favour.

Wealth and business circulated in their usual but now more extended channels ; and the everyday occupations of life were lightened by the glowing satisfaction that oppression was no more—that every man could now call what he held his own—that the sower could reap the benefit of his toil—and that, once more free, the rayah was not compelled to pay an *avaniah*¹ or *karatch*² to those who called themselves his masters, while receiving tribute from him, but denied their being so when protection was required.

Firmly as the Greeks relied upon the support of the Russians, a brief period sufficed to show them the nothingness of those professions made by the latter, and the little reliance there could be placed upon the continuance of their protection. It also served to manifest their own want of discretion and unanimity in being the first to quarrel with their allies. They had depended too implicitly on each other's support for the expulsion of the Turks from the Morea. Neither, alone, had the power to effect this object, and distrust and dissension arose among them, when they discovered each other's incapacity to complete the work of destruction. Every fresh failure, therefore, only served to open the breach of discord wider.

The porte, too, viewing the progress of an insurrection which might eventually occasion it much inconvenience, manifested an intention of sending a sufficient force into the Morea to clear it of its invaders, and put down the rebellious Greeks by a system of extermination. The Russians having also received intelligence that a fleet had passed the Dardanelles, with a view of attacking them by sea, and other causes operating, at length put a finishing blow to the defection of these interested allies. They retired from the approaching struggle, leaving the Moreotes to endure all the tyranny of their ancient masters, joined to the oppressive violence of vast hordes of Albanians, whom the Turks called in to their assistance. It was while the Russians were conducting the siege of Patras, that the former passed

the isthmus, and poured into the Morea like a deluge, spreading destruction around them.

They seized upon the possessions of the Greeks, installed themselves in their houses, and committed all those horrors and exactions, in the practice of which their predecessors, the Turks, had proved such indisputable proficient. The country and its inhabitants were sacrificed by the latter, in order that they might have nothing to fear from a people who grumbled for a share of the spoils; and to secure their own quiet, the Turks were compelled to deliver it up to these ferocious Albanians, who, instigated, not only by the prospect of plunder, but by the excitement of blood and carnage, lived at discretion on its territories, and did not retire from the scene of their excesses till they had devastated the whole country.

All parts of the Morea, in a short time, became dangerous from the unlicensed troops which overran them. When the Russians arrived, Greece had fondly anticipated the dawn of her future liberation. Expectation, raised to its climax, had awaited their coming as a signal for the overthrow of Ottoman domination in the Morea. Their desertion at so critical a period destroyed the work which had commenced so prosperously, and their abandonment of the country which had opened its arms to receive them, again brought the Turks back to their old haunts, and to the practice of their iron rule. Deep and terrible was the retribution, which, thank Heaven! I staid not to behold. Ere it burst upon the astonished Moreotes, I was in the land of my ancestors, far from the scene of my boyhood, and its nest of tyrants.

In reviewing the past, there was but one source of misery which presented itself to my mind. Had the premature and inconsiderate rising of Andrea and his friends been delayed but one day, the general expression of gladness, displayed on every side on the revival of our liberty, would have been unalloyed by the sounds of lamentation. The loss of friends and countrymen cannot but be deplored by all; but if, in the magnitude of that loss, one individual is snatched from us, whose

goodness of heart and firmness of character had made him beloved, the general expression of sorrow for the fall of many is often merged in regret for the loss of one. The inhabitants of Androussa felt to a man the acuteness of their misfortune in the death of Andrea, and the pomp with which his funeral was honoured sufficiently testified their admiration of the man and their respect for his memory.

Once more on his legs, Isaak had taken his departure for Constantinople, and nothing but a promise on the part of Alexis and myself to call on him, if business should lead us there, reconciled the old man to the parting. We gave it, and he went on his journey, his desolate path cheered, as he said, by the recollection of our kindness, and the prospect of seeing us once more before he should be gathered to his ancestors.

Tranquillity being restored, at least to our district, Alexis now turned his thoughts to other objects. The escape of the Kakavouliote, though in itself of little importance, might be productive of ill consequences to the scheme we were about to put in practice, should he gain the haunt of the papas, and apprise him of the visit which it was our intention to pay him. However, it deterred not the hunter from the prosecution of a purpose once decided on. He selected thirty stout, resolute, and active men, devoted to his person, and who agreed to share the danger of the enterprise with him. I resolved to accompany them, if it were only to see the downfall of the papas. His destruction had been a daily theme with Alexis and myself, and we took each a solemn oath not to return, with life, from the country where he dwelt, until we had accomplished our purpose.

In the midst of our preparations, a messenger arrived with a packet for me. I tore it open, and beheld my father's signature. It contained a summons for me to repair instantly to Smyrna, and concluded by stating that the bearer would conduct me to the sakoleva,^s which was waiting on the coast near Kalamata to convey me.

The pleasure of this communication was damped by

the prospect of leaving Alexis. Hâbit, and scenes of danger, had rendered us such inseparable companions, that I never once contemplated the day when a separation would inevitably arrive. My regard for him, and my admiration of his character, had so completely united me to him, that I beheld in my unforeseen recall a positive anticipation of future evil. I felt that my interests were linked with his—that come good, come ill—like the luminary of the world which extends its beneficence to all creatures, he was to exert a mysterious but unceasing influence over my destiny.

However, a summons had arrived, and I must obey its call. I did not expect it, for after having been doomed to pass upward of twenty years of my life at Androussa, (and why, I know not,) I deemed I beheld in my protracted stay a confirmation of a sojourn for life. But other scenes were awaiting me—wider prospects were about to open before me, and I now felt that I was summoned to act a part in the drama of life wholly different from my former pursuits.

One thing, however, afforded me consolation even amid the prospect of separation. On communicating with the karavokeryos⁴ of my father's vessel, he informed us that the day after he doubled Cape Ténaurus, he had had an encounter with some pirates, who put off in several small vessels to attack him, but his superior strength had obliged them to retire. From the description which he gave of them, we concluded they were Kakavouliotes. One of the shots which the pirates fired at him did some damage to his rigging, and his passion at this had not subsided when he reached Androussa. He therefore more readily entered into a proposal, which the hunter made to him, to cruise along the same line of coast on his return, in hopes of falling in with the Kakavouliotes. Arms and ammunition were abundant on board. Four small cannon, too, which they carried in case of an attack from the Mainotes, gave additional weight to the undertaking. All things prepared, and the ceremony of leavetaking duly per-

formed, Alexis and I joined the sakoleva about a week after I received my father's letter.

The first place to which we directed our course was the town of Maina, where a part of the Russian fleet which had landed the troops in the Morea, was still at anchor. It had just been reinforced by several ships of the line, as an engagement with the Turks was daily expected.

We then steered along the coast towards those places where we expected to fall in with the pirates, cruising off the land during a whole day, but no sign of a human being met our view: not even a solitary fishingboat was seen to relieve the waste of waters between us and land.

As the evening came on, the ship's largest boat was got in readiness, and the palikari selected for the dangerous enterprise leaped into it, followed by Alexis and myself—the karavokeryos promising to await our return. All things prepared, we spread our light sail to the breeze, and soon reached the shore. We then directed our course inland—four active fellows preceding us to reconnoiter, and, if possible, lay hold of the first person they fell in with.

It was now that we regretted the escape of the Kakavouliote; though we had gathered sufficient information to guide us to the encampment of the pirates. But we had many difficulties to contend with. Invading the stronghold of a ferocious tribe—liable every moment to fall into an ambuscade—ignorant of the path—entering rugged defiles, where the overhanging rocks threatened us with destruction, only requiring the merest effort of human strength to bring them thundering upon us—these were but a few of the dangers which presented themselves.

The night came on dark and tempestuous. The sun had set, surrounded by clouds the colour of blood; but now they spread into a dense body of vapour, heaving up in vast pillars from the northern extremity of the heavens, their gloominess at intervals relieved by a partial gleam of the moon, or an electric flash, which served

only to render the succeeding darkness more intolerable. Low, rumbling, and almost indistinct sounds proclaimed the coming storm. A few heavy drops of rain fell—a calmness of a few moments' duration succeeded—when a flash illumined the whole hemisphere, and was as quickly followed by a report, which leaped in broken echoes among the red rocks around us. There was a universal commotion of the elements: the rain descended in torrents, and drenched us to the skin.

The tempest lasted about an hour, at the expiration of which we found ourselves on the bank of a small but rapid stream. The clouds still rolled along in heavy volumes, though the blackness of the night was dispelled at intervals by vivid flashes of lightning, and the thunder rattled in prolonged echoes overhead. Guided by the electric beam, we followed the course of the stream, being the most probable path to the abode of the Kakavouliotes, as they generally encamp in the vicinity of creeks and rivers.

Wearied by the exertions which we had made to gain the river, we remained a while under some rocks which rose on the bank, in the hope that our scouts would join us. We wrung our jackets, examined our firearms, and were about to quit our shelter, when we were startled by hearing the report of muskets some distance up the stream. We rushed from the cavern—the shots became more distinct, and followed each other in rapid succession. Barbarous cries were now heard, and we concluded that the pirates had taken an alarm, and fallen in with our scouts.

Amid the hurry of preparation, and while our observation was directed to this quarter, a pillar of fire suddenly shot up from a huge cluster of rocks higher up the stream, illumining the scene far around us. Several figures were distinctly visible on the summit of the rock, hurrying to and fro, as if under some sudden excitement.

“We have approached the encampment of the Kakavouliotes,” said Alexis, “and that fire is a signal to the other stations, either for assistance, or to put them on their

guard. If we allow them time to assemble, our destruction will be certain. What say you, palikari—shall we attack them ?”

Our reply was contained in expressing an eager desire to advance. Our progress was, however, arrested by a piercing yell, and a repetition of the firing. Alexis sprang forward, and we hurried after him as fast as the rugged nature of the ground would permit. As we proceeded, we perceived several figures hastening towards us, uttering loud cries, and discharging their guns at four or five men who were retreating before them. We came to a halt, and placed ourselves in ambuscade, under the branches of some trees which overhung the stream, in order to intercept the latter. The foremost, after clearing a few inequalities in their path, bounded into the space where we lay concealed. In an instant they were seized and thrown on the ground, but our astonishment and delight may be conceived when we discovered the persons of our scouts in four of them—the fifth was a Kakavouliote, who, being too eager in the pursuit, had thus fallen into our hands. He was instantly secured.

No time was to be lost : we needed not the hurried exclamations of our scouts to inform us that the party approaching was a portion of the band we were in quest of. We instantly turned to face them, and levelled our guns.

A sudden, shrill, and peculiar cry was heard—it proceeded from the Kakavouliote—we fired almost at the same instant, but the few scattered rocks in front, which a moment previous had seemed alive with men, became deserted. Ascribing this to our well-directed aim, we rushed forward to despatch the wounded, but not a man was to be seen, dead or alive. Their disappearance was no doubt owing to the warning cry which our prisoner had made, and had not Alexis taken him under his protection, he would have been hewn to pieces.

The signal fire still blazed fiercely upon the rock, the summit of which so lately appeared alive with human beings. We were within a short distance of the place

when our men fired among them. Several had fallen, evidently wounded, and terror seemed to have paralyzed all. Unable to form any idea of the force which we brought against them, they had disappeared among the rocks, as if by magic.

The moon, in all its brightness, now shone full upon this side of the craggy encampment, which, however, seemed inaccessible to human foot. Sharp and rugged points projected, affording the only means of reaching the summit. A narrow path was at length discovered on the side next the river, and we plunged up to our necks in water. Alexis was the first to mount: we followed, scrambling up with much difficulty. Not a human being was visible above. Whether the pirates had retreated into the heart of the rock, or were silently awaiting our appearance, we had yet to learn.

Something peculiar in the manner of our prisoner now attracted my notice. The light of the moon fell on him, exhibiting a ferocious countenance, which at intervals expressed the fury of a demon. His face was almost shaded by thick whiskers and mustaches, and his hair hung bushily over his shoulders. His dress was that common to the Moreotes.

I was intently observing his motions, when he placed his ear against the rock, as if in the act of listening: he drew back, looked upward, and replaced his ear as before. Suddenly withdrawing himself, he elevated his head—I imitated the movement. Continuing my glance, I saw something move—presently a head peeped over the crags—the mystery was at once explained. I loosened a pistol from my belt, and fired: a scream of agony followed, and the head disappeared.

Seizing the Kakavouliote by the throat, I briefly explained to Alexis what I had noticed. "Let us mount," he cried—and after a few vigorous efforts we stood upon the broad summit of the rock. In the hurry of our ascent, one of our men, whether from design or accident, managed to tumble our prisoner into the river. I heard him scream, but saw nothing more of him.

There was no time for reflection—the pirates were

eager to receive us—we closed upon them with our pistols and daggers, and the work of slaughter commenced. They fought like men just awaked from a deep slumber—panic and alarm enfeebled their efforts—many flung down their arms, and cast themselves into the river. The remainder of our palikari coming up at this moment, completed the victory. The enemy endeavoured to make their escape through passages cut in the rock. We called upon them to surrender, assuring them that their lives should be spared: most of them came forward, and yielded themselves prisoners. Among these was the pirate chief.

Alexis took him apart, and questioned him concerning the papas. The pirate hesitated: the hunter presenting a pistol at his head, told him he would instantly blow out his brains, and those of the whole band, if the papas was not immediately delivered up. The heinous sin of sacrificing their priest was a crime not to be pardoned among a people who would sooner die than infringe a fast-day by indulgence of any kind: the mortal who should dare to betray him was accounted little inferior to the Evil One in impiety.

The chief had one eye on the pistol, and the other on his band. As little did he relish the black and scowling looks of the one, as the threatening appearance of the other. Nature, however, prevailed, extinguishing in his bosom every sentiment of religious obligation, and he signified his determination to disclose the place of Mousaki's concealment.

“One word,” said the hunter—“is the papas concealed among these rocks?”

“He is,” replied the chief.

“Enough: now bring him forth, or conduct us where he may be found.”

The chief preferred the latter duty, and we prepared to follow him. Ten of us entered a chasm, which led into a suite of vaults, two of our men preceding us with torches of pine wood. On reaching the last of the range into which we descended by some rude steps cut in the rock, we found ourselves in a small dark chamber, in the

centre of which yawned what appeared to be the mouth of a well.

"Whither now?" demanded Alexis.

The pirate smiled in a significant manner, and pointed to the dark aperture.

"Is there no other passage?"

"None," dryly responded the chief.

"Then I will take the lead," said Alexis, and he prepared to descend—two of his stoutest palikari following.

The pirate was particularly anxious to show them the way, but suspecting treachery, we kept him above, till assured of our companions' safety, intimating that any violence committed on them would ensure his instant death. As soon as Alexis had made known to us that all was safe below, desiring the chief to descend, we immediately followed. The bottom of the aperture led into a narrow passage, which opened into a spacious cavern, the wonderful production of nature.

The men who carried our torches had nearly gained the extremity, when they raised a cry of alarm. We all rushed forward, expecting an enemy, and arrived just in time to catch a glimpse of a light female form, which darted before our astonished eyes like a vision, and disappeared in an instant. The chief saw it, shrieked aloud, and invoked the Virgin. We commenced a search among the rude archways around, which was ineffectual. There was no vestige of a living being. Lost in strange conjectures as to the abrupt appearance of the strange figure, we gained the extremity of the cavern.

This incident was the more inexplicable to us, since even the pirate chief partook sensibly of the feeling of awe by which our own men were evidently impressed. Brave and daring by nature, they were willing to encounter danger in any shape, but when once superstitious terrors got the better of their reason, they were mere infants, both in spirit and action.

We next entered a long passage, narrow and vaulted. At its extremity there was a small chamber, lighted by a single torch, and rudely furnished. We hurried in, expecting to find the object of our search, but the place

was vacant, though it was evident that it had been recently occupied.

Alexis turned fiercely upon the chief, and said, in a suppressed tone, "Trifle not, pirate, or a dreadful death awaits you. Where is the papas? Softly," he continued, observing the person whom he addressed about to invoke the Virgin to attest his veracity, "a word beyond a whisper, and you die! Advance."

The chief, making a sign of acquiescence, smiled in his usual quiet and significant manner. He stepped towards a corner of the chamber, where there was a small closet, the door of which, on being opened, disclosed a passage, similar to that we had just quitted. He was about to enter, when a rumbling noise behind caused us to turn round, expecting some fresh interruption. Taking advantage of our remissness, he darted through the opening, and a loud splash instantly followed. Alexis rushed forward, and would have fallen headlong after him, but for the timely assistance of one of his palikari, who caught hold of him.

On lowering the torches, instead of a passage, we beheld a cavern filled with water to within a few feet of the ledge on which we stood. The roof was lofty, the sides craggy and full of fissures. We discharged our pistols in the direction we supposed the fugitive to have taken, but the impenetrable darkness of the place favoured his flight. The reports were multiplied a hundred fold, dying away in echoes like distant thunder.

Grieved at his escape, we retraced our steps towards the well. We were just mounting the rude chasm which led to the open air, when the report of firearms, mingled with loud and discordant cries, suddenly broke from above. A fresh body of Kakavouliotes had arrived during our absence; our prisoners had liberated themselves, seized upon various weapons which were lying about the rock, and attacked the palikari we had left in charge of them. The latter stood their ground, however, with firmness, and on the first symptom of opposition, killed several of the pirates at one discharge of their guns.

We soon reached the scene of contention, and mingled in the doubtful struggle : numbers of armed men poured upon us from various unseen chasms, till the place was crowded by our foes. Still we fought, though at desperate odds. The face of the rock was so thronged that many, in the heat of the combat, fell, or were hurled over, at the expense of broken necks and limbs. Immediate retreat, or instant death, was now our only alternative. With aching hearts we prepared for the former, by casting ourselves into the stream below. About twenty of our men had already plunged in : Alexis and I, with the remainder of our palikari, were about to follow their example, when a tremendous rush was made by the Kakavouliotes, and before we could gain the edge of the rock our retreat was cut off : we were quickly overwhelmed and borne to the ground.

A few moments sufficed to bind us, amid the taunts and exultations of our foes. I had received a severe blow on the head, which rendered me senseless, and I lay for some time unconscious of what was passing. The pirates, as I was afterward told, were about to throw me into the river, when a lucky groan informed them that I was still alive. By degrees I came to myself, and on opening my eyes, perceived that we were in the large cavern, lying beside each other, and surrounded by our ferocious foes.

“What has happened ?” I cried ; “where am I—and how came I here ? Where is Alexis—and where are the palikari ?”

A deep voice answered close to my ear, and I started. I turned round—it was Alexis. I fell on his bosom ; tears came to my relief, and eased my throbbing temples and suffocating heart.

The first shock of misfortune is not felt so severely as that which follows—as wounds occasion less agony during the hurry of battle, while our energies are excited with the conflict around us. Thus the immediate effects of any great disaster frequently produce a kind of insensibility in the sufferer ; and it is not until reflection recalls our scattered senses that the extent of calamity is

seen in all its frightful reality. On the first appearance of misfortune, most men are willing to exert their efforts to avert the impending evil. But when there is no longer any chance of successful resistance—when every prospect, which we had fondly cherished, vanishes like a morning dream—when hope abandons us, and misfortune thickens round us, the brightest impulses of the soul will sink under disaster.

After being, as it were, on the eve of realizing our most ardent desires, what had now become of us? Accustomed, at least, to a show of liberty, if not actually in the enjoyment of its blessings, we were now captives of a remorseless tribe; perhaps doomed to wear out the remainder of our days in their service—or to be transferred to some mart for the barter of human beings, and possibly about to become the slaves of some member of a sect, whom in our hearts we abhorred.

The Kakavouliotes guarded us on all sides, except in front, where an opening was left for a rude table, on which lay extended the lifeless body of their chief. I was inclined to think that he had perished by a random shot from my pistol. Just before I received the blow on my head, I saw him rush into the midst of the affray, and remember, but indistinctly, my pistol going off as I fell, and a scream of agony succeeding.

"'Tis a meet reward for his treachery," observed Alexis, eying the lifeless body.

"Would it were the papas," I said.

"If he yet breathes," interrupted Alexis, "the sun shall not shine thrice upon him living. I do not yet despair of success: most of our men have escaped, and they will not desert us. If the karavokeryos possesses a spark of valour, he will hasten with his crew to our assistance."

While he was yet speaking, several pirates came from a rude archway on one side of the cavern, bearing torches. They were followed by a form which eternity itself could never obliterate from my memory—it was that of the papas!

Long-stifled recollections rose in dark array before us, and feelings of rage and disappointment burst in contin-

ued groans from our agonized bosoms. Mousaki turned and started, but the feeling was momentary, and he passed on. Alexis gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of his soul, and had he not been secured by heavy bonds, would have annihilated his enemy on the spot. Reclining his head, he shut out the hateful vision from his sight.

The papas advanced towards the corpse, and surveyed it for a few moments. Raising his hands, he pronounced a short oration, eulogizing qualities which in life the Kakavouliote chief had never possessed, and good deeds which he had never practised. This was quite a matter of indifference to the papas. To impress the multitude with a strong sense of his own merits and infallibility was his chief aim. No man was better able to work upon the credulous minds of his hearers, whether in inspiring them with a mysterious awe of his presence, or in attaching them with unalterable devotion to his person. Among the rude and ferocious looking beings around him, there was not one who would not willingly have devoted his own life to protect his papas from injury. When the sanctified hypocrite had concluded his eulogium, the body was removed into one of the archways. He then advanced, and commenced a scrutiny of the prisoners.

“He approaches us!” murmured Alexis, in a hollow voice—“Holy Virgin! were my hands at liberty, I would tear him limb from limb.”

The papas stopped before him, surveying him intently before he addressed him. Alexis returned his calm hypocritical look with one of defiance and lofty scorn. I leaned my head on my bosom, and waited the result of their dialogue.

“Who are you?” demanded the priest.

“A soldier,” was the reply.

“In whose service?”

“My own.”

“You trifle,” said the papas, impatiently. “Whence came you?”

“From a nest of tyrants.”

“Ay—”

"From the scene of thy own infamy—from Androussa!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the papas, falling back several paces, and fixing his starting eyeballs on the countenance of Alexis, "I know thee now—'tis Alexis Benaki! My children," he continued, raising his voice, and turning round to the band, "in this man you behold one of those by whose arts and devices I was driven an outcast from the place of my nativity."

The Kakavouliotes gathered round us in a menacing manner, as if a signal for the instant destruction of Alexis were contained in this brief explanation; but the papas, by a gesture of his hand, calmed their rising fury.

"Liar!" cried the hunter, surveying him with a look of contemptuous defiance. "Violated innocence still cries loudly for thy blood, and vengeance, long delayed, eagerly demands it."

"And it was to seek my life you came hither?" asked the papas, in a subdued tone of apprehension.

"Ay—and I quit not the spot till the vow is accomplished which has been recorded against thee above."

"Thou speakest like one unaccustomed to the casualties of life," observed the papas with a sneer.

Alexis disdained further converse, but bowed his head in silence on his bosom. The papas drew near to me, and demanded who I was. I looked up, and replied, in as calm a tone as the turbulent emotions of my heart would allow me—

"I am one of whom the Papas Mousaki should not ask the question twice, were I at liberty, and alone with him. I am in your power; but beware! our fall will be revenged tenfold. As kinsman of the hapless Ina, I came with others to wreak our vengeance upon her ravisher. We have been overcome—but are not subdued."

Had a mine exploded at his feet, the papas could not have started back with greater precipitation than he did on hearing this. It was not laughter—it was not joy, which were expressed in the convulsive sobs that broke from him, but screams, piercing and unnatural—such as

evil spirits are supposed to give vent to, when they have secured a human being in their toils.

“At length you are in my power !” he cried, when his triumphant mirth had subsided. “Is not thy kinsman Andrea here, to swell the list of such considerate friends ?”

“Fiend !” I replied, shaking with passion, “he is beyond the reach of man.”

“I know it,” he cried, with a hoarse laugh ; “the ball which disabled his arm in the contest at Androussa, and that which struck thine own on the day of thy flight from thence, were commissioned by me. I glory in thy escape, since it will afford me the satisfaction of beholding thee suffer under the torments which await thee. Defenders of disconsolate damsels ! avengers of the beautiful Ina ! what avails your valour now ? Behold them—look upon them, my children ! These are the men who would have destroyed their priest—who accused him of crimes which his sacred character should have shamed them from urging against him, and compelled him to quit his home, kindred, and country, an outcast and a wanderer. But your days are numbered, and my revenge draws near. Away with them ! to-morrow they shall perish under the tortures of empalement.”

We were instantly seized by part of the band, dragged towards the end of the cavern, and conducted to the vault where the pirate chief had so unceremoniously taken his leave of us. Having bound us to several rings in the wall, our guard left us to our own thoughts, and to the darkness that reigned around us.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE lay for some time, unwilling to give vent to our thoughts, in case there should be listeners near us. At length Alexis broke the deep stillness which reigned *around us*, disturbed occasionally by the hard breathing

of our followers, who, regardless of the events the morrow might bring forth, had sunk into a deep repose.

"Is it possible to escape by that chasm, think you?" he inquired.

"Provided I could liberate my arms from these detestable bonds, I would attempt the passage immediately."

"That I can accomplish for you then, for I am free," he whispered, to my astonishment.

"How?" I exclaimed.

"A small knife, which escaped the pirates' search, and which I generally keep concealed in the lining of my jacket, performed the service which I will now render you." In less than a minute I was free from my bonds.

We were about to liberate our fellow prisoners, but a rumbling noise near us, such as we had heard when the captain of the pirates escaped, alarmed us. A faint streak of light was perceptible in the corner of the vault, opposite to the secret closet. Fearing it was a guard about to pay us a visit, we regained our former places as well as we could.

We had scarcely thrown ourselves on the ground, when a portion of the rock, similar to that at the back of the other closet, receded from its position, as if by magic, and disclosed to our wondering gaze a female figure bearing a lamp. The image of the slight and sylphlike being, which had crossed our path on our former visit to this spot, occurred to our minds. Though we were uncertain of its identity, our fears were nevertheless calmed on viewing so agreeable an intruder. Uncertain as to the motives of the fair visitant, we did not think it prudent to discover that we were free from our bonds, and therefore remained motionless, as if we were asleep, until circumstances should call upon us to speak.

Having approached the spot where Alexis and I lay, she bent over us, and a few half-uttered words escaped her, sufficient in their import to imbolden us to throw off the disguise of slumber. We managed to give our waking a most natural effect, and likewise to exhibit a due proportion of surprise, on discovering so agreeable an inmate of *our rocky apartment*.

"Your slumbers are deep," she said, receding a few paces, timidity overcoming her, while she partially concealed her face with her veil.

"To-morrow they will be deeper," I replied, assuming a careless tone.

"The Virgin forbid!" she exclaimed; "I would befriend—I would save you from the horrible death which you are doomed to suffer. Arise quickly, and follow me."

"To whom are we indebted for such unexpected succour?" demanded the hunter.

"Seek not to know," she replied hastily; "I am unfortunate, and would gladly assist the unfortunate."

"Can you point out to us the hiding-place of the papas?"

"Wherefore do you seek his life?"

"The tale is too long and harrowing for your ears."

"Of what nature is the crime he has committed?"

"The darkest in the list which your sex can suffer from man."

The stranger paused a moment, and a strong feeling of agitation seemed to overcome her. "He then deceived her?" she said at length, in a faltering voice, catching instinctively the meaning of Alexis.

"He ruined her!" replied the hunter, while his whole frame shook with strong emotion.

"And she yet lives?"

"No, she is dead, and I am left to avenge her. Thou knowest his place of concealment. After what thou hast heard, canst thou refuse us so poor a satisfaction?"

"Alas! I know not where he dwells—no one knows—he is a mysterious being, and seldom associates with man. I"—she paused—"I should be the last to betray him: yet I would not willingly suffer you to perish at his hands. Come," she continued, hurriedly motioning us to follow her, "time presses; if you wish to escape, suffer me to guide you to a place of safety."

"Let us at least," said Alexis, rising, "have the satisfaction of snatching you from a place where it is evident you are detained by some mysterious agency."

"No, no, it must not be," she exclaimed; "hark! they are coming."

"You mistake—'tis the wind rushing through these caverns."

"Alas! I am but woman still," she said, despondingly; "and worthless as my existence is, I still desire to live. Come, if you delay your flight, your doom is certain. Follow me, and be silent."

"Strange being! whoe'er thou art," exclaimed the hunter, "hear me a moment. The papas's destruction (for I have sworn before Heaven to accomplish it) would rejoice me more than my liberation, with the certainty that he survived my departure."

She waved her hand as if to command silence, and moved lightly towards the chasm whence she had entered. By this time our men had awakened from their slumbers. Having severed the cords which bound them, we followed the stranger's steps, pondering with amazement on her inexplicable conduct. After threading various intricate windings, we came to a rough staircase, which led to the open air. It was hewn out of the solid rock. At the bottom the stranger stopped suddenly.

"Here we part," she said—"these steps will conduct you to liberty; your only difficulty will be to avoid the sentinel, but with due caution this may be managed by concealing yourselves behind the pointed crags which commence where you will issue forth. The Virgin smile upon you! Farewell!"

Saying this, she turned abruptly away, and was quickly lost amid the intricacies of the place, leaving us no less overcome with wonder at her speedy departure, than at our unexpected deliverance.

The moon was riding high in the starry heavens, calm and placid as the azure canopy upon which it reposed. A portion of its light was thrown down the aperture, sufficient to enable us to see our way. Alexis took the lead, and we mounted after him in quick succession. He had emerged halfway from the chasm,

when he suddenly threw himself back, and muttered in a suppressed tone, "The sentinel!"

A heavy tread announced the guard's approach. He advanced so close to us that his shadow fell across the mouth of the opening. As he again turned, the hunter darted from the chasm with a single bound, and caught him by the throat. A struggle ensued, brief but terrible; during which the gun that the pirate held went off. Alexis hurled the man from him; he had nearly strangled him. We then hastened to that part of the rock which overhung the river.

Confused sounds arose from the bosom of the pile, which soon grew into hoarse and alarming cries. We had reached the points below the summit of the rock, and were about to plunge into the stream, when a sudden exclamation from one of our men attracted our attention. Dashing rapidly through the silvery waters, a large boat was seen hastening towards the rocks. Uncertain at first to whom it belonged, we hesitated a moment as to our future movements: but one of our men having hailed, and called by name those whom we supposed it to contain, was quickly answered by a well-known shout, and the vessel flew along the stream with redoubled speed. A few desperate strokes of their oars brought her under the rocks. She contained the palikari who had escaped, together with the captain of the sakoleva, and his crew.

Meanwhile, the pirates having gained the open air, their loud cries sufficiently testified their rage and disappointment at our escape, and the condition in which they found their comrade. A few of them approached the rock where we lay concealed among the crags, and observing the boat below, a loud shout announced their discovery to the remainder of the band.

Having received firearms and other weapons from our comrades, we reascended the rock amid the shots of the enemy. Alexis avoided the thrust of a long pike, and killed the pirate by a pistol bullet. A fellow made a desperate blow at me as I mounted, which I parried, while one of our men passed a sword through his heart. Our palikari, who had now secured a firm footing, threw

themselves amid the carnage, and made their way like madmen at the climax of their phrensy. The contest raged violently, and for some time it was doubtful to which side victory would incline.

Amid the clash of weapons, and the report of firearms—the cries and shouts of men—of men wounded and in agony—a voice, never heard by me but a heartache ensued, suddenly rose above the tumult of the conflict. I turned round, and on a lofty pinnacle which overhung the river, the figure of the papas was distinctly visible, his long drapery floating in the breeze. His form was lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, which shone upon him in a wild and uncertain manner. His gestures were extravagant, and his voice, as he exhorted the pirates to combat, was harsh as the brazen trumpet.

I pointed him out to Alexis, who uttered a cry of exultation, and bounded with inconceivable velocity to the spot, followed by several of his men. A couple of pirates opposed his career. He felled one to the ground, and the other became an easy prey to his followers. Nothing could withstand his impetuosity. He grasped the rough crags that opposed his progress, and ere the papas was aware that he was in the vicinity of so desperate an enemy, his throat was compressed by the hunter's hand, with the solidity of a vice.

The pirates, observing the jeopardy of their priest, rushed simultaneously to his relief. As our intentions were only directed towards the latter, we suffered them to advance without further molestation; and retreating to the edge of the rock on the margin of the river, were about to descend, when an unexpected termination was put to the scene.

While the papas was struggling with more than mortal energy in the hunter's grasp, unseen by all, a Kakavouliote ascended a lofty crag, which was a lookout seaward, and rose immediately over their heads. A moment he poised his body on the narrow point upon which he was standing, and watching his opportunity, precipitated himself with all his force on the hunter. The

ter, however, was not to be robbed of his prey by such a manœuvre. Though he received the whole weight of the pirate's body, he nevertheless retained his hold of his victim, and all three fell together into the stream below.

A moment the hostile band stood fixed to the spot like statues, viewing the terrible fate of their priest ; but quickly recovering, they rushed forward to the side of the rock, uttering yells of vengeance. Alarmed for the safety of Alexis, most of us had descended to the boat, and pushed into the middle of the stream to his assistance. The remainder of our men plunged in and swam after us.

In their fall from the rock, the hunter and the papas had been separated, and when they all rose from their unseasonable immersion, the pirate seized the former. Alexis had enough to do to defend himself from this desperate fellow, without looking after the priest ; but there were other eyes eagerly watching the latter's approach. I saw him coming down the stream, and directed the boat towards him. Being unable to swim, he was invoking his men, in the wild accents of despair, to save him. The sight of our boat even held out a hope to him that his worthless existence might be preserved a little longer. He laid his hand on it with the desperation of a drowning man—mounted the side, and I caught him by the collar. Even amid his terror and despair he recognised me, and had the meanness to entreat that I would spare his life. His abject demeanour only sharpened the edge of my vengeance. I drew a pistol from my girdle, and shot him through the head. He gave one piercing shriek, and fell back over the side of the boat into the river.

By this time the hunter and the Kakavouliote had floated close to the boat, each struggling for the mastery. Vain were the former's efforts to release himself, his enemy stuck to him with such desperate tenacity. Even when we approached, and life was ebbing fast from several wounds inflicted by the hunter's knife, he still retained his hold, and was only compelled to quit it by one of our men

sending a pistol bullet through his brain. We drew Alexis from the water, exhausted by his efforts, and placed him at the bottom of the boat, where he lay insensible for some time. Having paddled about a few minutes to take up the remainder of our men, we proceeded rapidly on our way, rejoicing in the accomplishment of our revenge.

The pirates had viewed our proceedings from the top of the rock, but having no boats to follow us, they contented themselves with giving us a volley at parting. The death of their priest seemed to paralyze all their energies. Our boat being well manned, we were soon beyond their reach, running with a strong current towards the ocean.

We reached the sakoleva in safety, and immediately stood out to sea. Our loss was trifling when compared with the danger of the enterprise. Of fifty palikari who had accompanied us, ten only perished in the affray, though none of us were free from bruises and wounds of some kind. Alexis had received a dangerous contusion on the head, having in his fall from the rock come in contact with a pointed crag. It was some time before he recovered.

After passing the island of Cerico, we steered for that of Hydra, in order to land a portion of our men, as the arrival of so many Greeks in one vessel would have created suspicions in the minds of the Turks at Smyrna, which we should have found much difficulty in allaying. We soon espied the black rocks of Hydra, on which were perched a few white houses belonging to the inhabitants, a race of poor fishermen. The following day we landed the men in safety, the insignificance of the place being considered a sufficient security against Turkish oppression.

Here I took leave of Alexis, he choosing to abide on the island until his wounds should be cured, intending finally to proceed to Russia, and enter the army, having formerly fought in a war which that country had been engaged in against Poland. I left him with

many a heartfelt sigh, and the hope that less turbulent times would enable us to meet again.

On the third day after quitting Hydra we doubled the island of Chios, entered the gulf of Ismir,¹ and in the evening cast anchor before the city. I could scarcely be prevailed upon to wait till the boat was got in readiness to land me, so ardently did I long to behold my father, whom I had seen but once; still towards whom my heart yearned as though I had passed all my days in his society. My wishes were soon realized.

Having landed, I was conducted to a house, mean and gloomy in appearance, and ill suited to the possessor of so vast riches as my father was reputed to have acquired. I began to think that I had exchanged a life of freedom and activity for one of comparative misery. But these feelings, so naturally created by the gloomy outside of the mansion, vanished on my entrance. Eastern magnificence, such as my imagination could not have conceived, dazzled and bewildered my senses. I was struck with amazement, and was about to give vent to my feelings in, no doubt, some very apposite expressions of wonder, when I found myself in the presence of my father.

I hurried forward, threw myself on my knees, and kissed his hands.² He raised, embraced, and welcomed me with words of comfort. He was little altered in appearance since the time when I had parted from him at Kalamata, except that his countenance, naturally calm and serious, had settled into a more reserved expression; though his eye still beamed with that bland beneficence which had won my love and admiration, even in the tender years of childhood.

His great wealth, acquired by unceasing industry and perseverance, ensured him the respect, if not the good-will of his own countrymen, and excited the hatred of a portion of his Mohammedan neighbours, who viewed his increasing possessions with an eye of jealousy and distrust, and were ever ready in framing *some pitiful pretext*, to decrease the gold in his coffers.

But his high character foiled alike their envy and their covetousness. And though it was notorious, that other respectable Greek merchants paid dearly for the uncertain tenure of their lives and property, to secure a good-will, forgotten the instant it was pledged to them, my father's person was respected, his property untouched, and his mansion unviolated. But what gold failed to procure, was produced by less expensive measures ; and this forbearance of indignities was owing to the exercise of that authority which, from a great man to his meanest officer, in an Eastern court, communicates itself as powerfully, and almost as imperceptibly, as the electric fluid.

It was said that, when residing in Phanar, Morozi had been instrumental in rendering some important services to Raghib, the then grand vizier, who had afforded him a protection, and admitted him to an intimacy and friendship which ended only with death. But whatever confidence he was led to believe he might place in the promises of the minister, my father was too well convinced of the fallacy of court favour, to rely upon it wholly ; and rather than have recourse to it on every occasion, he trusted frequently to his own judgment in freeing himself from the persecutions of his enemies.

It is not surprising, after a lapse of so many years, that I should feel a devoted attachment growing in my bosom towards a father, which time and habits of intimacy with others but too frequently tend to deaden, and sometimes to destroy. His unabated kindness dissipated every recollection of former neglect, which, in moments of bitterness, I might have ascribed to him, in leaving me to pass the period of my youth among the Moreotes. If he had a reason for it, no doubt it was a cogent one ; and as his heart opened towards me in daily acts of beneficence, I began to think less acutely of a circumstance which had afforded me much uneasiness.

Habits, however strange, are difficult to throw off. *My previous course of life* had rendered me so un-

for every civil and domestic employment, that I confess I was puzzled, not to say displeased, upon being stationed by my father in his countinghouse. Such a situation might have satisfied the most sanguine expectations of one more devoted to a life of ease and affluence than I was, as likely to lead eventually to the establishment of his own fortune. But an unfortunate love of adventure influenced all my actions. The daily round of dull avocations in which I was engaged tended to increase my disinclination for business. A voyage now and then to one of the isles, by keeping alive the thirst of travel, only served to render me more sensible to the irksome duties of my station.

Circumstances at length occurred which favoured my warmest desires. After a month's residence at Smyrna, enlivened by little but common events, I was accidentally thrown among other scenes and other nations, to which indeed I ascribe the strange incidents of my future life.

The invasion of the Morea, and its consequences, had preceded my arrival at Smyrna; and the Greeks, long accustomed to the persecutions of their tyrannical masters, had now become objects of their peculiar hatred and cruelty. Victims were sought out in all quarters, and I began to apprehend that my adventures in the Morea might afford the Turks some excuse for the exercise of that unlimited power which they so well know how to use. Once only was I in fear of being called to account as an abettor of that insurrection; but a singular circumstance, to which I shall now allude, befriended me.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE battle of Tchesmé, in the straits of Chios, between the fleet which had landed the Russians in the Morea, and the Turkish squadron that had anchored there in fancied security, and the unfavourable consequences of that engagement, instigated the Turks to fresh acts of violence, and tended to quicken the eye of jealousy to renewed vigilance in the discovery of persons most obnoxious to their despotic rule.

The day before the battle, I had gone to the island of Chios. Business detained me there longer than I expected. Early on the following day I engaged a small boat, crossed over again to Tchesmé, passing through the Turkish fleet, and anchored between the harbour of this place and the Spalmadore islands. In the course of the morning, the Russian squadron doubled Chios and hove in sight. It bore down with a fair breeze, and an engagement soon commenced. Numberless persons lined the shore, near the town of Tchesmé, and crowned the adjacent heights to view the struggle.

The Turkish force consisted of upward of thirty sail, the greater portion being line of battle ships. The enemy did not possess half that number: but when experience is opposed to ignorance, the greatest advantages in point of mere strength are of no avail: the latter must give way to superior tactics. The blunders committed by Dgiaffer, the capitan pacha,¹ proved a vast help to the Russians in reducing his formidable fleet. Instead of keeping the open sea, where the superiority of his force might have given him the victory, or at least enabled a portion of his large squadron to escape, he wedged himself so completely between the Spalmadore Islands and the cor

tinient, that the destruction of his ships became inevitable.

The first vessels which encountered were the *Sultana*, on board of which was the capitan pacha, and the ship of the Russian admiral Spiritoff. The contest between these commenced with an impetuosity seldom equalled, and continued without intermission, till an accident put an end to the engagement.

A daring Turk, of the name of Hassan, commanded the *Sultana*. He was the best and bravest captain in the Ottoman fleet. Had the direction of the engagement been intrusted to him, the Russians would have had a different tale to tell. The instruction which he had received was, to remain at anchor, but not choosing to be shot at by the enemy while he had the means of resistance, he towed his vessel on its anchors till he came alongside the Russian admiral. The instant they grappled, he gave the word to board. The slaughter was tremendous in both vessels. It was during the heat of this sanguinary struggle that the crew of the Russian admiral commenced throwing hand grenades into the Turkish ship. One of these destructive missiles, by some accident, communicated with the timbers of the vessel, and set it on fire. In a few minutes it broke out into a blaze. The flames spread rapidly, soon reached the powderroom, and the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The burning fragments of masts and pieces of the hull, together with the mangled bodies of the sufferers, forced into the air in various distorted positions, amid a thick column of lurid smoke, exhibited a scene of horror and confusion not to be described. Many however, escaped the more terrible effects of the explosion, and were merely thrown by the concussion into the sea. But most of these were drowned. Some reached the other vessels. Others swam towards the shore, but their strength failing, few gained the land. Burning rafters fell in all directions, and the Russian admiral and his crew were obliged to quit their own ship, which

being discovered on fire soon after the *Sultana* blew up, shared the same fate as the Turkish vessel.

Among those thrown from the *Sultana's* deck was Hassan. The shock of the explosion hurled him into the sea. Being an expert swimmer, he directed his course towards land. I was standing on the beach near the entrance to the harbour of Tchesmé. Observing him becoming exhausted as he neared the shore, I waded into the surge to afford him assistance. I met him struggling hard with the waves, and supported him for a minute, as he was desperately wounded; but disdaining to accept my offered relief, he again struck out for the shore, and reached it in safety. I was not aware of his quality at first, but concluded from one or two expressions which he dropped, that he was commander of the fleet.

He was soon joined by several caleondjis,² who had also swum ashore. The wrath of these men, already soured by the destruction of their vessel, and their narrow escape, was vented in loud and bitter invectives against the capitan pacha. Their hopes of conquest were destroyed, and they now manifested a disposition to revolt. As their numbers were increased by others who had landed from various ships, which had either yielded or blown up, they grew more turbulent and dissatisfied. This state of things continued till night, when the hostile squadrons, which had been engaged the whole day with little advantage on either side, ceased firing.

When the darkness had completely shut out the fleets from each other's view, the Turkish vessels cut their cables, and ran into the harbour of Tchesmé. Several of them got aground in the attempt. The ignorance of the capitan pacha in naval affairs prompted him to adopt this step, which he conceived would repair the errors of the day, and afford security to the remainder of the fleet. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Hassan, and other principal officers, who pointed out all the danger of such a proceeding, this self-willed pacha obstinately persisted in following the dictates of his own judgment, rather than consult the experience of older and wiser heads,

for which gratuitous temerity he eventually lost his own.

When the ships entered the harbour, the men on land became still more clamorous and unruly. To pacify them, Hassan commanded some cannon and stores to be landed. This was accomplished during the night. A couple of batteries were hastily thrown up on the points or capes at the entrance of the harbour. The castle, which defended the town in the centre, was likewise strengthened with additional cannon. This appeased the tumult for a time.

Here it was that Hassan, with the principal officers took his station. I know not how it happened, but finding myself mingled with the crowd which poured in, I thought it advisable to assist in preparing the defences of the place. All hands set to work, from the highest to the lowest. In this occupation I was noticed by Hassan, who, as he passed the place where I was employed, gave me a word or two of encouragement.

The night was spent in fortifying the castle, and completing the batteries. In the morning the Russian squadron surrounded the mouth of the harbour, cutting off all hope of escape to the fleet. They did not commence the attack till midnight. At that hour several suspicious looking vessels entered the port. When the Turks saw them approaching, it being a fine moonlight night, they put up prayers for their safe arrival, imagining they were filled with deserters, and rent the air with shouts, anticipating the triumph of leading them in chains to Constantinople. But they were soon undeceived. Each of the hostile vessels singled out a victim, and having grappled, explosion succeeded explosion, and the air was filled with columns of flame and red smoke, which shot up to the heavens, illumining them far and near. With the exception of one caravella,³ and a few galleys which the enemy took away with them, the whole of the Turkish fleet was that night destroyed by the fireships. And this was done in the teeth of the Turks, and with little opposition on their part.

After the destruction of the fleet, the Russian Admi-

ral sailed into the harbour with his whole squadron, and commenced bombarding the batteries on the capes, and the town and castle. The Turks fought with a determination to which their late disasters only gave additional fury. For some hours, the batteries, notwithstanding they had to endure the whole brunt of the enemy's fleet, kept up an incessant fire. As morning approached, however, the Turks relaxed their exertions, and ere daylight appeared, the batteries, together with numbers of their defenders, were a mingled heap of ruins and of carnage.

The attack on the castle was still carried on with vigour. Shots and shells flew around us in all directions. The air appeared to teem with deadly missiles. Men were blown to atoms on all sides, while issuing orders, or invoking curses on the perseverance of the enemy, and died with the words of fierce malediction on their lips.

Four caleondjis were attending a large gun. It seemed as if death had especially marked as his victims those who were hardy enough to fill this station: for the same number had perished half a dozen times at the same gun. Such was the fate of the four men who had just brought the piece to bear. They were all killed apparently by a single shot. I saw them struck down in a heap, and immediately stepped forward to occupy the dangerous post. No one seconded me: but all rather avoided the fatal spot.

Hassan, whose vigilant eye was everywhere, had seen the whole affair. He likewise perceived that cowardice, or something like it, kept his men back: the slaughter in this particular place having been excessive. Casting a look of fierce disdain on those around, he advanced with that calm and fearless demeanour which true courage can alone assume amid scenes of carnage, and assisted me in pointing the enormous engine of death. Others now came forward, ashamed of their fears, but Hassan motioned them back with a hasty gesture of the hand, and we continued to serve the mortar till the contest terminated, which happened almost immediately afterward.

The town was nearly demolished, and the castle re-

duced to its bare walls. In the midst of the firing a shell struck the powder magazine. A few minutes decided its fate. All who could get clear of the place took to their heels with wonderful celerity. Hassan and I crouched, as well as we were able, behind a wall. We heard the fusee hissing like a serpent ere it makes its deadly spring. At length the shock came—it was terrific! An explosion equal to that of a hundred pieces of ordnance, discharged at the same moment, made castle and town vibrate, as if under the shock of an earthquake. The rock on which we lay trembled to its foundation, and for a moment I believed that we were all involved in one general ruin. Though we escaped with life, we suffered much from the falling masses of stone, which inflicted several severe bruises.

A silence—a deathlike stillness of a moment's duration, succeeded the catastrophe; the enemy even ceased to fire, as if overcome by the fearful sublimity of the scene. We now issued from our place of refuge, and to our astonishment, scarcely a vestige of town or castle was standing.

“Such are the effects of ignorance and stupidity,” said Hassan, unconsciously aloud, as he gazed, with a feeling of stern emotion, on the smoking ruins. “Is it not provoking, possessed as we were of so numerous a fleet, to be reduced to such a woful extremity as this? But let the punishment fall where it is merited. The capoogee⁴ will soon find his victim.”

Saying this, he descended to the town, and entered the only room of a house uninjured by the enemy's shells. He called for a katib,⁵ but there was not one to be found. I offered my services; they were accepted, and I wrote, as he dictated, the despatch which announced to the Divan at Constantinople the destruction of the Turkish fleet, and the town and castle of Tchesmé. This task had been confided to him by the capitan pacha, who, confounded by the recent disasters, had retired to a house a short way off, where he intended to await the summons of his superiors. The moment I had concluded the writing, *a messenger* was despatched with it to Constantinople.

Nothing further requiring his stay at Tchesmé, Hassan intimated his intention of starting instantly for Smyrna, and of proceeding from thence to Stamboul. As to the caleondjis—without ships and destitute of money and provisions, they were left to gain a livelihood at discretion. They were soon induced to commit all kinds of excesses. Such is Turkish policy.

An idea occurred to me of offering my father's house to Hassan during his stay at Smyrna. Before he started, he summoned me to his presence, and inquired who and what I was. When I had told him, he said he knew my father, and would be his musaphir,⁶ while he remained at Smyrna. I offered to act in the capacity of his meh-mander⁷ there. He accepted my services, and some of his personal attendants, who had escaped from the Sultana, having procured horses, we proceeded on our journey; though we went at a very slow pace, on account of the pain occasioned by Hassan's wounds.

We reached Smyrna at nightfall. I could perceive that my father was somewhat astonished at the unlooked for visit, nevertheless he received Hassan with the distinction due to his rank. The latter complimented me on the spirit of humanity which I had manifested on seeing him so exhausted. Nor did he fail to commend my conduct during the attack on Tchesmé, in the warmest terms. My father heard his praises with unfeigned delight; for Greek though he was in heart, he nevertheless suffered no opportunity to escape in which he could gain the good-will of his Mohammedan neighbours. Though he saw and pitied, with the sensibility of a Greek, the persecutions inflicted on his countryman, he was too well versed in the practice of passive obedience to resist or question the authority of their oppressors. What he suffered from them he bore without repining, aware that opposition would only lead to greater oppression.

Hassan's stay with us was short. He left us the following day, though he remained at Smyrna some time, taking up his quarters at the customhouse. Just before he started, he made a proposal to my father to take me *with him to Constantinople*, where he prophesied some-

thing fortunate would attend me. He little thought then of the elevation which awaited himself, and of the glory which was about to mark his own career. To be near such a man amid the intrigues of a court, the bustle of a camp, and the tumult of a battle, was a pleasure my young heart ardently panted to realize.

I hated the generality of Turks—perhaps disliking them more from prejudice instilled into me by others, than from any natural antipathy. But Hassan, though a Turk, was a man whom I admired for his decision of character, and his undaunted bravery. Like Alexis, I could have followed him to death. There was nothing in his short and unprepossessing form to please the eye: but those who had seen him in battle, could never forget the fearless look, and calm demeanour, which characterized him amid such scenes.

Never did the votaries of Delphos await the oracles of the Pythia, with a greater degree of anxiety, than I awaited the answer of my father to the proposition of Hassan.

My ears devoured his words, and my eyes anxiously watched his looks, as he prepared to answer. He declined the offer for several considerations—my youth, inexperience, the temptations of a court, his old age, and finally the too great honour intended me. Hassan combated his objections, and again pressed my father to be allowed to take me with him. I could almost have embraced him. But my father's firm, though respectful reply, dashed all my expectations to the ground, and I quitted the room to hide my disappointment. Hassan was not the man to ask again, and he rose to depart.

I was standing in front of my father's house to see, and do honour to his departure, when I observed a Turk riding leisurely down the street. The nearer he approached, the more I became convinced that his features were familiar to me. I had scarcely time to call them to my recollection, when he stopped suddenly, and fixed his eyes intently on me. He alighted, and before I had time to recover from my surprise, I found myself *the grasp of Mustapha, the late Aga of Androussa.*

He called on two hamals^s who were passing, to seize and take me before the kadi. This summary mode of proceeding not altogether agreeing with my sense of right and wrong, I managed to trip up the heels of one of the fellows, and leaving my short jacket in the hands of the other, I ran into the court of my father's house; Mustapha and the porters, now joined by several others, roaring after me in pursuit.

At this moment Hassan and my father appeared on the threshold. Surprise at my changed appearance and flushed countenance held them silent for a moment; but the yells of the Turks coming up the court, afforded them a tolerable, though by no means satisfactory elucidation of the scene. My father comprehended the uproar in an instant, when I mentioned the Aga of Androussa as the principal personage among those approaching, and he briefly explained to Hassan the danger of my present situation. The latter desired us to retire, and then turned to face the intruders.

A very different scene from that which I had expected ensued. Followed by his myrmidons, breathing nothing but vengeance on the Yaoor, Mustapha approached the place where Hassan stood, sword in hand. Disdaining to notice any one but the object of his wrath, he was about to rush rudely past him, to wreak immediate vengeance on my head, when the latter grasped his arm, and arrested his career. The aga turned furiously upon the daring individual, but the placid and firm countenance of Hassan met his view—a countenance with which it seems he was not altogether unacquainted. The weapon dropped from his uplifted hand. He stood in an attitude of submission before his superior, and silently awaited his commands.

Never have I seen so sudden a transition from stormy passion to meek obsequiousness. A few words spoken in the ear of Mustapha by Hassan, acted like a talisman on his readily excited nature. A few words from him to the crowd simply explained to them that he had mistaken me for another person.

This was *not enough*, however, to satisfy men who

had once thirsted for the blood of an infidel, and they were on the point of manifesting their inclinations in a way not altogether agreeable, when Hassan commanded his attendants to select two or three of them for the operation of the bastinado, the terror of which speedily communicated a degree of velocity to their retreat that was truly surprising.

The court being clear, Hassan and the aga held a brief conference, and then separated, the latter mounting his horse, and galloping away with a very sensible increase of importance, and the former returning to the house to inform us that the disturbance had ceased. To explain the above, Hassan had been the means of procuring Mustapha an appointment which he had quitted previous to his becoming Aga of Androussa. Other services rendered him, and promises of future notice, will sufficiently account for the sudden manifestation of his forbearance.

“However,” continued Hassan, addressing my father, “let me advise you, in case all men should not prove so placable as Mustapha, to send the youth away for a time till this affair is blown over. If he wants a friend remember me.”

Before my deliverer quitted the house, my father, in an excess of gratitude, presented him with a large diamond ring, valued at a good round sum. He refused it on account of the present being too considerable: but the importunities of Morozi at length overcame his repugnance, and he received it. Notwithstanding this show of modesty, I could perceive that something *was* expected; for Hassan was as much alive to the power and conveniency of a present, as he was to the merits of a brave man.

He departed, and I saw nothing of Hassan for some years. Would I had been permitted to follow his bright destiny, but mine was already marked out in foreign lands.

CHAPTER XV.

AN attack was now dreaded by the Smyrniotes. A deputation, with a flag of truce being immediately despatched to Count Orloff at that time besieging Lemnos, he returned an evasive answer, that it was unheard of in war to let an enemy know what might, or might not, be within the intended line of operations. No attack, however, was meditated, and the inhabitants were quieted. But the Greeks had to dread something more formidable than an assault from a generous enemy.

The fatal result of the battle of Tchesmé threw all ranks into consternation, especially the Greek population. Symptoms of revenge were daily becoming more apparent among the Turks. The knowledge that their defeat was brought about by our avowed allies, inflamed their ungovernable tempers: and the arrival of the discarded caleondjis excited these feelings to a pitch of phrensy. Suddenly, one morning, a tremendous shout of execration was heard, as if all the demons of the lower regions had been let loose upon mankind. Incited by the example of Ibrahim Aga, the cruel and fanatical commissioner of customs, whose myrmidons had butchered all the Greeks who had any kind of employment about the customhouse, down poured a multitude of Turks, like a deluge upon the Greek quarter. The terrified victims ran shrieking from house to house, from street to street, and from terrace to terrace, pursued by their insatiable foes. Vain were their efforts to escape. The spirit of vengeance raged like a volcano in the bosom of the Moslemin, and it found vent only in the blood of the unresisting and terrified fugitives.

Those who, by the sacrifice of their wealth, could procure a sort of immunity from this murderous outrage

fortified themselves within their houses; a guard of a couple of janizaries, in the service of the Pacha of Smyrna, being a sufficient protection from the ungovernable violence of the multitude.

My father was intimate with the pacha; but intimacies of this kind seldom extended beyond the observance of certain unmeaning formalities. His applications for protection were unattended to, till the more substantial offering of a considerable present was made. A guard of four janizaries was then sent to us. Before they arrived, however, we were doomed to experience a portion of the horrors inflicted on our less fortunate countrymen.

At the commencement of the massacre we despatched a domestic to the pacha for assistance. Though disguised in a Turkish dress, he was recognised on his return by some one who chanced to know him, and was instantly pursued to our house by the populace. They were so close upon his heels, that two of them rushed through the gate of the court with him as he entered. Fortunately for us, the man who opened it had the presence of mind to close it again immediately. The porter who guarded the house door saw the Turks coming up the court, and hesitated at first to give them admittance; but unwilling to see his fellow-servant butchered before his face (for they had despatched the man at the gate) he unclosed it, and they all three entered.

My father and I were seated together in a room at the back of the house, when the porter rushed in, and informed us of the outrage. Screams and lamentations followed the announcement, and several of our domestics poured into the apartment, as if pursued by a host of Turks. I seized a brace of pistols, and my father also armed himself, but cautioned me not to fire—only to intimidate. The door of the room opened into a large hall, supported by pillars. I stepped forward, and saw three of our domestics lying massacred on the pavement. The sight roused all my resentment. It was degrading to see a dozen men flying, like scared sparrows, before a couple of Turks..

Another agonizing cry announced the entrance of the Turks into our apartment. The attendants retreated into a corner. My father and I stood our ground in the centre to receive them. They rushed in, streaming with gore, their eyes flashing fire, and their voices eagerly calling aloud for blood. Morozi demanded the meaning of their intrusion: they did not seem to comprehend such language—if they did they only replied to it with furious gestures. I held a pistol in each hand, and threatened them with death if they advanced a step farther. They flew upon us like tigers, insensible to our threats. We fired: one of them fell dead on the spot, and the other dropped on the floor mortally wounded. He also died in a few minutes.

The deed over, our domestics breathed more freely: but they gazed upon each other like men who looked their last of this world. Such an event seemed to fill them with as much terror as the first appearance of the Turks had done. They did not even attempt to approach the still warm bodies, as if in death they retained a portion of their accustomed ferocity, and power to inflict injury.

A long pause ensued, during which each man gazed with speechless horror on the inanimate bodies of the Turks.

“Evil will come of this,” at length said Morozi; “they merited their fate, but I fear we have acted with too much precipitation. What is to be done?”

“Dispose of the bodies in the best way we can,” I replied.

“It will out—it will out,” interrupted my father; “they were seen by others to enter these premises, and their death will naturally be laid to our charge. It is an ugly affair.”

The arrival of the janizaries, sent by the pacha, put an end to our deliberations. We wished them anywhere else at this moment, though their presence was so necessary to our security. My father quitted the room to receive them, accompanied by the greater part of his

household. He requested them to take up their quarters in a building on one side of the court, with which they complied.

The massacre was still carried on with relentless perseverance. We saw it not ; but the screams and lamentations of the poor victims of Mohammedan prejudice were heard far and near in the Greek quarter, the whole of that fatal day. As night came on, the slaughter subsided, and silence, disturbed occasionally by the mournful wailings of the living over the dead, once more reigned around. It was midnight when four of our domestics, bearing on their shoulders the bodies of the Turks, issued forth at the rear of the house. Having carried them a short distance, through a back street, where they espied a heap of slaughtered Greeks, they flung them down among them, and returned unseen to my father's house. This unpleasant business over, we became more composed, though each of us entertained our secret fears that evil would be the issue of it.

It is needless to detail further the events of this massacre. It lasted several days, and hundreds of Greeks were sacrificed to appease the bloodthirsty appetites of the Turks. At length a stop was put to this wanton destruction of human life. A powerful aga. of Anadoly,¹ Kara Osman Ogloo, suddenly made his appearance in the city, at the head of three thousand of his vassals. The streets were scoured, some severe examples made of the most turbulent, and tranquillity was soon restored. This was but a trifling satisfaction to those who had lost family and friends ; but as usual, redress was out of the question.

Recent events rendered it necessary that I should quit Smyrna for a time, till the ferment, which at present existed in men's minds, should be allayed. Had not the massacre taken place I should have gone before. My father urged my departure, and I must confess I was not sorry for a change. A Greek vessel was lying in the bay, ready to sail for Egypt. I went on board without delay, accompanied by my father, and engaged a passage.

The ship got under weigh in the evening. We parted with tears of unfeigned sorrow, in the hope that our next meeting would be more prosperous. The sails were spread to the wind, as my parent quitted the deck, and I was soon far away from the city of Ismir.

The only regret I experienced on this occasion, was leaving my father behind : but as it was for a short period, I felt the separation less acutely. My spirits were not subject to deep depression—sorrow sat lightly on my heart. Young and ardent, I panted after variety, and was pleased with the opportunity of beholding a strange country. My desire had long been to visit various nations, to become acquainted with their languages and manners, to view them, unaided and uninfluenced by the habits and crimes of other nations—glorious in the practice of their own virtues, or sinking in the depths of their own corruption. My ardent wishes were now about to be accomplished by my voyage to Egypt.

We stopped two days at Rhodes, from whence we stretched over to the coast of Africa. A violent storm overtook us, and, to the terror of all on board, not a glimpse of land was to be seen. The captain and crew immediately began to shout and create a vast bustle on board, doing very little, however, to ease the vessel. They produced their charts, and commenced an examination of the vast extent of the Mediterranean, endeavouring to ascertain in what latitude they were driving. Each man hazarded an opinion, but no one proved to be right—all was conjecture. The captain was even puzzled by one of his men, who argued, to the satisfaction of every one else, some technical point in navigation, which my ignorance failed to comprehend. After a world of words on the subject, they left off where they began, the latitude and longitude of the Mediterranean being as little understood by them as that of the unknown world.

In this extremity they took to counting their beads, and smoking their pipes. The name of Panagia was frequently uttered, and with every fresh pitch of the vessel some additional offering was vowed to her in real sincerity of heart, but I doubt if the payment was ever

made. The captain became resigned, thinking that the last day was at hand, and he calmly sat on the deck smoking his arghuileh, as though he was enjoying that luxury on a sofa at Smyrna.

The storm had lasted several hours, when the clouds broke and dispersed ; the blue sky again made its appearance, and the sun once more shone out in all its enlivening influence. The dangers of the morning were soon forgotten, and the captain and his crew, before they ever thought of setting a sail, joined each other in dancing the Romeika round the capstan !

The land of Egypt at length broke upon our view, and we entered the Nile by Raschid.² On the third day after leaving this place, we came in sight of Cairo, and ran into a small port near Bulak,³ where we anchored. I landed, and hired two donkeys, one for myself and the other for my luggage, to go to the city. I passed over a sandy plain, and was almost choked with dust. By the direction of my guide, I was conducted to a handsome okkal⁴ near the Kalidj.⁵

The first person to whose house I directed my steps was that of the merchant Mothonios, an old friend of my father's. He received me very kindly, and invited me to remain with him, but I preferred the independence of an inn. After quitting him, I proceeded to take a stroll through the city. I had heard and read much of the glories of Mesr—the popular tales respecting which and Stamboul, had long haunted my imagination, and made me anxious to see them. But the reality fell far—very far short of the picture which I had formed in my own mind. I shall not attempt to point out the many inflated and exaggerated accounts of this once glorious city—it may have once been great and magnificent, as its antiquities incontestably prove—but travellers are sad dreamers ; and when once they begin talking about Eastern manners and customs, they seem to be labouring under the delusions of the opium-eater.

At the period of my arrival, Cairo presented the appearance of a vast camp. The streets were literally *crammed with the troops of Aly Bey*, the self-constituted

pacha and scheick-el-belled,⁶ who had thrown off his allegiance to the sultan, and taking advantage of the dissensions at home, and the protracted war with Russia, had formed an alliance with the latter, and established himself in complete power. The elevation of this bey, who, for some years, defied the attempts of the Porte to displace him, was extraordinary ; and, as it is materially connected with events which will be detailed hereafter, it will be unnecessary to notice it at present.

As soon as Aly Bey became Scheick-el-belled, he took measures to render his power lasting. Not satisfied with increasing his Mamlouks to the number of six thousand, he also maintained an army of Mawgarbees,⁷ and created sixteen beys. The chief of these were Mohammed, surnamed Aboodahab, or The Father of Gold ; Ismael, Ibrahim, Murad, Hassan, and Tentaoui. The first was a native of Tcherkassia. Aly Bey had purchased him of a Jew, and manifested the affection of a parent towards him. He was speedily promoted to the highest offices in the state, and loaded with favours and wealth to such a degree, that he was surnamed, The Father of Gold. Aly, still desirous of giving a further proof of his affection for Mohammed, and of attaching him by still stronger ties, presented him his sister Yahûd in marriage, whom he had purposely sent for, together with his father Dahoud, and his nephew Ayoub, from Anadoly. He was, however, only heaping benefits on a traitor, who secretly conspired to ruin his benefactor. But of this hereafter.

Unfortunate in the selection of those favourites whom he drew around his person, Aly Bey entertained a strong affection for Mallem⁸ Reiske, a Coobd⁹ by birth, and had made him his secretary and receiver of the revenue. This man, by his hypocrisy, had so thoroughly gained his master's confidence, that no favour, no promotion, was to be gained but through his means. This induced the beys to pay their court to him, which puffed up his pride to such a degree that when any of them went to visit him, he never rose from his seat but received them as his inferiors. No one was so much offended with the haughtiness of Reiske as Aboodahab, who was equally

proud, jealous, and vindictive, and stung to the quick at finding a rival in his master's favour, he represented to his patron the behaviour of this arrogant minister. Aly answered him warmly that the beys were his slaves, but that Reiske was his servant. This reply irritated Ahoodahab, and he resolved to avenge himself both on the unfortunate minister and his patron; but determined to conceal his hatred under the cloak of amity, till a fit opportunity should present itself.

The elevation of Aly Bey was the more extraordinary, since he was indebted for it to his own daring spirit and consummate ability. I saw him in his glory—I beheld his fall, and was present at his death, which was the more speedy and calamitous, because effected by the treachery of those who owed everything to his generosity, and should have supported him in his decline. But these events belong to other pages, and will be noticed hereafter.

I felt much disappointed with the appearance of Cairo; nevertheless, there was much to amuse, and to excite the admiration of the stranger. At Smyrna I had seen many and various nations, and more than I had even dreamed of while residing at Androussa. But at Cairo all the nations of the earth appeared to be gathered together. Here you might compare the heavy-slippered tread of the haughty Turk with the light and bounding step of the Greek, the rosy Georgian with the swarthy Nubian, the hideous negro of Darfur with the fair Tcherkassian, the crouching Israelite with the toad-headed Coobd. Here you might behold the fierce and cunning Mawgarbees, in their white cloaks, with the Tartar calpak, the slim Nubian, the ebony forms of Abyssinia, fierce beys, and still fiercer and splendidly armed Mamlouks, and last, the meanly clad and despised Frank. Here they were mingled together, brought hither one day by the tide of commerce and adventure, and the next borne to the remotest regions of the globe, impressing the beholder's imagination with the wild, variable, and distinct relations of their several countries.

Upon one occasion I went to see the immense assem

blage of pilgrims which annually start from the Birket-el-Hadj¹⁰ on their journey to the tomb of the Prophet at Mekka. Hundreds and thousands of tents, surmounted with flags and banners, filled up the immense space, amid which the pavilion of the Emir Hadj¹¹ rose conspicuous above all. At night, all kinds of noise and tumult prevailed to excess.

The ghazies,¹² the awali,¹³ the dervishes, the jugglers, and the snake charmers, all claimed the notice of the multitude; while the everlasting, and somewhat obscene language and gestures of Karagooze,¹⁴ more than divided their attention.

During this brief season of festivity, the Turkish ladies very frequently indulge themselves, after a long confinement and abstinence from all pleasure, with a little dissipation in private. Numberless are the intrigues which are carried on; but such adventures too frequently carry their punishment along with them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is a public walk in the suburbs of Cairo at a place called Karafa, near which stands a cemetery. Every Friday the Turkish women resort here, under pretence of visiting the tombs of their relatives, but oftener for the prosecution of some intrigue. The place being an agreeable lounge for those who had nothing to do, I daily passed several hours there, sometimes in the society of others, but generally alone.

One evening I had taken my station as usual, and was contemplating the crowd passing before me, and the various parties seated on their carpets on the ground enjoying the luxury of coffee and tchibooques, when I observed a woman standing at a little distance gazing intently at me. She seemed desirous to speak. Her scrutiny at length attracted my notice, and aroused

curiosity. I rose from my seat, and walked to a retired spot: she followed, and came up with me as I entered a grove of trees.

"I have waited for you long," she said, when we were concealed from view.

"What might you require of me?" I demanded in return.

She drew a flower from underneath her *feridgee*, and presented it to me.

"Know you what this means?"

"'Tis an almond flower," I cried, "and may be interpreted various ways."

"There is but one meaning," she observed, smiling, "between the giver and the receiver. It means '*koyalum bir yasteg a bach.*'"¹

"And who," I inquired, my heart almost leaping into my mouth on hearing this—"who is the giver of this expressive token?"

"She is the daughter of one of the richest Turks in this city—the merchant *Djelayni*, and the widow of another who was equally wealthy during his life. He was an old man, and died about nine months ago—a pilgrimage to the tomb of our Holy Prophet, proving too great an exertion for his exhausted frame. She has seen you in the public walk, only to admire and love you. You dwell in her thoughts, and are her constant theme by day and night. '*Mail oldum,*'² she is ever exclaiming in sorrowful tones, 'I am sick, and there is no relief for my soul.' She traverses her apartments with hurried steps, invoking you, and repeating, '*Derdunden oldum beigoud;*'³ 'My bosom longs after him: my soul is dissolved in grief and despair.'"

On hearing these expressive traits of sensibility, I deemed it incumbent on me to veil my countenance with a corresponding degree of sympathy; but finding myself unequal to the task, I changed the subject by asking if the lady was beautiful.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman with animation, "she is *pek guzell*—*pek guzell*!"⁴

"But is it possible," I said, after a pause, while my bo-

some beat with rapturous emotion, "that the lady can be so affected on my account—does she feel all this for me? You only jest—come now, speak truth."

"If you doubt my words," she replied, "it were better you had at once made up your mind, and told me of your disinclination to this. Have I exposed the first lady in Mesr for nothing?" she continued, anger flashing in her eyes—have I betrayed her to be made the sport and folly of a mascara?"⁵

"Your passion blinds your reason," I said, when she had finished; "I did not question the fervency of the lady's affection, but only doubted that I could be an object worthy of so much regard. Tell me what I am to do, and I will follow your instructions."

This somewhat pacified the old woman, and she proceeded to inform me, that if I would meet her at a certain hour at night on the Kantaret of Emir Hossein,⁶ I should then become better acquainted with her, provided I was anxious to know anything further of one who was so deeply interested in my welfare.

Upon this we separated, and I returned to my lodging to meditate upon what I had heard. What the issue of the adventure might be, I did not trouble myself to inquire; it was sufficient for me that it promised well. All the mystery which attended it only determined me to prosecute it with greater ardour. One thing satisfied me—there was no husband in the case: but then the affair might come to the knowledge of her powerful relations, which might be attended with consequences equally dangerous, and I should fare equally the same. I scarcely gave this a thought, however, my mind being too much absorbed in contemplating the scene that awaited me.

At night I was punctual to my appointment on the kantaret, where I encountered my companion of the evening. Having recognised each other, she merely said, "Follow me." I obeyed, and we walked down a street leading towards the river. Proceeding at a quick pace in a short time we reached a large house standing on the bank. Entering by a door at the back, we

crossed a court, passed through an outbuilding and so into the house. We then mounted a narrow staircase, and after passing through several inferior rooms, entered those appropriated to the use of the females.

Here the old woman desired me to remain in a small room, while she went to prepare the lady for my reception. In a very few minutes my suspense was soon put an end to by a summons to enter her apartment.

I did so, and was dazzled by all I saw. The furniture was splendid. The floor was covered with superb carpets. The walls were hung with blue satin, velvet, and damask, ornamented on the edge, and superbly embroidered in the centre with gold lace. French clocks having various antique devices, large looking-glasses, cushions, and sofas of gaudy manufacture, vases filled with flowers, and numerous ornaments of gold, silver, ivory, and china, were ranged around in dazzling profusion. Rich essences arose from each corner of the apartment, spreading a fragrant perfume around.

I could have observed much more at another time, but the object of living attraction, seated near a window at the farther end of the room, diverted my attention from such things. A pair of sparkling black eyes was all I could distinguish of her face, as her person was shrouded from head to foot, defying any attempt to ascertain its beauty or symmetry. On this point all was conjecture.

She motioned me to advance, which I did with all imaginable respect, and at her bidding seated myself on a corner of the sofa on which she sat. She opened the conversation with some commonplace observations, to which I replied by a few tender compliments, equally commonplace. At length, when, by the disclosure of a few of her secrets, and the candid expression of those tender feelings which lay next her heart, I found that any further reserve was unnecessary, I began to pour out my love and admiration of her person, in a manner which seemed to convince her of the sincerity of my protestations of unchangeable affection. She rewarded my declarations of attachment

with similar expressions of ardent devotion, and her veil falling as if by accident, to my impatient eyes was exhibited a face of the most dazzling beauty.

I was struck with amazement, and gazed upon her with the most perfect rapture. She fixed her large dark eyes upon me, anxiously scrutinizing my countenance, and evidently gratified by the expression of eager delight which her beauty had awakened. Sighs, and glances of tender and unspeakable delight, passed between us. Words could not have conveyed our sensations—such would have only destroyed the illusion which hung over us, and rendered us insensible to everything but the gratification of our mutual transports.

“My heart,” she said, after a pause, “has pined after you in secret, but it has at length found a remedy for its torment. Since the death of my husband, I have had many admirers, but all of them are influenced by interested motives. Among those most urgent in their suit is Raooshouan Bey, nephew of Aly, and one of the sixteen lately created by him—but neither his rank, nor his power, can alter my determination, or affect my heart. I saw you—I loved you—and the frequency of my visits to the public walk at Karafa, only increased the fever which seized upon my soul, and dried up the current of life. My rest was broken, my peace destroyed, my existence a blank, till I became acquainted with you. I am now happy. It only remains for me to say, that if no inevitable accident interposes to defer it, our marriage may take place as soon as possible.”

During this unexpected address, my heart wavered alternately between hope and anxiety. I was not more surprised than chagrined at its conclusion, and I could not help showing my disappointment in my countenance, in a manner which sufficiently bespoke the depth and acuteness of my feelings.

“Marriage !” I replied many times to myself ; “are all my fairy dreams to end in marriage ? are the sighs and incense, which I have just offered at the shrine of

this divinity, to be considered only as the customary homage of the lover, previous to the marriage ceremony? Surely my credulity and vanity must have been excessive, to have thus blinded me to the meaning of this impatient fair one."

Such, and many more thoughts of a like kind, passed through my mind in quick succession, and gave an expression to my countenance not to be misunderstood. Eminé perceived, and felt it. I sat upon the sofa, stupidly gazing at her with my mouth open, unable to give utterance to the thoughts which crowded upon me, till I was roused from my apathy by the sound of her voice.

"How is this?" she demanded, somewhat haughtily, her face becoming alternately of a pallid and crimson hue; "have I not spoken right?"

I had now recovered myself, and endeavoured to remove the unpleasant feeling, which my equivocal manner had excited, by saying, that the honour she intended to confer upon me was so great and unexpected, that I could not credit the reality of the felicity in store for me.

"For what purpose," she again said, with increased coldness of manner, "did you imagine that you were brought hither?"

This was a puzzling question, and the confusion which I manifested, together with my hesitation in replying, brought into collision all the fiery elements of her nature. Her smiles were instantly changed into frowns. After a pause, she said, "I can well understand your motives, but I possess spirit enough to scorn them."

I was confounded, and attempted to say something to appease this sudden ebullition of wrath, but she prevented me.

"Go!" she said, rising hastily, her eyes flashing fire, and her lovely face reddening with gleams of passion; "rouh anni ia kelb! you are unworthy of my love—henceforth dread my vengeance."

At this unexpected command, I rose involuntarily to depart. Resentment caused my blood to leap with a

quicker impulse, and I returned the indignant glances which shot quick and vivid, from underneath the long fringes of her dark eyelids. My lips were sealed, as if by some talismanic power, though my bosom longed to unburden itself in words, but my tongue seemed paralyzed.

I had got halfway across the room, when, after a severe struggle between her pride and affection, she called after me and said, "Stay." I turned round, but remained silent and fixed to the spot. She stood pale and trembling, and almost sinking with the mingled emotions of pride, vexation, and disappointed love. Such was the violence of her feelings, that I expected every minute to see her fall upon the floor, but by a strong effort she recovered herself, and motioned me to approach.

"I have felt for you," she continued, in as calm a tone as she could assume, "what perhaps woman never before felt for man. I have endured pangs which rendered my existence a burden. The torments of Leilah and Madjnoun were trifling to those I experienced. They were occasioned by you: and yet you reject—reject! (Allah! that I should live to know it!) you condemn and despise my alliance. I am not used to ask; my wants and desires have ever been anticipated. I have never entreated—and by our Holy Prophet! I will not live to endure the scorn and reproach of man. You know me not, or you would have hesitated ere you dared to trifle with my affections. I can love, but I can hate, and be revenged on the object of that love. Thus then I caution you—if at the expiration of our blessed Rhamadan, your heart is still unchanged, though my own death should follow the execution of my commands, you die. Go—man without faith and feeling—leave me."

She sank on the sofa, overpowered by the violence of her feelings, and hastily enveloped her face in her veil to conceal the tears which began to flow plentifully down her cheeks. I turned away, as she waved her hand for me to go, and quitted the house with hasty steps—my heart angered, perplexed, and saddened by the unexpected issue of this adventure.

My reflections were not the most agreeable when I saw the outside of the house. A pretty termination, thought I, to the delights which I had pictured to myself. Marriage too! It might suit the needy adventurer—but I must love—deeply love, ere I unite myself to woman. In the light of an intrigue, I should have revelled in the excitement of its fears, its jealousies, and its mysteries: but one little word dashed all my hopes of enjoyment to the ground, completely turned the current of my feelings, and made even the perfections of the fair Eminé appear less dazzling and lose their witchery.

“Be it so,” I said, half aloud, “there are plenty of women besides in the world, and I shall not despair. I will teach this proud beauty a lesson, and show her that I defy her vengeance as I scorn her favours. It yet wants four days to the termination of the Rhamadan; and I trust, through the blessing of Panagia, to be far on my way to Smyrna ere that period arrives. It shall be so.”

With this determination I was about to enter the okkal, when I suddenly found myself confronted by three men, one of whom very civilly but decidedly informed me that I need not trouble myself to proceed farther in the direction I was taking, my presence being required in another quarter. I was immediately surrounded, and found half a dozen pistols presented at my bosom.

“You are mistaken,” I said, addressing him who had spoken; “let me pass on.”

“If you attempt it, you die,” said the fellow, coolly cocking one of his pistols; “it were better for you to obey quietly.”

“But who and what,” I cried, endeavouring to gain time, “is the cause of my detention?”

“That you shall know hereafter: be satisfied that no injury is intended you if you go peaceably; if you resist, you may chance to repent it.”

I essayed bribery, threats, and entreaties, by turns—but in vain: my captors were inexorable. They were as firm as rocks in their determination, and I was compelled at length to go with them. Conjecture as to their motives was lost in doubt and uncertainty. I

imagined a hundred things, each successive one more horrible than the preceding. The only person, however, whom I could tax with such a proceeding was the Turkish widow. I did not doubt for a moment that she would execute what she had threatened, and but for the ready assurances of my conductors that no injury was intended me, I should have set her down as the author of this outrage.

They took their way to the river side : here a kandghea^s was waiting for us. We stepped into it, and were carried rapidly down the stream. We landed at Bulak, and I was taken to an okkal near the port. Here I passed the night in a small room : a loophole near the roof afforded me light. My confinement, as near as I could guess, lasted two days. All entreaty for my liberation was vain. I was desired to remain quiet, and I should suffer no injury. Under this promise, I submitted to my destiny.

As the night of the second day came on, I partook of a meal, during which I swallowed two large measures of wine which were brought to me. After this I recollect nothing distinctly. I gradually fell into a deep slumber, which lasted, as I was afterward informed, two days. When I awoke, I found myself in a small room about six feet square ; a dimly lighted lamp hung from a beam across the roof. Certain sounds overhead, footsteps and voices, a swaying from one side to the other of the apartment I occupied, the rippling of water as it appeared close to me, soon convinced me that I was on board of some vessel.

I lay for a while pondering on the strange adventure which had befallen me, when the gnawing sensation of hunger came upon me, and I exerted my voice to a pitch which soon brought some one to my cabin. Food and drink were brought me in abundance, which I eagerly devoured, and, as in the former case, a similar result took place. A gentle repose stolé over me, and I slept unconsciously for two more days.

When I awoke from these unnatural slumbers, I perceived that I was in a different room, still on board some

vessel, much lighter, and my cabin furnished with a little more regard to comfort than that I had formerly occupied. To my surprise, I saw all my luggage lying in a corner. I was soon visited by the captain, who inquired in a kind manner how I was, and asked me if I would come upon deck. I rose from a mat, on which I had been lying, rather stiff from want of exercise. At length I mounted the ladder, which conducted me to the open air, and, to my amazement, perceived that I was at sea. Not a glimpse of land was visible, whichever way I turned my eyes.

"How is this?" I demanded of the captain, who was a Greek: "a few hours ago I was at Cairo."

"It is five days," he said, "since you left that city."

"Five days!" I repeated in astonishment, "why it was but last night that I was in the custody of some men, who confined me in a house at Bulak."

"You were brought to my vessel," rejoined the captain, "which lay at anchor at Raschid, from another which had come from Cairo, by three seratches⁹ of Raooshouan Bey."

"What!" I exclaimed, a multitude of ideas rushing on my mind, "was I brought here by the seratches of Raooshouan Bey?"

"You were," replied the captain; "for one of my men happened to know them."

"Had the chief of them a scar on his left cheek?"

"He had. When you were brought on board, wrapped up in a cloak fast asleep, he said you were an invalid—that you had been in the service of the bey, but ill health rendered your immediate return to Smyrna a matter of necessity. It was not for me to question what such men said. They remained on board till the vessel sailed, and then quitted it, having paid me for your passage, and requested me to be careful that I landed you at Smyrna. This is all I know of you, or those who brought you on board. You have been asleep for the last two days, which, I must confess, rather surprised me, but I set it down to the nature of your disorder."

"Disorder!" I cried, in tones of rage and vexation,

"I am as well as you are; I was forcibly dragged from Cairo, by the seratches of Raooshouan Bey. I am not here with my own consent."

"I guessed something of the kind," said the captain; "but you will readily perceive that I dared not disobey such men."

"I see through it all—I see through it all," I muttered to myself, "they drugged the wine which I drank, and thus I have been tricked." The motives which influenced Raooshouan Bey to dispose of me in such an unceremonious manner were now apparent. I recollected Eminé having named him as one of the most ardent of her admirers. To be known, or even suspected, as the rival of such a man, was enough to ensure my destruction. And I must confess, when, by the explanation of the captain, the whole affair flashed on my mind, I was surprised at the forbearance with which I had been treated by the bey. Other men with similar means would have been satisfied only with my blood.

My forcible departure had one beneficial effect, that of freeing me from the importunities of the widow, and shielding me from her vengeance. I felt no regret on this head, such a union being far from my thoughts.

I pass over the details of the voyage as uninteresting. The vessel made a quick passage, and I once more saw Smyrna rising from the bosom of the blue waves. My father was rather surprised and angered at my sudden return, but on my explaining to him the circumstances which occasioned it, he dismissed all hostile feelings from his mind, and expressed his gratification at my safe arrival. Thus I was once more established at Smyrna.

CHAPTER XVII.

AND now behold me once more in busy Ismir, oftentimes seated in my father's countinghouse, but more frequently passing my time in the company of a gay little

Frenchman, who, in consideration of a few kind offices which I had rendered him, undertook to perfect me in the language of his nation. I studied with perseverance; and my vivacious tutor took such pains to instruct me, that I soon became sufficiently well versed in French to comprehend others, and to make myself understood. With the Turkish language I was almost as familiar as with my own.

An idea now entered my head of studying German and Italian: I sought out instructors, and actually commenced, resolving, when all other things failed me, to qualify myself for the office of *terguiman*.¹ Why not? Men, with less abilities than myself, had succeeded in the office, and become eminent and wealthy; but circumstances soon occurred to change my plans, and I abandoned the study of languages to more congenial dispositions.

Though my time at Smyrna passed pleasantly enough, I nevertheless experienced a dissatisfaction when I looked back upon the freedom in which I had been accustomed to live. I was never easy in mind; being harassed by a perpetual restlessness, which clung to and oppressed my buoyant spirit, and I often hurried a few miles into the country to dissipate the feeling of loneliness which came over me.

“Signor Constantine,” said Nicolaidi, an old domestic of my father’s, one day to me—he had been with his master nearly thirty years, and long service had given him a freedom of speech—“Signor Constantine, you seem uneasy: you are seldom at home: and I have observed that the fragrant groves of Sidikeui possess far greater attractions than the busy scenes of Ismir. Whence is it that you, whose prospects thousands might envy, are so slow to improve your condition in life, and to follow the wise counsel of your elders?”

“Nicolaidi,” I replied, “the plant that has always flourished in a tropic soil, would perish in a colder clime; the wild flower, which luxuriates on the mountain side, would but ill repay the tender care of

the cultivator. How, then, can you expect the spirit of man—that spirit which wild adventure, and a life of freedom, have rendered doubly independent—to confine itself to the ordinary round of life's dullest avocations?"

"Ah, signor," said the venerable domestic, with a prolonged shake of the head, "take the advice of an old man, who has seen and observed much, but says little. Your path through life will be either one of happiness or of sorrow. It is yet within your power to pluck the flowers or the briers. A brief delay might destroy your most ardent hopes. Seize the present moment, then—discard not the author of your being. I have observed—"

"Nicolaidi," I said, interrupting him, "your zeal exceeds your prudence."

"Well, well," he cried, abruptly, "think of what I have said; the time may come when you shall wish you had followed it."

Saying this, the old man turned away; and I took a stroll through the town, to endeavour to drive from my mind the obscure meaning of his words.

I had often thought that my stay in Smyrna would not be of long duration: so it turned out. My father's anxiety on my account increased daily. The war between the Russians and Turks was still carried on both by sea and by land, with unabated spirit. While this struggle lasted, the Greeks were doomed to suffer, either in purse or in person, for some misdemeanour alleged to have been committed—how truly it mattered not; the supposition of crime being quite sufficient to convict them in the eyes of bigoted and avaricious judges. A hint had been thrown out, during my absence, by some one in the hearing of our domestics, respecting the death of the two Turks who had entered our house at the time of the massacre. This state of things preyed upon my father's mind, and determined him to send me to Constantinople.

One night when we were together, and about to retire to rest, he addressed me in the following manner:

“You may have perceived how little the life of man is valued in this city. This has determined me to send you to Constantinople. I have much reason to fear there is great danger in your remaining here. I am therefore desirous of sending you to a place where I shall be satisfied of your safety. It is now some years since I formed a connection with Signor Ronaldi, an Italian merchant, at that time living here. Before he quitted this place for Constantinople, we entered into a partnership, which has been continued until very lately. A few days ago I received intelligence of his death. It was my intention to appoint an agent to wind up the accounts; but as the business is simple, and merely requires your presence to complete it, I shall confide it to you. The voyage will not only take you from a danger which threatens you, and is a continual source of anxiety to me, but you will have an opportunity of seeing a place little known to you. A vessel will sail next week, by which time everything will be ready for your departure. What say you, my son?”

I rose from my seat, and respectfully advancing towards my father, kissed his hands, and replied that I should be delighted in fulfilling his wishes. He embraced me affectionately, and we separated for the night.

I longed for the moment of my departure: a week seemed an age to me. Never, perhaps, did lover pant with more ardour to behold his mistress unveil, than I looked for the arrival of the day on which my voyage was to commence.

“Constantinople!” I exclaimed: the very thought was delirium. Often in the dreams of my youth had I heard of the wonders of that vast city, and its more wonderful inhabitants; and had long sighed to have a peep at the reality. My most ardent wishes were now about to be realized.

The day of my departure was beheld with sorrow by many: but the reflection in after life, when the despised apostate whom prosperity had ruined, adversity sickened, insolence hardened, crime maddened, and adventure made reckless, came to the home which he had

been taught to call the home of his fathers, but without a roof to cover his head, and deserted by all—the reflection, I say, in after life, was as bitter to my soul as the water of the Dead Sea.

In a week I went on board a Greek vessel bound for Constantinople, freighted with merchandise, and crammed with passengers. A young Turk, Selim by name, with whom I had formed an intimacy, was proceeding to the Porte on a mission from his master, the Pacha of Ismir. Selim was a youth of spirit, letting slip no opportunity of displaying it. He had ample scope for this during the voyage.

The master of the vessel was a Greek ; one of those time-serving knaves who endeavour to bluster through a quarrel, but on finding the experiment of no avail, lower their notes to an equal display of abject servility. When Selim and I went on board, we were received by the master with profound respect and attention. Selim had taken care to notify beforehand that he was bound on an especial mission to the Porte. I was pleased by the adulation of the crew and passengers, though I received it with the air of one too much accustomed to such incense to think it worthy of notice.

Without deigning to look upon the abject beings before us, we proceeded to the after part of the deck, the cabins being close and disagreeable. Selim's attendants produced two amber-tipped tchibooques, and in the visions engendered by the fumes of the fragrant weed, we endeavoured to forget the world, its cares, and its anxieties.

The captain had promised that the vessel should sail early in the morning, but when we came on board in the middle of the day, there was no sign of starting. Selim's wrath was rising apace, but it seemed to gain vent with every fresh whiff of his pipe. He managed to restrain himself for the space of an hour, then his anger exploded in no very measured terms. He summoned the captain, who came crouching like a hound.

"Anasseny sikdam!" he exclaimed, prefacing his speech with a few prophetic whiffs from his pipe.

"ghorumsak!" Is it thus thou treatest a true believer? By the Prophet's beard! if thou dost not clear the bay before sunset, I will not only have thy ears nailed to yonder mast, as a reward for thy deceit, but thou shalt not have a single para of the passage money."

This explosion of rage communicated a degree of activity to the movements of the crew in getting the vessel under weigh, which convinced me of the importance attached to a little authority. We were soon off, though the captain kept looking back in evident anxiety, and muttering between his teeth that he had lost two passengers by the haste which he had made. In a few minutes his fears were removed, for a boat was seen hastening from the shore, following in our track, and soon reached the vessel.

A Greek of mean appearance clambered up the side, and came on deck. I knew him by sight; he was a seraff,⁴ at least ostensibly so: but dark rumours were abroad that his wealth had been acquired by deeds of a very equivocal character. Except the Papas Mousaki, I never saw a countenance which veiled, under a specious humility and affectation of sanctity, a more depraved and malignant heart.

"Pray, friend," demanded Selim of the captain, "is this the person who is to share a portion of my cabin?" The captain replied in the affirmative.

"Very well," observed Selim, with a significant tone which made the captain turn round and look at him. "But in the name of Allah!" he inquired again, "how many more passengers do you mean to take on board?"

"Only one," replied the Greek, in a voice of entreaty.

"Here he is, then," cried Selim, pointing to another boat, which lay ahead of us, evidently waiting for us to come up.

"No—no," hastily replied the captain; "all these gentlemen would quit the vessel, if I took that knave of a Jew in."

"Truly that would be a misfortune," dryly observed my companion.

The boat had by this time come alongside, and the

Jew was about to leap on board. The captain, however, was beforehand with him, and gave him to understand that if he did not quit his hold immediately he would throw him into the sea. The Israelite clung to the vessel with a desperate energy, for the fellow who had brought him, with a view to excite the merriment of the passengers, had dexterously removed the boat from beneath his dangling feet, and he now hung by the side of the vessel, the waves almost reaching his waist, and in fear every moment of being turned adrift upon the wide waters.

Every one laughed at and taunted him by turns. They were all averse to his coming on board. Selim thought otherwise: he not only felt a disposition to serve him, but perceiving there was an opportunity of acting in opposition, he resolved that the Jew should enter the vessel.

The captain was about to inflict a merciless blow on the hands of the intruder, which would have effectually compelled him to quit his hold, when Selim seized him by the collar of his jacket, and hurled him to the other end of the deck. He then assisted the Jew on board. We all thought at first that the captain was completely put an end to; but after a few minutes he rose up, and muttering most expressively to himself, began to steer the vessel. I could myself have kicked him for such an exhibition of passiveness—but he was a Greek!

Selim had made the impression he desired on the passengers. “Mashallah! mashallah!”^s exclaimed the Turks, on beholding the ease with which he had overthrown the captain; they lifted up their hands, regarding him with wonder and trepidation. Every one in the vessel was particularly complacent to us the remainder of the voyage.

The seraff hated the Jews—not as he hated a certain person—for it was rumoured that the latter mysterious personage was thought to be particularly familiar in his dealings with the banker. Selim offered the Jew *a part of his cabin*, in hopes that the seraff would

desert the other. He soon left us in possession of the whole, rather than associate with a Jew. This was just what we wanted.

This affair was hardly settled, when our vessel was hailed by another boat, considerably behind us. The captain looked at Selim, to know whether he should put about; but the latter took no notice of him. However, he made a tack at a venture, and the strange boat quickly came alongside. It contained a young and handsome-looking Turk. He vaulted on board with a light step; and perceiving us seated at the stern, came and joined us. We soon became acquainted, and found him a very entertaining companion. His name was Omri—Candia his country; and he had that peculiar and dashing air about him which distinguishes the race of Turks born in this island. The confinement of a vessel soon brings men's ideas into play; it creates a diversity of thought, if not of action. When Selim and I had given him to understand who and what we were, he gave us, in few words, his own history.

"I have not much to say that will amuse you," he observed; "for my time has hitherto been spent at home. I shall pass over the trifling events which occurred in my youth, with the exception of stating that my father was a moollah.⁶ He had intended me to inherit the dignities of his office; but this being opposed by my mother, I was consigned between them to the care of a khodgé.⁷ In all matters, except those of religion—in which he was reckoned the cream of Sunees,⁸ and the model of Mussulmans—my father was the most passive and simple-spoken being imaginable. He therefore resigned me to their care without a pang of regret.

"A few weeks ago, a kinsman of mine, who is attached to the army about to proceed against the Russians, prevailed upon my father to allow me to follow my inclinations by joining him. It was with difficulty that my mother obtained his consent. However, as she could never deny me anything, his dislike

was soon conquered ; and I am now proceeding to join my kinsman at Constantinople, who is a bimbashée⁹ of a troop of spahis."¹⁰

Here Omri left off speaking ; and we went below to our cabin, the night coming on. The wind freshened as we doubled the cape. We soon passed the islands of Chios, Lesbos, Ipsera, and Scyros, on the latter of which is to be seen the tomb of Theseus. At length we reached the Dardanelles. From hence we had a view of Alexander Troas, called by the Turks Eski Stamboul, and a part of the plains of Troy. As we approached the isle of Lemnos we fell in with the Russian squadron, cruising off there. A boat from one of their ships came alongside ; but finding all right, we were suffered to proceed—not without a fear, however, of being more roughly handled, if we should chance to fall in with any stray vessel belonging to our treacherous allies.

A few days of confinement on board appeared to me an age of torment and anxiety. At length we entered the Dardanelles. A strong head wind, and a violent current, kept us for some time buffeting about from the European to the Asiatic shores ; but fortunately the wind changed to the west, the vessel was put before it, we sailed into the sea of Marmora, and soon came in sight of the great city of the East.

It burst upon my view as I came on deck early one morning. It is impossible to describe the effect made upon the mind by the first glance of this celebrated place. The delighted eye roams from one object to another, in quick succession, ever varied and untiring in their beauties. The vast amphitheatre, formed by the hills, on which stand the several branches of the city, covered with a multitude of splendid palaces, and houses of various colours, crowned with imperial mosques, conspicuous above which is seen the cupola of St. Sufyeh, whose gilded dome and spiral-formed minarets, tipped with golden crescents, around which wave the mournful cypress, present objects which, glowing in the tints of the rising sun, at once distract and delight

the spectator. Leaving the palace of the sultan on our left, we turned Seraglio Point, where the city and harbour burst upon our view in all their imposing variety: crowned by the Infidel Hill on the right, with its splendid palaces—the Tophana¹¹ and the Tershana¹²—the numerous caravallas ranged along the shore—the beautiful scenery of Eyooob and Sweetwaters opening upon our view as we sailed farther on. All combined, presented a scene calculated to impress the stranger with wonder, awe, and delight.

We crossed the port, and cast anchor at Galata, near the Meit Iskellesi.¹³ I landed; and after taking leave of Selim and Omri, whom I promised to see shortly, I engaged a couple of porters for the conveyance of my luggage; and perceiving some horses near a fountain, I mounted one for a trifle, and proceeded up the steep ascent which led to Pera, the quarter where I was to be domiciled, at least for some little time to come.

If the distant prospect of Stamboul pleased me, a closer inspection altered my opinion. Viewed at a distance it presents an assemblage of grand and imposing objects—like the gilded mausoleum, it pleases the eye, but corruption abides within.

I selected an inn, kept by a Greek, near the palace of the Russian ambassador. Here I deposited my luggage, partook of a hearty dinner, and enjoyed from my window a splendid view of the glories of Stamboul.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAVING now visited Constantinople under the impression that I should lead a life of ease and independence, I determined to devote my time to a survey of its wonders, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and to partake largely of its gayeties. I had scarcely been a week in one of its districts, when the whole tenour of my

existence was changed. I was thrown among other people ; and other adventures befell me than those which I had looked forward to. Stamboul, with all its glittering associations, was unheeded and forgotten ; and my soul was absorbed in one object, which I looked upon as my Elysium on this side the grave.

My father had given me letters of introduction to several of the first families in the Phanar, and to one or two Turkish merchants. With these passports to affluence and gentility I might have passed my time in a round of daily intercourse ; but the fact was, an inveterate dislike had sprung up in my bosom against my countrymen, particularly the higher classes. I had many opportunities of noting their fulsome pride within doors, and their abject servility without ; and the very man whom I had seen in the morning, bending beneath the weight of silks and furs, and directing the affairs of his household, which resembled some petty court, with all the dignity of a sovereign—I very often beheld, an hour or two afterward, in a threadbare jubbee, insulted, reviled, threatened, and perhaps cuffed, by the lowest son of Islam.

The first house to which I paid a visit was that of the Arkon Panogiot s, a member of the family of the Handzerli. He lived at Pera, and was formerly considered one of the richest Greeks in the Phanar ; but reverses in trade, and persecutions by government, had reduced him to comparative want. Still he possessed sufficient in some measure to support his former rank and independence among his countrymen. He once owned a splendid palace at Kuru-chesmah,¹ where the higher class of Greek princes console themselves by exhibiting a cumbrous magnificence within their dwellings, which contrasts strangely with the abjectness of their external demeanour. Though he had long parted with his palace, he still possessed a large mansion at Terapia, where, with his wife and only daughter, the lovely Estafania, he often retired from the turmoils and the terrors of the capital.

I never regarded the distinction of rank and wealth. I had abundance of the one, and to the other I was per-

fectly indifferent. In preference, therefore, to paying my first visits to the mansions of my most distinguished friends, whose wealth imparted additional lustre to their high birth, I sought out the comparatively humble dwelling of Panogiotes, where I hoped to be free from Greek pride and Greek meanness.

He was not at home when I called, and his domina was employed in the affairs of the toilet. He had gone over to Constantinople on business, but as I was given to understand that he would shortly return, on expressing my determination to wait till he came home, I was shown into a room which looked upon a terrace at the back of the house. The ground beyond, though small in extent, was laid out with shrubs and flowers of various descriptions.

I had sat here for some time, when my attention was roused by a loud burst of laughter, which proceeded from the garden. I rose, opened the lattice door that communicated with the terrace, and descended the steps, when a fresh burst of merriment was heard. I was about to retire, imagining that my presence would probably occasion some unpleasant feeling on the sight of a stranger; at this moment, a troop of young females rushed from behind the trees, chasing each other round the walks.

The foremost of the giddy throng, beautiful as the morning star, and radiant as a sunbeam, approached the spot where I stood. Not perceiving me at first, nor indeed expecting such an apparition, she suddenly stopped and gave a loud scream, which was immediately echoed with redoubled energy by her attendants.

Wonder, amazement, and admiration seized my senses at the sight of so much loveliness. I scarcely dared to breathe. An indefinable sensation took possession of my soul, and I was upon the point of throwing myself prostrate before this heavenly vision, and of rendering that homage which youth is ever willing to offer at the shrine of beauty, when my arm was seized by some one behind. I turned round and beheld the tall figure of Panogiotes. His countenance was flushed, exhibiting

rage and indignation in every feature. A few words of explanation, however, immediately dissipated every unpleasant feeling from his mind. I presented the letter from my father; having read it hastily, instead of reproaches and expressions of wrath, he embraced and welcomed me to his house, as though I had been the child of his own affections.

The young lady (who I had penetration enough to perceive was the daughter of Panogiotes) had disappeared with her companions during our brief conference, and we now adjourned to the house.

After the customary civilities had been exchanged, Panogiotes offered me the use of his mansion during my stay in Constantinople, and hoped that I would not think of taking up my quarters elsewhere: but preferring a life of independence, I politely declined the offer, and we entered into a conversation upon the state of trade in the Levant, the course of which was marked by the commonplace technicalities of the countinghouse. My opinions happening to coincide with those of my host, a good understanding very soon subsisted between us.

Upon parting, he told me to visit him whenever I should feel disposed; and not allow form or ceremony to stand in the way of my inclinations. I returned him many thanks for his kindness, and we separated.

I determined to profit by his liberal offer. Certain ideas took possession of my mind which it would have required great exercise of philosophy on my part to dispel. The image of that lovely girl whom I had seen in the arkon's garden was not to be effaced from my imagination; and the more I thought of her wondrous beauty, the stronger became my determination to profit by the invitation of her father.

Besides, my vanity, at all times soon roused, was now awakened, and I felt convinced, though the perception of this conviction was as evanescent as the thought that my emotion had not escaped her notice. Not that she manifested any delight at the confusion which overcame me; (there was no time for such an exhibition;) she had no doubt the sense to perceive that my emotion was solely

occasioned by the beauty of her person, for the tribute which I paid, though silent, was evident and sincere ; and I thought she felt indebted to me for the compliment.

Family, friends, and all those undying associations connected with one's native land, appeared for a time forgotten. I felt that I could sacrifice them all to call Estafania mine ; and the consciousness that some insuperable bar might prevent such an event, excited me to a degree that I could imagine nothing but the two extremes—either of being blessed by a union with her, or of becoming a martyr to the violence of my passion.

Like most of the girls in Greek families, the Lady Estafania had been betrothed from her infancy to Athanasios, a young Greek of the Soozo family. Equality of birth and fortune, and the pride which emanated from these, rendered the match at once advantageous and desirable. The lovers grew up. Beauty, wealth, and rank ushered them into the world, and when they had attained an age sufficient to understand the moral obligation of the union which had been agreed upon between their parents, they were introduced to each other, and allowed to improve, under a certain restraint, the attachment which they mutually felt. Certain speculations in trade, however, and the persecutions by government, reduced the vast wealth of Panogiotes to the lowest ebb. Honourable alike in adversity and prosperity, he collected the remains of his fortune, and satisfied all the demands which were made upon him. He thought not of the ruin of his worldly hopes with much acuteness, as it affected himself, but only when he looked forward to the future prospect of his child. For her he had amassed a splendid fortune ; on her account, therefore, its loss affected his reason, and endangered his existence.

He had one consolation remaining. The connection with the haughty family of Soozo revived his *fainting hopes*. Though reduced in circumstances,

he was far from being reduced to want. The superfluities of rank were alone curtailed, and he still possessed comparative affluence and contentment.

The period fixed for the union of the lovers was fast approaching. One day, Panogiotes hinted at the prospect of its speedy fulfilment. Soozo replied evasively. Again and again was the subject reverted to, till the pride of Hand-zerli taking alarm at such continued trifling, he mildly but decidedly demanded the completion of the contract, although he dreaded the answer of Soozo.

The alliance was rejected. Panogiotes neither repined nor complained, but felt in his heart all the disgrace, and all the infamy of the denial. From this moment their friendship was turned into malice, bickering, and deep hatred. A year or more had elapsed since the foregoing events, but no open symptoms of enmity had yet been displayed, by either party, to widen the breach which a violation of contract had made between them.

I called several times at the house of Hand-zerli, and was always received by him and the domina with every mark of respect. Indeed, on those occasions, they showed me such proofs of regard, that I spent whatever time I had to spare in their company. But seldom did I see Estafania, except upon occasions of a panegiris.² She was mostly secluded; and it was only by stratagem that I succeeded in obtaining a sight of her. Through the assistance of her waiting-woman, Anna, I often enjoyed the prospect of her lovely figure at a distance, unseen by her: and on one or two occasions I had the hardihood to accost her when she was taking a walk at Kiad-hané.³ The novelty of the thing, however, and its being a prohibited indulgence, shed a sort of charm over these meetings, which only added fresh fuel to those fires that were raging within my bosom.

Anna was the cruellest little messenger of Cupid I had ever met with. By turns she elated my hopes, and as suddenly crushed them. She blew hot and cold in the same breath: and notwithstanding that I feed her even beyond her expectations, she continued to juggle me, *one while warming me with descriptions of her mis-*

tress's love, and at another chilling me with an account of her indifference. Her dreams, according to the interpretations of Anna, were generally in my favour: and all the little signs of the day, so much studied by the unmarried portion of Greek females, happened precisely as I could have wished.

I loved—deeply loved. A feeling more intense, more sacred, than any I had ever experienced, possessed me. The ephemeral emotions of earlier years were forgotten in the depth and fervency of my passion for Estafania. Kindred hearts will sometimes sympathize by looks as well as by words. The mute language of her eye and of her manner convinced me that our feelings were reciprocal. It was the harbinger of that thrilling eloquence which broke from her lips when she gave me a heart, undivided, and eternally mine.

My happiness was never destined to be of long duration. One day I was invited by Panogiotes to a little entertainment which he was in the habit of giving occasionally to gratify his daughter. It was not marked by any display of rank, wealth, or expensive luxury. The party was usually composed of the most intimate members of the family, and a little knot of select acquaintance, familiarly known to each other. There were generally two or three Franks present. I shall not notice the entertainment further than by saying that it was perfect in its way, and would have satisfied the most fastidious taste. Songs, music, and dancing enlivened the evening; and when a few of the select assembled round the tandoor⁴ on the following morning, to talk over the occurrences of the preceding day, it was unanimously pronounced, as I afterward learned, that I was the chosen lover of Estafania.

That night and that scene both bewildered and saddened my thoughts. There was only one man among the many visitors at the house of the arkon whom I shall notice. This was an Italian, of the name of Camoli. He had been, and still was, connected with the Hand-zerli in several mercantile transactions, and

I could perceive that his company was highly esteemed and sought after by them.

Signor Camoli possessed an elegance of manner, which, while it could not fail of attracting the regard even of the most apathetic, at the same time insinuated itself with a sure though almost imperceptible influence into the hearts of all. His face was the perfection of manly beauty, and his figure a model for the sculptor. With a seeming warmth of affection for woman, no man had a more cold and depraved heart. The ties of love or of friendship were insufficient to attach him to the interest of any one. In the pursuit of a mistress, or in his wishes to acquire the friendship of man, where it suited his purpose, he was extremely sanguine ; and to the common observer, appeared capable of estimating the value of those connections in their most attractive forms, but the object once attained, they became with him but a name.

At the period of my introduction to Camoli I was not acquainted with the hidden deformity of his character. There were many reports whispered to his prejudice by men who were jealous of his personal qualifications, and of his success among women. He was a universal favourite with the latter. He seemed to acquire their esteem by means peculiarly his own, which no one else could imitate or comprehend. There was a fascination in all he said and did, which insensibly attracted the female heart ; but he left it to wither under the violence of the passion which he had created.

From a member of the Hand-zerli family I subsequently learned the origin of these reports. He had left Italy early in life, and settled at Constantinople. Here he married an Italian lady, of the name of Violetta Ronaldi. When he first met her she was about to be united to a countryman of his, by name Francesco Sforza. Camoli saw her, and resolved to make her his own. He succeeded but too well. A hasty marriage was concluded, and they retired to Smyrna ; but his

desires once gratified, the fickle Italian soon became satiated with the charms of his lovely wife.

Women seldom forget their first love. Neither time nor condition could erase the remembrance of the principle first implanted in the bosom of Violetta. She loved Francesco still; and when Camoli's coldness and indifference brought the harrowing conviction to her heart, that he loved her not, remorse aggravated the horrors of the step she had taken. It was about this time that Francesco by chance appeared before her. All their former passion revived—all past wrongs were forgotten. The day that beheld Violetta a wife, pure and unspotted, also saw the downfall of virtue, and the completion of Camoli's dishonour. The guilty pair fled to Naples. Camoli obtained a divorce; and, to all appearance, had consigned the remembrance of the affair to oblivion. But the scorpion sting that rankled in his bosom, and in his gayest moments imparted a fiendish expression to his dark eye, plainly told that he nourished revenge with all the deadly watchfulness of his race. He viewed society, now, but as his plaything; for, having suffered irremediably in his dearest ties, through one of its members, man became the object of his scorn, and woman the mark on which he delighted to fix the stigma of frailty and dishonour.

I now perceived that I had roused the Italian's jealousy. For this I cared very little, so long as I could secure the affection of Estafania. I had the penetration to observe that however she might seem gratified with his attentions, her heart remained unaffected by them. The knowledge of this filled me with inexpressible delight, nor was it at all lessened by the unequivocal glance with which she surveyed me at parting, on the night of the entertainment.

That glance sent me home to my lodging quite bewildered. I was in a state of agitation the whole night. I could not sleep, and was up long before the sun. I immediately repaired to the Infidel Hill, whence I descended to Dolma Batchké,⁵ and spent several hours roaming, almost without thought or purpose, in the woods

bordering that place. I then returned to Pera, dressed and perfumed myself after the most approved mode, and paid a visit to Panogiotes, who received me with many expressions of regard, wished to know how he could serve me, and ended by requesting me to make his house my home. To all these professions of kindness I replied with suitable acknowledgments: my heart all the time being in such a ferment, that I almost wished him at the bottom of the Bosphorus, and his lovely daughter sitting in his place.

She, however, did not make her appearance that morning; and I was compelled at length to take my leave, after remaining so long that I perceived even the natural politeness of my host was almost exhausted by my unreasonably long visit. I was regular in my calls for more than a week with like success.

Having remained at the arkon's longer than usual, in expectation of seeing Estafania, I returned home late at night, chagrined and disappointed. I had just reached the corner of the road which runs from the palace of one of the foreign ambassadors, when a man crossed from the dark side of the street. I was proceeding without noticing him, but he put his face almost close to mine and passed on. There was sufficient light for me to perceive that he was a negro. Having proceeded a step or two, he suddenly turned round, raised his arm, and struck at me. I felt the point of a weapon graze my left side. I surveyed him for an instant: he was a tall muscular fellow. With the quickness of thought I leaped upon him, and grappled with him. He struggled desperately to disengage himself, which he partly effected, and aimed another blow at me. I received it on my arm, and managed to wrench the weapon out of his hand, which, in our struggle, dropped on the ground. Throwing my whole weight upon him, we both fell. With inconceivable dexterity he slipped out of my arms, sprung on his feet, and was soon lost in the darkness.

I rose from the ground a good deal bruised, and bent my way homeward, pondering on the event. As, however, such things were of almost nightly occur-

rence, I ascribed it to one never-failing cause, the desire of plunder.

Rising early, I repaired to the mansion of Panogiotes, to whom I related the event. After expressing his satisfaction at my escape, he said it was only one of those disagreeable contingences to which Europeans were constantly subjected at Constantinople. My only way to avoid a similar danger for the future would be to keep within doors after nightfall. He hoped that, if I should at any time be detained at his house beyond the hour of twilight, I would not hesitate to pass the night there; as it was impossible to traverse the streets of Constantinople in safety after a certain hour. I thanked him for his consideration.

Thinking the present a good opportunity, I turned our discourse upon my attachment to his daughter. He listened with a cold and formal air, but this wore off by degrees.

"You may have heard," he said, at length, when I had intimated my wishes to him—"you may have heard of the Soozo family; and you may have likewise learned the events which disunited two families, connected in the closest bonds of friendship for many years. How then, after such disgrace, do you imagine that I can wish my child to entertain a thought of another matrimonial alliance?—when I know, too, that, however the parents of the youth may object to the union, the hearts of both are irrevocably united."

"Could I be persuaded of this," I replied, "I would not press the subject further; but I am convinced, that whatever sentiments may, at one period, have occupied the mind of your daughter, they are now totally changed; and I think I may say without vanity that the change materially affects my future happiness in life."

Panogiotes stared at me for a moment, and then fell into a fit of musing. I could almost guess his thoughts. The disgrace which had been brought upon his family by the rejection of an alliance with his daughter was ever uppermost in his mind, and he saw no prospect of wiping off the stain. At first he had looked upon my advances to

his child only as the common attentions of social intercourse. But latterly he had appeared to view them in a different light. No doubt he was led to this conclusion by the hints of his wife, who was anxious for the union. It could not but accord with their views in every way. My father was rich, honourable, and highly connected. What could they desire further?

These thoughts passed through my mind, when Panogiotis again spoke. "We will think further of this: I must consult my daughter. Only let me know the wishes of your father respecting it: I should be sorry to do anything that could give offence to so old and valued a friend."

Here I interrupted him by saying it was a point on which I so fully expected his acquiescence, that, anticipating the objection, I had, in one of my letters a few days back, merely mentioned the circumstance as a matter in which he would allow me unconditional liberty, at the same time expressing a hope that the union would meet with his entire concurrence.

Panogiotis was rather puzzled on hearing this: I thought he considered I was pressing him too closely; but he nevertheless expressed himself satisfied at what I had done, and told me that he would give me his final answer in a few days. Upon this we parted.

Until that period arrived which would give me a just claim to the love of Estafania, I was doomed to suffer all the disquietudes and impertinences of a rival. For though the bewitching smiles and beaming eyes of Estafania told me that I was beloved, I nevertheless had to endure all the little tormenting jealousies incident to courtship. Camoli loved, or affected to love her; but his manner towards her, at other times, was marked by so studied a reserve and coldness, that I ascribed his passion to my own jealous fancy.

In my endeavours once to fix a quarrel upon him, an explanation ensued: he convinced me, or attempted to do so, that his attentions had no meaning, further than the civility and admiration due to a beautiful woman. At that time I was ignorant of his character, and believed

his assertions. How far I was deceived, time will develop.

We now became inseparable friends. In our first acquaintance, frequent misunderstandings had made us look with an eye of distrust and dislike towards each other. I had often felt annoyed at his appearance at the house of Panogiotes. His attentions and his visits now became less frequent, and he seemed to dwell with as much satisfaction on my success as though he was on the point of being himself united to the object of my attachment.

CHAPTER XIX

I HAD another rival in the affections of Estafania—one whose claim was even superior to my own. This was Athanasios Soozo. Though the proud head of this family had rejected the alliance, and interdicted his son from any further communion with the Hand-zerli, the latter still cherished a hope that he should one day realize the wish of his heart by their union. He had possessed few opportunities of being in the company of Estafania. Soon after the alliance was broken off he was sent to a vlackbey,¹ in the province of Valachia. He had seen sufficient, however, to confirm him in the resolution of making her his own, in defiance of paternal authority; and of the curse which had been threatened in case of disobedience. He had determined never to unite himself to another, and to await the death of a parent who stood in the way of his happiness.

It was fortunate in my peace of mind that the passion was not mutual on the part of Estafania. She had been betrothed at so tender an age, that it was not to be expected any attachment of a very serious nature could be formed. She had seldom seen Athanasios, and when she did, it was under so much restraint, that she looked upon the affair rather as a point of duty than of affection.

It was, however, otherwise with Athanasios. He loved Estafania deeply. He had lately returned to Constantinople : and I now, for the first time, received a hint, that he meant to claim the performance of the contract on the part of Hand-zerli, and by an act of heroism wipe away the infamy which had been cast upon his father's name.

One day, as I quitted my lodging, a young Greek accosted me, and asked if my name was Constantine. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he put a note into my hand, and immediately disappeared. I opened it, and read as follows :—

“ I have been told that you aspire to the heiress of Hand-zerli. Meet me at dusk, near the mosque of Sultan Selim ; and if you are not convinced of my prior claim, you must accuse your own folly for the consequences.

“ ATHANASIOS.”

“ My folly !” I exclaimed, as I finished the note—
“ well—at least my folly is matched by thy imprudence, Athanasios, and we shall soon see which of us will be a gainer by the meeting.”

On the impulse of the moment, I resolved to name the affair to Panogiotes, and ask his advice ; but prudence withheld me, and I made up my mind to meet Athanasios at the appointed time. I then paid a visit to Estafania's father ; and after spending an hour or two in his society, in expectation of seeing the daughter, crossed the harbour, and passed the greater part of the day in visiting the Bezesteens, particularly the Avret Bazaar, and other places worthy of notice.

Just as I was about to return to Galata, whom should I meet but Selim and Omri, looking rather the worse for the last night's debauch. A hundred questions were asked me : they wondered they had not seen me—I was looking like a ghost—they must bring me out, but I was so shy—they must initiate me a little into the mysteries of the capital. I told them I had no objection ; only

hoped that the ordeal would not be too severe, nor of any long duration.

As they were proceeding to Galata to purchase some pipe bowls, we all got into the same boat, and were rowed over. I went with them to the chibriad-gis,³ where they soon made their selection, and we then took a stroll towards Pera.

On parting, Selim said to me, "Constantine, you must go with us to-night. Omri and I have engaged to meet a few friends at the tavern of Topal, near the Theriakée Tchartchee.⁴ You will see some of the choicest spirits of Stamboul—true Osmanlees—jolly dogs! who, without any visible means of subsistence, pass their time like gentlemen, and pick up the luxuries of living. You will find them pleasant company, particularly when it is known that you are a generous, finehearted fellow, who cares not to sacrifice a few paltry sequins in the company of men of spirit. Come—I shall take no denial: your introduction by me will be a sufficient passport to their good fellowship."

I agreed to meet them, and we separated. I returned home, partook of the only meal I had eaten all day, amused myself with an arghuile, to beguile the time till the hour of appointment; and again crossing the harbour, directed my steps towards the mosque of Sultan Selim.

Having reached the spot which Athanasios' letter had specified as our place of meeting, I waited some time, leaning against the wall of the mosque. No one appearing, I took a turn or two, as the night was rather cold: still no Athanasios appeared. I continued my exercise for upward of an hour, when it occurred to me that my wandering up and down would be taken notice of; I consequently determined to quit the place immediately if he did not present himself. I took one turn—a second—and a third: still no Athanasios.

"Can he be duping me?" thought I; "doubtless he is laughing in his sleeve at the trick he has played me. I shall not fail to remember thee, Athanasios, for this." Having made this silent resolution, I quitted

the place, and walked towards the tavern where I was to meet Selim and Omri.

I found them already waiting my arrival. When I entered, they hailed me with the cordiality of a twenty-years' acquaintance. Their companions were men who utterly disdained all distinctions of country or of religion; especially where the power of contributing to their amusement, or to their extravagance, was willingly exerted by the poor dupe who kept them company. So long as he possessed a sequin which they could make available to their pleasures, he was their equal—their idol—their god! They drank, they sang, they fought for him. They borrowed of him out of mere friendship—but would not insult his generosity by repayment.

The party was already pretty far advanced towards a happy state of unconsciousness; but, as is often the case with such notorious guzzlers, they had arrived at a certain pitch, and all the stores of the Karab Emini^s would not have increased their intoxication. They drank my health with a round of applause; and, in order to show their very great regard for me, ordered in a treble supply of wine, which they did me the honour to make me pay for. I entered into the spirit of their humour; and throwing down my purse, in which was a large sum, I summoned our host, and bade him bring in all the wine he had in his house.

An order so spirited and praiseworthy produced a roar of applause, and I was immediately saluted with every term of flattery and commendation which my associates could think of.

At the head of the party was a dashing-looking Osmanlee, named Kior Ali. He took up the purse with great coolness, felt its weight, and then whipped out his dagger. I observed that it was dimmed with recent blood. Wiping the blade with the corner of his cloak, he muttered, with a fierce look, "The Yaoor! did he think that his insolence would pass unpunished?" I did not catch the whole of this soliloquy, but could hear that he was *boasting* to those around him of having

despatched somebody an hour or two before I came in. He then laughed, and said, "I served him as I mean to serve this purse!" He ripped it open as he spoke, and out rolled the treasure to view. Its amount even astonished him who was seldom surprised at anything.

"Mashallah ! Mashallah !" he cried, deliberately separating the large from the small coin, the former of which he pocketed, and then told our host to fetch the remainder in wine. I stared—but a look from Selim quieted me : his companions bursting into a loud laugh, praised his wit and daring.

"Signor Constantine," continued Kior Ali, when the common yelp of the company had exploded—"Signor Constantine, I admire your spirit ; you will find me worthy of your consideration—accept my friendship"—and hereupon we pledged each other in a copious draught.

Kior Ali was an Osmanlee of the first water ; a thoroughbred, drinking, swearing, bullying, cutthroat villain—reckless of the present day, and indifferent as to the events of the morrow. He was the hero of his quarter. Where killing men ensured the murderer honour, he had gained that distinction in an eminent degree. No entertainment was given without him—no party was considered perfect if he were not its chief—his friendship alone was a safeguard.

Throw up a para, Kior Ali would blow it away with a bullet—bring forth a buffalo, he would cleave its head with a single stroke of his yataghan. In the Ocmeidan,⁶ and the Hippodrome,⁷ he was the dread of his companions, who all, more or less, bore about them indubitable evidences of the tremendous force with which he hurled the djerreed. One had suffered the loss of an eye—another of his teeth—the nose of a third formed an even surface with his cheeks : this had lost a leg—that an arm : skulls, hard or soft by nature, and ribs, though of iron, were fractured and broken by this second Hercules both in form and vigour.

But the circumstance which had mainly brought him into notice, and fixed his character for reckless daring,

was the murder of his own father. It had nearly proved his ruin. The law demanded his life, and he was condemned to suffer death. In this dilemma he prevailed upon a rich friend to offer a bribe to the judge. The bribe was accepted, but his friend was told that the only way to save the head of Kior Ali would be to take the crime upon himself, and then he might obtain pardon from the son ! This was done, and the parricide escaped.

It may easily be supposed that the quantity of wine with which my liberality had now supplied them was not disposed of in any reasonable time. Much more than half the night was gone, when, excited by the copious draughts which we had taken, mad with mirth and ripe for mischief, we sallied forth to seek adventures. Over these I shall draw a veil, as some of them were not of the most decent character, and shall only observe that we went down to the harbour, seized the first boat at hand, and rowed up the canal, where we gave fresh vent to our frantic revelry, and enacted a scene worthy of the fiercest disciples of the jolly god. Our boisterous mirth soon brought the police upon us, headed by the bostandgee bashee :⁸ but when they came up and accosted us, the exclamation of our chief, "Who calls on Kior Ali?" acted like a talisman : at the sound of that name they disappeared, as if by magic, and left us to the undisturbed pursuit of our midnight orgies.

Day was breaking when we returned to Stamboul to recruit our exhausted bodies by fresh libations, in the midst of which I managed to give my companions the slip. The shops were being opened, the streets filling, as I sallied out, flushed and excited. As I went down the Djirmen Zocaki,⁹ leading to the Capani Capousi,¹⁰ I saw a crowd of idle Turks, men and boys, standing before a tavern : their attention was directed to something lying on the ground. As I passed on, I perceived the body of a Greek dreadfully mangled, and so figured by the young urchins who had assembled v mud and filth, that not a single feature of his co

tenance was visible. I hurried on. Before I got out of sight, a shout was raised by the rabble ; I looked round, and saw a couple of Greeks bearing away the corpse on their shoulders, pelted and hooted by the mob of boys which followed them.

I crossed the Port, reached my lodging, and threw myself on my mattress, fevered and excited by the night's adventures.

My slumbers were deep. How long I slept I know not. Being at length aroused by a violent shake, I jumped up wildly, exclaiming, "Stand off, I never murdered him!"—for I was then dreaming of the mangled body of the Greek.

"That's the very thing we are come about," said two ill-looking fellows who, to my surprise, were standing beside me. "It is well known, so you may as well go with us quietly."

"What mean you?" I demanded, perplexed at their words.

"You will soon know," replied one of them with an expressive grin. "Come, up with you ; the kadi is waiting our return."

"The kadi !" I cried, more perplexed than ever.

"Ay—quick, quick, we have already delayed too long."

I could obtain no further information from them. I knew it would be useless to remonstrate, so I dressed myself, and accompanied them to the Mekkiemé, wondering all the way what could be the meaning of so singular an occurrence.

I entered the hall. Before I was brought forward, I had leisure to make my own speculations on the issue of this extraordinary event. Three Greeks were present, who, on my entrance, directed their glances towards me. In one of them I recognised the father of Athanasios, and in another, the young Greek who had delivered the note to me on the previous day. Grief and indignation were visible in the countenance of the former, and when *our eyes met*, the deeply meaning glance spoke the *intensity of his feelings*. I was more bewildered than

ever: but summoning my resolution I became more composed, and awaited, with a kind of savage fretfulness, the development of the mystery.

At length I was placed before the kadi. At the same time, Soozo and his companion advanced, and preferred a charge against me, which overwhelmed me with dismay. I was denounced as the murderer of Athanasios! Circumstances, which it is almost unnecessary to relate, were adduced against me, which completely fixed my guilt in the eyes of an avaricious judge. The well-known enmity of Soozo and Hand-zerli, Athanasios's acknowledged affection for Estafania, my rival claim, the note appointing our place of meeting, my companions, the adventures of the preceding night, and (which rather staggered me) the body of the murdered youth being found in a street near the place of our appointment, where it had lain all night, were severally brought forward, enlarged, and dwelt upon, with all the ingenuity and deep feeling of a parent pleading for vengeance on the murderer of his child.

I was thunderstruck. Not yet completely recovered from the last night's debauch, my nerves trembled, my accustomed presence of mind deserted me, and I betrayed all the symptoms of an assassin.

"Look at him," exclaimed my proud accuser, pointing at me with triumph; "can any man in his senses doubt the guilt of so pitiable an object? Justice!" he uttered aloud, with uplifted hands—"I demand justice on the murderer of my son."

A pause ensued. In the midst of my agitation, I was called upon by the naib¹¹ to make my defence. By a violent effort I suppressed my emotions, and cried, "I am innocent of the murder of this youth. By what chance he met his death, I know not; allow me but sufficient time, and I will bring forward witnesses who will be able to disprove the charge against me."

"Let them appear," said the kadi; "I will so far accommodate you: but your guilt is too well confirmed to be doubted."

A smile of mingled contempt and triumph gleamed

upon the features of Soozo on hearing this. I immediately despatched two messengers, one to Panogiotes, and another to Kior Ali and Selim. Further proceedings were delayed until they made their appearance.

Considerable delay took place before they reached the Mekkiémé. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of Panogiotes on learning the situation in which I stood, when I explained to him every circumstance of the previous night ; but his generous mind fully acquitted me of so foul a deed as murder. Soozo and he eyed each other with feelings of animosity, rendered doubly fierce by the recollection of former intimacy, and the extraordinary incident which had now called them together.

On hearing the accusation which was brought against me, Kior Ali, who stood behind me, laughed in a strange kind of way. This exhibition of unseasonable mirth ruffled my temper and excited my attention.

“Know you anything of this affair ?” I demanded of him.

“What is the name of the murdered youth ?” he asked in return.

“Athanasios,” I replied.

“Get up then, and boldly deny it : if a witness be required, call me.”

I looked at him with astonishment, but he motioned me to advance and address the kadi.

Every detail was again entered into, and dwelt upon with additional emphasis by Soozo. He demanded my instant death unless I could disprove the charge. I then stepped forward, and boldly stating all the circumstances connected with the affair which concerned myself, concluded by calling upon Kior Ali to appear as my witness.

My worthy friend advanced with that easy, deliberate air of contempt towards every one, and everything around him, for which he was so notorious. The kadi knew his man, and proceeded accordingly.

“And what does Kior Ali know of this affair ?” he demanded.

“Sufficient,” replied the latter, “to acquit this youth, and to convict his accusers of slander and falsehood.”

“Say on,” rejoined the kadi.

Kior Ali proceeded: “Last night chance threw me into the company of Athanasios. It was not the first time of our meeting. Once before we had crossed each other, and a mutual and lasting hatred, proceeding from a trivial cause, arose between us. We met last night. I was standing at the door of a tavern in the Djirmen Zocaki, where it seems he had been some time waiting. He was coming out: we soon recognised each other—and he was the first to improve an acquaintance begun in enmity. On quitting the tavern, he rushed by me with a force which nearly threw me down. It was impossible to mistake his intention. Hasty as my temper usually is, I overlooked his insolence, perceiving he was very much excited, and applied to him an epithet which only increased his wrath. He retorted—I lost my temper—he struck me: our daggers were both out at the same moment. He struck me!” again cried Kior Ali, with a louder tone, and a look of fierce disdain at the father—“and I slew him.”

“You were justified,” cried the kadi, as Kior Ali finished—“the case is dismissed.”

Remonstrance was of no avail. The haughty Soozo, so lately glowing with the triumph of revenge, was struck dumb. The slayer of his boy must escape: there was no law which could reach Kior Ali for such an act—he was privileged. Overcome with shame and grief, my accuser bowed his head, and left the hall.

“Constantine!” exclaimed Panogiotes, in a suppressed but triumphant tone, as we quitted the Mekkiemé, and he grasped my arm with a convulsive pressure—“Constantine! I am avenged! I pity the poor youth who has been the victim of Mohammedan prejudice: but my heart rejoices in the downfall of Soozo’s house.”

A month wore away, and I had not yet heard from my father. Though I expected he would approve of my union with *Estafania*, I was nevertheless anxious to receive a letter to that effect: and as in all probability I

should hear from him before the event took place, I looked upon the delay with less inquietude. The death of Athanasios had given me undisputed right to the affections of Estafania, supported by the consent of her parents, and I only waited a letter from my father to make her lawfully mine.

I had lately dropped all communication with my acquaintance in the Phanar. I had learned to hate my countrymen, with very few exceptions. It is surprising how a man's tone of mind alters with circumstances. I who had formerly regarded the sect of Mohammed with detestation, now absolutely revered them; and imagined, with some exceptions, there was not a more civil and obliging set of people under the sun. As my affection for them increased, my dislike towards the members of my own faith was displayed in an inverse ratio: many of whom I now beheld, for the first time, in all their native deformity, and treated accordingly. Their servility and meanness, of which I had seen much, had not lessened the feeling. If anything, I disliked a Greek more than I did a Jew.

My approaching marriage was no secret, and there were not a few among my countrymen whose envy and hatred were excited by the intelligence. Their comments were not of the most agreeable kind, and every one of them predicted that I should be a beggar before the expiration of twelve months. Why did I not select a wife from among them? Were they not good enough for me? Were not their friends numerous, and their circumstances flourishing—was not their blood pure and their reputation fair? What could I wish more? Thus reasoned these good people about me and mine. At times I was almost compelled to listen to their half-uttered inuendoes and objections, till my seeming indifference having aroused their envy, I avoided their society, and confined myself entirely to that of the family of the Hand-zerli.

An excursion now and then to Boorgoorloo Teppai (Giant's Mountain,) to the well at Prinkipo, one of the *Princes Isles*; ¹² from thence to Iskuidar; ¹³ a walk in

Kiad-hané, Sweetwaters,¹⁴ and Dolma Batchké; a short visit to the woody heights of Terapiah, where Panogiotēs had a countryhouse, all tended to cement that attachment which was every day becoming almost unendurable from its intensity.

Several trifling adventures happened to us upon these occasions. One day, Estafania, accompanied by some Greek ladies, and attended by Camoli and myself, made a little expedition to the countryhouse of the arkon. It was on the edge of the Bosphorus. Seated in a summerhouse, we enjoyed a view of the scenery on its beautiful banks, with the sterile plains and mountains of Anadoly¹⁵ reposing in the background.

The conversation turned on the exactions made by the bostandgee bashee, and the rigour of the Turkish sumptuary laws; particularly towards the Greeks, who are threatened with an avaniah for allowing the domina to wear her veil like a Turkish woman—a superabundant length of train—or their daughters yellow slippers.

“Ah!” cried a young sprightly Greek, who had just been married, “they shall never compel me to wear anything but just what I please: here! look at the length of my train, Doris.”

“And look at mine,” cried a middle-aged female, stepping into the middle of the room, “it is full two yards longer than is allowed by law.”

“I think,” observed an elderly lady sailing among them—“I think there is a vast deal of elegance in the fall of your train: but the kaftandgi ousta¹⁶ of the schah sultana¹⁷ told me that mine exceeded, by three yards, that of her august mistress.”

“What think you of mine?” exclaimed a fullblown, ruddy-looking wife of an arkon, about forty, stepping down the room with much consequence; “it is four yards longer than what the law allows—it is green, you perceive—a colour I fancy vastly, because prohibited.”

"How can you wear those horrid red slippers?" cried a young lady.

"Oh! I like them," responded the arkon's domina: "besides, I don't like to wear too many objectionable articles. The present bostandgee is a tenderhearted fellow: much more so than his predecessor, that black, ugly-looking sinner, Mooktar, whose countenance alone portended an approaching tempest. His successor is a most engaging little gentleman; and I have no doubt, that if he were now to see us all with our superb peacock tails, a smile from each would completely disarm him. What think you, Estafania, my love?"

Estafania was going to reply, her lovely countenance glowing with animation and delight, but suddenly she uttered a loud scream, and pointed to the window: when lo! the terrific head of the argus-eyed kouchedly bashee¹⁸ was seen, calmly looking in upon the terrified coterie.

Horror and consternation were visible on the countenances of all. The little fat wife of the arkon caught up her four yards of extra finery with amazing despatch, and tucked it into a kind of pocket—but it would not do. The rest of the fair delinquents retreated to the farther end of the summerhouse, but, instead of turning tail, they boldly faced the intruder as they receded, not daring to show their backs, and thereby expose their prohibited appendages.

What was to be done? There was no place to fly to for refuge. The only door had been locked outside by the cunning kouchedly; and the only window, which stood invitingly open, was darkened by his ill-looking countenance.

Camoli and I jumped from our seats to inflict summary chastisement on the intruder—not recognising him at first: but as we approached the window to demand the reason of his intrusion, we perceived a boat in the stream below, filled with a score of his satellites, and drew back, overcome with vexation and disappointment, though we could not refrain from a burst

of laughter at the awkward figures which the ladies cut.

The kouchedly, after allowing us full leisure to enjoy the prospect of his ugly countenance, leaped into the room, examined every lady's dress with much civility, but considerable minuteness, then took down all their names, and inquired when it would be convenient for them, or some one on their behalf, to appear at the Mekkiemé.

"Come, come," I cried, "there will be no occasion for this. The kouchedly is not inexorable."

Saying this, I slipped my purse into his hand. He pocketed it—but was unmoved.

"Ladies," I continued, addressing them, "you must make up a little subscription among yourselves; the gentleman's appetite is rather sharp set this morning."

A good round sum was now collected, which I handed over to him; but he was not yet appeased.

"What!" I cried, "not yet satisfied?" He shook his head with an expressive grin.

"Here, take this," cried Estafania, pulling a valuable ring off her finger; "it is more than you deserve, for disturbing so unceremoniously the innocent recreations of so generous a body of ladies."

The kouchedly looking a moment at the gem, took it, and disappeared in a twinkling. We returned to the house; the terror and alarm occasioned by his visit were soon forgotten by the party; though the little fat arkon's wife declared, that if it had been the bostandgee himself, they would not have been so cruelly surprised and annoyed.

I was seldom permitted to enjoy the company of Estafania, except in the presence of others: on one occasion alone had I been allowed this privilege. Only while taking a stroll through the walks of Kiad-hané was I enabled to speak to her unreservedly—to breathe into her ear my burning sighs, my love, my devotion.

At Kiad-hané, the lover's walk of Stamboul, I was

to be seen, among many others similarly circumstanced, with downcast looks and melancholy visage, eying each female group that passed along. Every one seemed bent on pleasure or intrigue. Here the Mohammedan fair made ample amends for the confinement of the harem, by indulging herself in a display of those enigmatical yet expressive declarations which the ingenuity of love has converted into a science.

Who says that gallantry is a character foreign to and unfelt by the Turk? Behold that young *zenpara tchelebis*¹⁹—his studied elegance of dress, and mincing gait, eyes darkened with *kohl*, and fingers stained with henna, and from whose person is exhaled an odour of perfumes sufficient to annihilate your senses. Deeply skilled in the *maanes*,²⁰ he preserves a list of all the women celebrated for their beauty, employs himself perpetually in devising schemes to obtain their acquaintance, lavishes all his wealth to procure interviews, and even presumes to boast that he has succeeded in quarters where his insignificance would not dare intrude itself.

Here it was that the lovely Estafania frequently came abroad to take the air, accompanied by her attendant, Anna. I was usually apprized of the occasion by the latter, who was a perfect adept in such affairs, and well experienced in all those little stratagems, so often practised in this city, to bring assignations to a prosperous issue.

What skill she displayed in her manœuvres! How opportunely she fell behind to talk to an acquaintance, or pretended that a sudden faintness had overcome her, saying she would seat herself on the bridge, which crossed the stream near the sultan's palace, allowing my fair mistress to stroll towards a clump of trees, where, concealed from the profane eye of curiosity, I was awaiting her presence. Here we sat down, and exchanged those vows of boundless passion, which became the more vehement as the opportunity of giving vent to them was denied, and but seldom enjoyed.

Hearts that beat alone for each other affect little cere-

mony in the disclosure of a passion, rendered the more ardent from concealment. All I could require of a pure and absorbing affection, Estafania freely gave ; while I responded to every sentiment of it in terms so glowing and earnest, as added new fervours to our imaginations, and created in our souls the tenderest emotions of delight. We talked of days of bliss to come, over which hope threw her fairy-coloured images ; and warmed by the present, we spoke of lovers' vows, while heart pressed heart, and lip pressed lip, with many a soft and thrilling endearment.

Many were the happy hours which I spent in the society of Estafania, by the favour of my well-paid emissary, Anna. Always guarded when at home by a few poor relatives, who often took delight in thwarting me, with a watchfulness approaching Mohammedan jealousy, it was only by stealth that I was enabled to gratify my desires.

Among those persons to whom I had letters of introduction, but in whose society I seldom mixed, was Murad Moollah, of the family of Damad Zada, which, like the Durri Zada, and the Piri Zada,²¹ has in every generation given muftis to the empire.

Son of the present mufti, a Moollah of Mekka, Cazi Asker²² for Anadoly, and destined for the high office himself, provided his frequent libations of brandy and muscadell should reserve him for such a dignity, his power and authority were as absolute as that of the sultan himself.

His summer residence was at Booïyookderé—though he had many houses at Constantinople, and was even then laying the foundations of others, which, like the rest, were raised upon the ruin of hundreds never to be paid for.

It was at Booïyookderé that I visited him occasionally. Here, surrounded by numerous domestics, always ready to execute his commands, he defied the authorities of Stamboul, who, though compelled to listen to complaints constantly made, dared not interfere with his proceedings. *Plunged over head and ears in debt, though sur-*

rounded with splendour, he defied his creditors, was absolute in his exactions, and no one was hardy enough to disobey him. I had heard much of his daring and debauchery ; of his poverty and splendour ; and resolved to pay him a visit merely out of curiosity.

A rank debauchee, in every sense of the word, and an inveterate drunkard, this latter foible often placed him in situations of difficulty, particularly when visited by any of the ministers of the sultan, which he very frequently was, in his moments of inebriation. I arrived at his mansion one morning on a visit, before his faculties were clouded by liquor ; and we had scarcely exchanged the usual salutations, when he addressed me on a religious topic.

“ My son,” he said, “ hear my words. Pursue that true devotion, which arises from the love of Allah, and necessarily includes the love of men, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and the moral with the spiritual ; confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection, but of reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, the vain, and the proud, whether it be thought to avert that punishment which it cannot deserve to escape, or to ensure it by a complication of hypocrisy and guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Allah kereem !”

On hearing these words, I stared with wonder at the moollah, and murmured inwardly, “ Good and pious man as thou art, surely thou hast been much slandered !”

Towards evening, after taking a stroll in the meadows of Booïyookderé, having left him in his kiosk to the enjoyment of his brandy and muscadell, I came back to his mansion to pay my respects to him before I returned to Constantinople. But alas ! the change ! the moralist of the morning had sunk into the sensualist, and, as if the wand of Circe had effected the transformation, the man was now converted into the beast, and he hiccupped out his nauseous words in a voice almost inarticulate from inebriation.

“ I should much like to see thee a sohta²³ in the *medresseh*, ”²⁴ he said.

I stared ; and the moollah, without noticing my surprise, went on.

“The Birghilio Resala” would come well from thy youthful lips ; and the tones of thy voice swelling in praise of muscadel—that is, of Allah and our blessed Prophet, would sound as sweetly as the notes of the nightingale—I mean the muezzeem of the mosque of Sulieman.”

In the midst of these attempts to convert me—attempts which I only smiled at, and which he often assayed when under the influence of liquor, he fell back on his cushions, and a loud snore proclaimed the happy insensibility of the drunkard. Such was Murad Moollah, one day destined to be the grand mufti of the Turkish empire.

CHAPTER XX.

At length, after a long delay, I received a letter from Smyrna. My father sent a messenger purposely over land, as no vessel was allowed to enter the Dardanelles, the passage being blockaded by the Russian squadron. With what avidity did I break open the letter, devouring its contents as if they had been necessary to my existence !

I fondly hoped that my marriage would meet with my father’s approbation. Not only did the letter forbid such a union, but the paternal malediction was threatened in case of disobedience. The letter further desired me to hasten the completion of my father’s affairs, and return to Smyrna as soon as it should be done.

“Cruel, unjust, and harsh command !” I cried ; “it is unnatural—I cannot, will not obey it. Honour forbids. I am bound by ties irrevocable—Estafania shall be mine, come what may !”

I showed Panogiotes my father’s letter, and begged him to give me his advice upon the matter : he replied that he had *no opinion* to offer ; that the future happiness

of his child was now concerned in the fulfilment of my engagement, and he would let my own sense of honour and feeling dictate the course which I ought to pursue.

This was no difficult task. I resolved to marry Estafania immediately, and then sue for my father's forgiveness.

I was soon made happy—Estafania became mine. In the delirium which followed, all else was forgotten—the loved object of my affections alone reigned in my heart. She was my universe: she was all that man could desire, and all that could render woman worthy of man's devotion.

I was now married. Fate had showered its choicest blessings upon my head, and my cup of happiness overflowed. I was in possession of every earthly felicity which it is possible for mortal to attain. But when did happiness ever fill up the measure of man's days? The alloy will some time or other be discovered.

Estafania was worshipped, idolized: all eyes and all tongues paid her the homage due to her transcendent beauty of person and goodness of heart. Unbounded expressions of admiration were heard on all sides. Grateful were they to my heart, as water in the desert is to the thirsty pilgrim. Yet in listening to these praises, I experienced that painful excess of feeling which too frequently precedes some disastrous event.

A month or two after our marriage we were joined by Signor Camoli, who had been to Smyrna on business. Our intimacy had ripened into an apparent and lasting friendship, and I was induced to offer him the accommodation of our mansion for a short time. At first he refused the invitation; but my solicitations prevailed, and he consented to become our guest. Alas! the blindness of man! Hourly and daily, with all his boasted wisdom and foresight, is he the victim of his own folly!

An incident occurred about this time which it is necessary to relate. Estafania one day missed some jewels. A search was made, and they were discovered among a heap of clothes belonging to Anna, her attendant. The *poor girl* bore a high character, and indignantly asserted

her innocence. The fact, however, was too conclusive to be doubted, and she was dismissed. Scarcely had she quitted the house, when an Italian woman presented herself, saying she understood Estafania was in want of an attendant, and was taken into her service.

It has ever been my lot when enjoying the temporal blessings of this life to afford a striking illustration of the uncertainty of human felicity. Camoli and I had become daily more attached to each other. He was still an inmate of my house ; and often my companion in several adventures which it is not necessary to record.

One day, at dusk, about three months after my marriage, as Camoli and I were returning from Constantinople, whither we had been for a stroll, on landing at Galata, I was persuaded by him to go into one of the numerous taverns which abound there. The yamaikis, or Greek dancers, and the almé, were exerting their talents before an audience composed mostly of Greeks and Franks. We entered, sat down, called for sherbet and pipes, and then composed ourselves for the entertainment. Our entrance had created a slight confusion, which induced a tall fellow, with immense whiskers and mustaches, to call out silence, in a tone of voice extremely dictatorial.

I had before heard of a certain bullying Frank in the quarter of Pera, who had, on different occasions, distinguished himself in disturbances which happened in that neighbourhood, and frightened several Franks and Greeks out of their senses by a display of boasting, which wonderfully imposed upon their imaginations—though I verily believed that the sight of his own blood, or that of any one of his adversaries, would have effectually silenced all his assumption of boldness. Such was the fellow who now addressed himself to me.

I turned my eyes on the speaker. He had a knot of companions round him, who seemed to pay him the most implicit deference. He regulated the applause, and his will seemed to be law. Once I had the boldness to applaud when he did not happen to think it necessary ; and *another time*, on giving vent to an uncontrollable fit

of laughter, at the comicalities of Karagooze, while most others around me looked grave, I drew upon myself the whole weight of his wrath. I moreover had the audacity to return his threatening glances, with looks equally expressive of hostility. This manifestation of daring, on my part, brought the affair to a crisis.

"Sacre !" exclaimed an old soldier-looking Frank at my side—"what have you done? Inconsiderate young man! Commend yourself to Heaven, my friend, for you will not be alive another hour."

The speaker had scarcely ceased, when my opponent made his way up to me, to express the very earnest desire he felt to have an immediate conference. Camoli whispered me that it would be better to go out of the tavern and decide the affair. We accordingly went into the courtyard. The tone and manner of my friend convinced me that there was some mystery. I laughed, but said nothing, and we joined the Frank outside. He stood, with his arms folded across his breast. His assumed hauteur, and dignity of manner, caused an involuntary smile to play around the corners of my mouth. This indifference only exasperated him to further expressions of wrath. We made short work of it.

"Is that your friend?" he demanded in French, pointing to Camoli.

"He is," I replied.

"Constant," he continued, addressing a counterpart of himself who stood at his side, "arrange the terms: quick. Sacre! his coolness enrages me;" and he looked at me as if he would have eaten me.

Camoli and this fellow's friend retired on one side, and held a short conference. This was all a mystery to me. When it was concluded, the former addressed me, and said, "You must retract or fight."

"Retract!" I cried—"what?—seeing no offence has been given. And as to fighting, I am not so senseless as to throw away my life, because this silly fellow thinks fit to quarrel about nothing."

"Insult," pursued Camoli—"insult and indignity, such as you can never endure, will follow your refusal."

“When I have some plea,” I observed, “for risking my existence, I shall not be found wanting in spirit to defend myself. Let them know it.”

Whether Camoli delivered my sentiments literally, or whether he thought fit to enlarge upon them, certain it is that they produced a sensible effect upon my adversary. Giving vent to his effervescing fury in a series of passionate exclamations, he suddenly flew upon me, and held me in his savage grasp. To say that I felt indignant at such an unlooked for proceeding, would convey but a feeble idea of my feelings. My blood absolutely boiled with rage; I trembled under the excitement, and soon gave him to understand that unmerited insult was not to be heaped upon me with impunity. I grasped him round the body, with perhaps such an embrace as he had never before felt. Much against his own inclinations, and to his terror, as well as to the astonishment of a few bystanders, I lifted him suddenly from the ground. When I had elevated him to a sufficient height to render his fall pretty severe, I cast him from me, and he fell on his back. Turning on my heel, I was about to re-enter the tavern, out of which his insolence had brought me, when Camoli advanced, and remonstrated upon such an unusual and violent method of retribution.

“For Heaven’s sake! consider what you have done!” he cried.

“Well,” I muttered—“what then? My conduct is perfectly justifiable.”

“I fear not,” he rejoined, in a tone which I affected not to understand.

“What!” I asked; “can such sentiments for a moment exist in your bosom?”

“There are certain laws,” he observed, coolly—“there are certain laws,” he repeated, more deliberately, and with emphasis, “among men of honour, by which the aggressor is bound to satisfy the party wronged. Common courtesy should have induced you to afford some kind of explanation—”

“Explanation!” I exclaimed, interrupting him—“of what? I cannot but feel surprised,” I continued, after

a pause, my temper rising, "at the very liberal view which you appear to take of the affair."

"Think of me as you please—pervert my sentiments as it suits you," continued the Italian—"I shall nevertheless speak as I feel. However, if you will not listen to me on that subject, at least take one piece of advice, and quit this place immediately. Your life is in danger. Think you your opponent will allow such indignity to pass unavenged? No! His outraged feelings, and the laws of honour, equally demand you as a victim."

A smile of contempt was the only answer with which I deigned to notice Camoli. My temper was roused. Haughtily waving my hand, I told him he was at liberty to leave me, if he entertained any alarm for his own safety. As to myself, I feared nothing that my adversary might attempt.

"Farewell!" I cried—"our friendship is at an end."

Camoli was silent—he drew back—offended pride and wrath arose within him. The struggle was momentary. He advanced—grasped my hand, and exclaimed in a deep tone which came from his chest, "I will leave you—farewell! for ever!"

He let go my hand: a glance of mingled scorn and malice flashed from his dark eyes, and turning away, he hastily quitted the place.

I shall never forget that look. It went through my heart like an arrow. I was unable to define or account for the feeling which it created within me. To this day it haunts me—to this day it reminds me of his fiendlike machinations, his triumphant villany, and my own dishonour. That was indelible. It was marked in characters, seared by flame on my heart's core. There is nothing so destructive of all the glittering dreams and recollections of this life, as to be the dupe of the artful, and the mark of the scorner.

What became of the hero of the tavern, I know not, nor did I trouble myself to inquire. I saw his friends carry him away, stupified by the fall which he had received. He did not make his appearance again on the scene of his dictatorship.

The adventure had caused an excitement in my blood, which, instead of allaying, I only increased by the frequent draughts of wine which I swallowed on my return to the tavern. The conduct of Camoli was inexplicable to me—I could not account for it. I dreaded something, but knew not what. I was angry with myself, and resolved not to return home till late at night.

The dancing was still continued at the tavern. The yamaikis, with their long flowing hair, excited the passions by the graceful movements of their bodies. I was enraptured, or pretended to be so, and fixed my regards upon a young Levantine from Naxos, whom I applauded and defended against all opposition. I covered his forehead with sequins,¹ so that he appeared to wear a golden chaplet, and swore that he was the best dancer I had ever set my eyes upon.

A Zantiote captain who sat near me immediately roared out that my protégé was a fool to one whom I had not yet seen. Upon my denying this, and challenging him to bring forward a better, he called a youth from the crowd, and said he would wager twenty sequins upon him, as superior in agility and grace to the Naxiote.

“Agreed—agreed,” I shouted, mad with mirth and wine—“and I will add twenty more if you win.”

The yamaikis came forward and soon commenced operations. It was easy to see these competitors were old rivals. They exerted all their strength, strained every nerve, and practised every favourite evolution to gain applause. They leaped, they vaulted, they stamped, they spun round like tops, till both making their gyrations at the same moment, they came into such violent contact, that each fell on the floor as if struck by a cannon ball.

The Zantiote captain sprang forward to raise his man, and I to pick up mine. In a few seconds they recovered, and each conceiving that his rival had acted with sinister premeditation, they eyed one another for an instant with feelings of fierce hostility, and then flew forward like a couple of tigers. At it they went, tooth and

nail, and their streaming locks were soon thinned without the assistance of a barber.

The spectators now exhibited signs of impatience. They were divided between the combatants, and from words at length proceeded to blows. Shouts, screams, and oaths disturbed the tranquillity of the night, and cuffs and kicks were dealt in all directions. In the midst of this uproar, the landlord, who was a Turk, came in upon us, and called upon the company to cease their clamour. Vain were alike his cries and his threats. At length, a guard coming by, they seized upon a number of empty barrels which happened to be near, and rolled them in among the combatants. The tumult increased—but their valour was of no avail—they fell in all directions, overcome by their treacherous foes the tubs! The most unruly were forced without ceremony into these empty vessels, and rolled into the street, where they were shot out, and left to pursue their own reflections. I escaped this mode of conveyance by a timely retreat.

I directed my steps towards the residence of one of the foreign ambassadors. Among the many inducements in this city to wean man from the occupations of domestic life was that of gambling. It was, however, generally carried on at the private mansions of these ministers and their attachés. My first initiation into the mysteries of this species of delicate robbery, instead of rendering me cautious how I mingled in such society, served only as a provocative to its enjoyment. Camoli, too, not for any consideration of gain, for he possessed ample funds, had on all occasions induced me to join him in these scenes of nocturnal plunder. The day even, at times, saw me a visiter at such places, but at night, if no other engagement interfered, I had become a constant and unwearied attendant.

I now strolled towards the residence of the ——— ambassador. A large party had already assembled. I was persuaded by two or three hangers-on to play. Once fairly plunged in the game, I pursued it with ardour, lost a considerable sum, and mentally swore never to touch *another card*. Fortune, however, at length favoured me ;

—my luck turned. I recovered my money, and my spirits became elated beyond their usual gayety. At length, it being time to separate, I relinquished the dice and cards, and quitted my companions with expressions of regret for their losses.

When I entered I had given the porter charge of my cloak. On asking the man for it, he said he thought I was gone home, as a Greek who stated himself to be my attendant had come for it in my name. I blamed his negligence, observed there must be some mistake, and hurried home.

Passing near the Turkish cemetery, a cry of distress attracted my attention. Such cries I had often heard, and prudence taught me not to regard them. My path, however, led by the spot. Upon reaching the place, I perceived two men struggling. The taller of the two had extricated his right arm from the grasp of his adversary, and was in the act of plunging a dagger into his side as I came up. I rushed upon him, dashed down his arm, and shielded his victim from the impending blow. The assassin turned to behold whence the unexpected interposition came, and perceiving a stranger, took to his heels with a speed which rendered all pursuit vain. I thought I recognised the fellow. My suspicions led me to believe that it was the same man who had attacked me on a former occasion. The police now came up; I explained the matter to them, and promised them a liberal reward if they succeeded in taking the fugitive. They immediately left me to make their search.

I now turned to the stranger whom I had rescued. He was a Frank. I know not why, but his appearance excited within me an interest and a sympathy, and I immediately offered him my assistance. He had not yet recovered from the effects of the desperate struggle. He breathed with difficulty, and seemed completely exhausted. Unwilling to occasion him any unnecessary exertion, I refrained from asking an explanation of the affair till we reached his abode, which was in Pera.

Arrived there, I accepted his invitation, and entered his house. *Having swallowed a glass or two of wine to re-*

cruit his exhausted strength, he observed, "My name is Francesco Sforza."

"Francesco Sforza!" I cried, "I have heard of that name."

"It was once a name," he continued, "connected with everything that was happy and prosperous in life."

"Tell me," I hastily asked—vague and indefinable ideas floating on my mind—"was there not an Italian of the name of Camoli—"

"In the name of Heaven, who are you?" he exclaimed, suddenly rising from his seat, his countenance assuming the pallid hue of death.

"Fear nothing from me," I said, surprised at his agitation; "though once a friend of his, I am incapable of wronging the unfortunate."

"Your speech assures me," continued the stranger, after a pause, and resuming his seat, "that you are acquainted with a portion of my wretched history. We wronged each other—but he was the aggressor."

"If I mistake not," I said, "you allude to events which took place some years back. I am acquainted with them."

"You know me then, and are familiar with the most miserable events of my life. Give me your attention a while, and you will confess that I am one to be commiserated, and not despised."

He paused as if to collect his thoughts, and then proceeded as follows:—

"I was born at Naples. It is now nearly three years since business of a peculiar nature called me to Constantinople. It was during my stay there that I became acquainted with an Italian family of the name of Ronaldi—"

"And are you acquainted with Signor Ronaldi?" I cried, interrupting him.

"I am: and it is on his account that I am now come to Constantinople. I understand, by a letter which I received a few weeks ago, that he is dead, and has left *me considerable property.*"

"How fortunate it is," I said, "that I have met you. I

can afford you every information you require." And here I related to my astonished listener the whole history of my father's connection with Signor Ronaldi.

"I am glad I have found a friend," said Francesco, "for I am almost reduced to my last piastre."

He then proceeded—

"You may have heard by what villanous arts the Signor Camoli succeeded in robbing me of the affections of Violetta—he had married her! His baseness overwhelmed me with despair. How I survived the shock I know not. The principle of life was strong within me, and I recovered only to heap the direst maledictions on the destroyer of my peace.

"A year or more passed away, when I quitted Constantinople and went to Smyrna. It was in this city that I was unexpectedly thrown into the presence of Violetta. She recognised me: and certain tokens of endearment, which a lover only can comprehend, convinced me that I was an object welcome to her sight: the cruelty—the injustice of Camoli, had distracted her mind. At that time he was from home, on pretence of business, but in reality dallying in the embraces of a Greek courtesan. You will readily perceive the result of all this. An interview followed—all was forgotten. The ecstasy of that moment repaid me for the past. We resolved to fly. Was I wrong? She had once pledged her word to be mine. The spoiler came and deprived me of my right. His subsequent desertion and cruelty completed his dishonour. We fled, and went to Naples.

"Several months passed away, and I was again called to Constantinople. At the earnest solicitations of Violetta, I went to her father, related to him the circumstance of our marriage—for Camoli had now gained a divorce—and for the first time I became acquainted with the latter's treachery. The merchant therefore became reconciled to the match.

"It will scarcely be credited, when I tell you that I am in constant dread of being assassinated. One attempt would not have astonished me, as plunder might have been the motive; but repeated acts of the kind have oc-

curred. A being who lurks with conventicle security in whatever place I visit, constantly follows and crosses me in my avocations, and destroys my peace of mind. He attacked me twice at Naples—but I lost sight of him for a time. To-night your powerful arm protected me. In whatever occupation I am engaged he intrudes himself—wherever I go, I am reminded by some token of his proximity. He is my shadow and my plague. He is a negro.”

“A negro !” I cried, a sudden thought striking me.

“He is—and his name is Kara.”

“Then I have reason to believe,” I added, “that I was to be a victim by similar means. I was attacked some time back by a negro. A strange light dawns upon me ; time will, I hope, develop the mystery. But the assassin must have a motive, or do you think he is employed by Camoli ?”

“Both,” replied Francesco ; “but he has a motive : and it only shows how far the passion of love, when it meets with a repulse, can turn to hate. This negro was a retainer in the house of Violetta’s father. Constantly receiving acts of kindness from all the members of the family, he dared to aspire to the affections of its heiress. Disgrace and dismissal were the reward of his presumption ; and if I remember right, I ordered some kind of chastisement to be inflicted. This will account in some measure for his motives. But my sorrows are not yet told,” continued Francesco, the violence of his emotion almost choking his utterance. “Listen, and you shall hear a tale of horror.

“Before I quitted Constantinople, Signor Ronaldi, whose heart yearned towards his child, made me promise that I would come and live with him. I agreed to this, and we separated. I embarked for Naples. Oh ! with what feelings of happiness did I land there, hurrying home with the joyous sensations which absence had created. I reached the street—I was within a few paces of the house, when, instead of that blessed abode—a gap—a chasm—a black and horrible vacancy met my view. Unable to credit my senses, I examined, with an

unaccountable curiosity, the neighbouring houses—no! none resembled mine: and I continued to gaze on the hideous vacancy, fascinated to the spot. I was buried in dismal forebodings, when a figure crossed my sight at a little distance. Often seen before, though indistinctly, I recognised the form of the assassin Kara. He passed before me like a vision. He pointed significantly at the yawning chasm, before which I stood, and quickly disappeared. The truth flashed upon my mind in all its dreadful array. Conceive, if you can, my consequent horror, amazement, and despair, when I learned that the house, in which I had left my wife and blooming infant, had been burned to the ground. All had perished within that proscribed mansion. Oh, God! why—why was I reserved for such unheard of calamities? Misfortune and malignity have now worked their worst upon me; and I only anticipate, and ardently long for the period when I shall be released by death from the thralldom of my insupportable existence.”

“Hope for better days,” I cried, as Francesco concluded the recital of his sufferings; “the same destiny which has presided over your misfortunes, will, no doubt, bring a return of happiness. If it is possible to discover this arch fiend, I will not hesitate, with my own hand, to rid you of so insupportable a plague.”

Francesco shook his head. “Think you, my friend,” he said, “I have suffered his attempts on my life to pass unnoticed—no! Assisted by the police in Naples, I hunted him in all places unsuccessfully. He only crosses my path when his presence is least expected; and he appears to possess such facilities for escape, that any attempt to take him would be fruitless. Know you where the Signor Camoli is at present?” he inquired, after a pause.

“He is here,” I replied.

“In Constantinople?” interrupted Francesco with evident amazement.

“Ay,” I said, “he was an inmate of my house this morning, but to-day, thank God for my hastiness of temper! we quarrelled—but the night draws on: to-morrow I will see you again. In the mean time, as a slight

proof of my regard, receive this"—and I placed the money which I had won in his hands—"you have confessed you are in want. Farewell!"

Francesco clasped my hands, and would have returned it; but I hurried from the room, anxious to reach my own residence.

CHAPTER XXI.

It would have been wonderful indeed, if, after such disclosures, fate had ordered them as the fulfilment of my miserable destiny. I reached my home—knocked—and waited some time, but no one answered. Loud and successive appeals at the door produced the desired effect. A voice within asked who was there? Unusual as the question was, I nevertheless answered it. The door was opened, and I entered. The man stared at me as though I had been a ghost. I thought it strange, but said nothing. My usual attendants had retired to rest: this was still more unaccountable.

"What in the name of patience is the meaning of all this?" I at length demanded—"is attendance on the master of this house considered unnecessary?"

"I thought you were at home and gone to rest," replied the fellow, with a vacant stare.

"At home, rascal—you have been dreaming, or else you are drunk. Give me a light."

I entered my sleeping apartment. Estafania was in a deep slumber, lying like a rose on a bed of lilies—too soon, alas! like those emblems of innocence, to fall into corruption. A slight noise which I made on my entrance disturbed her.

"Who is there?" she cried.

"'Tis I."

"Constantine?"

"Ay, love—I regret that I am so late."

“Late!” she repeated, in a strange kind of voice.

“Ay, late—is it not late?”

“Late!” she reiterated, with an emphasis which surprised me—“what mean you?”

“Only that some kind but over-officious friends have detained me, against my better inclinations, till within the last hour.”

“In the name of the Virgin!” she exclaimed, starting from the couch—“speak to me plainly.”

Alarmed, I hastened to her side. Her eyes looked wild, and were strained into an expression of fixed horror.

“I see you are dressed—therefore answer me,” and her lovely face assumed the hue of death—“have you not been home before to-night?”

“Holy Virgin! what mean you, Estafania?”

“Answer me!” she repeated, with an energy which made every nerve in my frame quiver—“have you not been in this room to-night—till now?”

“No.”

One shrill and heartrending scream of agony burst from her, and she fell back on the couch insensible.

I was horrorstruck—my blood froze—my senses were so bewildered and paralyzed that I was unable to stir from the spot. I was presently aroused from my stupor by the entrance of Estafania’s attendant, who, alarmed by the scream, had hastened from an inner room.

“Can you afford me any explanation of this?” I demanded, in accents choked by anguish—“madness seems to have bewildered the senses of every one.”

“Alas! I know not,” she replied—“what with the terror of hearing the scream of madam, and seeing you up and dressed, when I concluded you were asleep—”

“Holy Powers!” I exclaimed, in a voice which rang through the whole house—“what mean you?—speak! Quick, girl—or tremble for your life.”

A slight groan, which proceeded from Estafania, roused me like the blast of the last trumpet. I darted forward, and clasped her in my arms. “Fly for assist

ance," I cried, addressing the attendant—"the struggles of death are upon her. Oh, God! that I should have been reserved for this!"

Combinations of the mind, in all matters of deep import, are formed as quick as thought, and act like the disclosures of an oracle. How is this, I asked myself, that every one thus questions me, imagining me to have been at home? The thought was torture, the more terrible as the circumstances were involved in inscrutable mystery. The agony—the horror—and the disclosure of that night, are yet fresh in my memory. Years have not obliterated them from my mind: I behold the scene again in all its hideous reality—the retrospect is horrible!

Long—long did I wait the reappearance of her attendant, but she returned not. Guilty as she was, she was unable again to behold the devastation occasioned by her baseness; and that night quitted the city.

Estafania lay on my bosom insensible: one of my arms encircled her waist; the other she held by the wrist with a grasp so convulsive, that all my strength was insufficient to unlock the deadly embrace of that small hand. Worked up to phrensy, I shouted to the full pitch of my voice, but as the attendants slept in distant apartments, my only trust was in the man who had let me in. At length I succeeded in making myself heard by him. He came, and I despatched him immediately for assistance.

During his absence, Estafania relaxed the hold which she had taken of my arm—a faint sigh escaped from her, and a quivering motion of the frame succeeded. Mad with the excitement and agony of the moment, my fevered fancy interpreted these as symptoms of immediate dissolution: and my alternate exclamations of mingled blasphemy and prayer were horrible.

Estafania gradually revived—but revived only to blast my senses with the confession of her dishonour. Her spotless soul was too proud to palter with circumstances: she scorned to conceal her degradation, though *the disclosure* were purchased at the price of her life.

Grant me patience, Heaven, while my pen traces the frightful characters of my shame ! I had been abused ! my bed had been defiled—the spoiler had come even into the gynaceum, and violated its sanctuary. I learned enough from her own lips to convince me that I was that frightful and pitiable thing man shrinks not from making his fellow-creatures, but which in himself he abhors !

Who had been the destroyer of my peace, I could only guess ; all else was involved in doubt and mystery more horrible and racking than the actual certainty.

The disclosure stupified and stunned me. What happened afterward I know not. Sense and feeling became extinct within me, except when excited to powerful impulses of passion. Days and nights I lay in this state of utter hopelessness. Oh ! those days—those nights. A world of torture, of horror, of despair, seemed to annihilate my being. At intervals, disdaining the paltry trammels of mortality, my spirit appeared to mount into air, and traverse with the fearful momentum of some falling world the infinity of space. On—on I seemed to bound—an atom—impelled by some invisible agency. A ceaseless gnawing preyed upon my heart, as if all the demons of hell were tugging to tear its strings asunder.

The fever passed away. Reason gradually returned, but the feelings which it brought back plunged me into a state of irremediable apathy. I was indifferent whether I lived or died. With nothing to live for, death was welcome to me in any shape. I felt as if I should never rise again, and thought of the hand which could have imparted hope and vitality—the only hand which I could have wished to close my eyes, when life was gone—and wept to think that I should thus breathe my last sigh in a distant and strange land.

Time passed away, and I gradually recovered : but the beautiful, the virtuous, the beloved Estafania was no more. There is nothing more dreadful than that poignant grief, which, as soon as it seizes, destroys ! Of such she was a victim.

I was spared, thank Heaven, the agony of witnessing her dissolution ; for my misery was sufficiently complete in the recollection of the events of that period, and I must now hasten to throw a veil over those remembrances, which arouse within me associations long stifled, but not forgotten—and awaken feelings long buried in oblivion, but only wanting a touch of the master chord to kindle the slumbering fires into all their former activity.

Peace to thy shade ! Often in the stillness of night do I think of thee, Estafania, and bitter are the reflections which memory conjures up ; but even in the fullness of my grief, the recollection of thy meekness, and of thy devotion, is, to my agonized spirit, like a gleam of sunshine upon a dark and distant landscape !

There was only one man whom I could accuse of such premeditated villany. None else but Camoli had the boldness and dexterity to conceive and prosecute so dark an undertaking. Of him and his accomplice, the attendant of Estafania, I could gain no information—though I employed agents day and night to trace them to their haunts—except that they had both sailed in a vessel bound for Smyrna on the night their iniquity was accomplished.

The first person whom I recognised after my recovery was Francesco ; he was watching over me with all the solicitude of a parent. It was a painful interview ; but I felt that it doubly cemented the friendship which had sprung up between us. He had heard all, and the subsequent inquiries which he made too plainly confirmed the suspicions I had entertained against Camoli. But the blow was struck, and my only thought now was how I might best avenge it. I soon recovered under the kind attentions of my friend, who was my constant companion, and I felt for him all the affection of a brother.

Panogiotes visited me—but I must not describe the scene ; the shock was too much for him. The disgrace which had been formerly inflicted on his child, *coupled with the present terrible event*, completely un-

manned him. He gradually sank, and in a few short weeks followed his lovely daughter to the grave.

I was sauntering one day through the suburb of Eyooob with Francesco, when, in one of its walks, I was met by a man whom it struck me I had seen before. He was a Frank, and stood in front of us awaiting our advance.

"I should know you," I observed.

"We have met before."

"What want you with me?" I demanded, eying him rather sharply.

"This letter is for you," he said, drawing a packet from his bosom.

"I understand you now," I added, leading him aside; "you are one of those who care not for the opinion of the world."

"Exactly so."

"You hesitate not to execute the wishes of any one who can well reward you."

"You have guessed my trade; I am at your command upon good conditions."

"Then do me one service, and as you acquit yourself, so shall be your reward. You know where the Signor Camoli is concealed?"

"If you are on that scent," said the fellow, "you may spare yourself further pains. He is far beyond my reach. I saw him set sail from the port weeks ago. Were he here, I would willingly serve you."

"Enough," I cried, "you may go; but do not cross my path again."

"Thank'ee, signor," he said, with a grin, as he walked deliberately away.

I unfolded the letter and read as follows:—

"You crossed me in my affections. That was sufficient to make me your enemy who never forgave injury or presumption. Enough for my motives. I will now criminate myself only for the infinite satisfaction of harrowing up your feelings. You shall know all: I will lay bare to you my most hidden thoughts and actions."

“ You crossed me in my love for Estafania. You were preferred : and my vengeance was only delayed when you escaped the arm of my emissary—you remember that night. My revenge now took another turn.— I became the friend of a man whom I could only hate and despise. You married. Though I should have looked at one time upon this step as my deathblow, I now viewed it with different feelings. With what rapture did I hail the offer of your house! Fool! to think that I could become the friend of a man who had so deeply thwarted me. The female attendant was sent by me. The poor girl you turned away was innocent—innocent as an angel. Our quarrel at the tavern was all premeditated: I took you there purposely, well knowing your temper would not brook the insolence of your adversary. I hoped you would fight; had you, your fate was sealed.

“ We parted—such an opportunity was not to be lost. You were watched every step that night; and had you attempted to return home at an early hour, you would have been prevented. It was I that sent for your cloak, the better to deceive the porter at the door. My faithful ally, the attendant of Estafania, had managed to keep every one out of the way except him. I entered your house unsuspected, and was looked upon as its master. I reached the room where the lovely, the divine Estafania lay slumbering sweetly on her couch, and no doubt dreaming of the poor fool, her absent husband. I imprinted a kiss on her sweet lips, and she murmured your name—shall I proceed?”

I make no comment on the disclosure contained in this epistle. It spoke volumes of insidious artifice and triumphant villany. But I felt not the less because I remained passive. The blow had been struck—the poison had worked its worst within, and a settled, morbid, cankering calm, but not indifference, succeeded the first whirl of delirium. My feelings, hitherto accustomed to explode with an impetuosity

that was overwhelming, were now tamed into quietness and impotency.

To curse was easy. It might, perhaps, have assuaged my heart, burdened with insupportable despondency, but it would not have satisfied my vengeance. I vented not my indignation in such idle and unprofitable exclamations; but I sedulously nourished, with a fiendlike tenacity, every dark and gloomy idea which crossed my brain, and prompted me to seek a sure and sweet revenge.

I resolved to quit Constantinople. Everything reminded me of my former happiness and my present shame. I fancied that every one, particularly my Greek friends, appeared to recognise me as a mark at which to point the finger of scorn. Every casual expression dropped by them in my hearing, every little incident I witnessed, was likened into a resemblance of my misfortune. This was insupportable. I could have borne my wretchedness alone and in solitude, brooding over the eager hope of future revenge. But to be the laughing-stock—the object—the mark for every Phanariote to say, “That is he!” was beyond the endurance of the most stoical indifference.

My cup of bitterness was not yet full. What I most dreaded, but yet wished to come to pass, now happened. A letter arrived from Smyrna. It was from my father's chief clerk, and briefly informed me that my only surviving parent was no more. This event, my correspondent regretted to say, had been occasioned solely by the knowledge of my union with Estafania. His letter further went on to urge my immediate return to Smyrna; but concluded by stating, if I declined making my appearance there, I was to remit, by the first vessel, the proceeds of the partnership concern, as my father had declared, in his dying moments, that I was not his son!

My feelings had been lately inured to excitement, and any new disaster failed to have that terrible effect upon them which I formerly experienced. Again and again I perused the letter, but it merely informed me, in the dry and technical language of the countinghouse, what I have already stated. Here, then, in some degree, was an

elucidation of the mystery which enveloped my former life during my residence in the Morea. "Whose son am I?" I exclaimed. "If Morozi is not my father, he has hitherto behaved to me like one, and I will pay to his memory that respect which nature and piety demand." I retired to my chamber, and poured forth in silence and in solitude the aspirations of an almost broken heart.

I had no tie to bind me any longer to a place to which I owed much happiness, but where sprang the first source of all my wretchedness. The parents of Estafania wished me to remain. When the extraordinary nature of my father's declaration was made known to Panogiotis, with a nobleness of mind I had not expected, he would have adopted me as his son. He urged me, by every means of persuasion, to remain; but I was inflexible in my determination to go, and, if possible, to forget all connected with the place.

But whither should I direct my steps? I dared not hope for forgiveness from my father's agents. I felt that I was an outcast, and determined to seek among other nations that peace of mind which was denied me here. I kept the money which I had in my possession. Morozi was dead—and who had a better right to it than myself?

Francesco was as anxious as I to quit Constantinople as soon as possible. He had settled his affairs with the agents of Signor Ronaldi, and wished me to return with him to Naples.

"Come," he continued, taking my hand, "we are companions in misery; at least, then, let us be brothers wherever fate may lead us. We are victims of the same destiny. We have no home; but we have that which will purchase a home and freedom in any land. Join me—misfortune has doubly cemented this tie, and I feel that it will only cease with life."

It mattered little to me where I dwelt for the future. Eager to quit a place rendered detestable by past events, I immediately went to the harbour, and found two Greek vessels about to sail for Naples. I engaged a passage in one of them for Francesco and myself, went on board the following day, and remained there till the vessel quitted the port.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE human mind sometimes falls into a species of stupor and insensibility, which may be truly called the last stage of suffering. Yet nothing can be more true than that the deepest sorrows, and the greatest afflictions, lose much of their acuteness by contrast.

I seldom went on deck except at night. Then I could, unobserved and without control, yield up my soul to those agitating thoughts which, shut up in my bosom, preyed with undiminished intensity on my spirit—then all was undisturbed: the reflecting sea lay hushed like an infant sleeping on the bosom of its parent—all was quiet, except the restless passions of man. Although neither happy nor resigned, I thought there was a possibility of becoming tranquil in the worst of situations. I seemed as if my nature was changed. The wholesome current of my better feelings was turned into deep hatred and contempt for my fellow-creatures; and I felt, that with the exception of Francesco, there was not a human being on whom I could bestow a thought of commiseration or of sympathy.

We cleared the Dardanelles, touched at the Isle of Naxos, the master of the vessel, like all Greek captains, being as usual ready to run in upon some frivolous pretence. At Malta we received intelligence that an Algerine squadron, which had committed great ravages on the Neapolitan coast, and attacked indiscriminately the flag of every nation, was cruising in our course. We were well armed, but not sufficiently strong to contend with vessels adapted peculiarly for the mode of warfare pursued by the Algerines. Our vessel carried six guns, and our crew consisted of twenty men, Greeks and Neapolitans. The captain thought of putting back; but

unwilling to occasion any further delay, he determined to run all risks, and the vessel continued her course.

While running between the island of Sicily and Cape Bon, in Africa, we were congratulating ourselves upon not having fallen in with the pirates, when, sailing a little closer for the island, we perceived three strange sail under the lofty headland. Our fears instantly surmised them to be the vessels we had wished so much to avoid, and these conjectures were too well founded. Two, which were xebecks, ran out of an inlet, and lay upon our course. The remaining vessel, which was very large, sailed in a contrary direction. We consulted what was best to be done ; the captain thinking it was possible to outsail them, spread all his canvass, and put his vessel before the breeze.

One of the xebecks now discharged a gun. The ball fell a considerable distance from us. A loud shout burst from our men, and they indulged in various jokes upon the ill-directed aim of the corsairs. But these were now coming down upon us with every sail set. Seeing there was no possibility of avoiding their fire, we prepared to receive and return it. They dashed by us in contrary directions, pouring a destructive discharge upon us. Our fire in return told with fearful precision on both. The enormous sails and masts of one of the xebecks (for she carried only two) fell with a tremendous crash into the sea. On a second discharge the officer commanding the other, while giving directions from the high poop, was blown into the air by a ball, and fell into the sea almost cut in two. Whether it was owing to the awkwardness of the pilot, or the dismay consequent upon the death of their leader, it so happened that the corsair came floundering within a few yards of us, and giving a sudden pitch, fell alongside.

The tumult of the conflicting crews now became deafening. In an instant the sides of each vessel gleamed with the flashing sabre and the uplifted yataghan. Pistols were discharged in all directions. The Algerines fought like tigers. At one instant we had gained their deck, but were as instantly repulsed. Our enemies, more

accustomed to the rapid and decisive movements of boarding, sprang upon us in all directions, but we compelled them to seek refuge in their own vessel.

The large ship, on board of which was Seïd Ali, the admiral, had now approached within gunshot. On she came, rolling through the heavy sea, while shouts of "Al-lah hu !" were exultingly sent forth by her men. Observing a signal made by her to the crew of the xebeck alongside of us to keep clear of her guns, we also obeyed the movement, and fell with our faces on the deck. Scarcely had we done this, when she opened a fire upon us, the balls from which pierced our vessel in every part. Masts and rigging came tumbling down : and before the smoke had dispersed, the Moors again boarded us. I received a cut on my head—a bullet entered my right shoulder—I was stunned, and should have fallen over the vessel's side, had not Francesco caught me in his arms, and placed me securely on deck.

Hitherto there had been but a moderate breeze ; all at once it died away, just as Seïd Ali's ship came up. A few minutes only elapsed, when suddenly, without any previous warning, one of those tremendous hurricanes, which at times happen in these seas, and engulf the stoutest ships, burst upon us with a fury that forced even the tall masts of the admiral to acknowledge its supremacy. Our sails were torn to shreds, and we only escaped going down by a miracle. The Moors threw aside their weapons, their whole efforts being now directed towards the safety of our vessel and its cargo, and we were compelled to run before the gale with a velocity which threatened every moment to overwhelm us.

It was some time before I awoke to this frightful change of scene. A strange mingling of hoarse sounds rumbled in my ears of storm and battle, as with a confused sense of suffering I strove to recall past events. I lay in a dreamy consciousness of misery, as if the past and the present were only images of the same fearful vision.

The rain descended in torrents ; the thunder burst ; *sheets of lightning*, of an intensity and duration that

turned darkness into day, blazed around us. Fear sat upon the countenances of the Moors : as they cast their eyes on the vast extent of raging waters, the sight struck them with dismay, and they fell on the deck, bellowing to the rude blast. Those who had hitherto possessed sufficient presence of mind to attend to the management of the vessel, now with wild cries forsook their posts, stretched forth their arms to the black heavens, and called on Allah to save them. Loud and appalling were their cries, as by turns they implored the assistance of their Prophet, and then cursed him in the bitterness of despair. They tore their beards, lacerated their bosoms, rent their garments, and manifested all the signs of impotent rage bordering on phrensy.

Towards evening the storm diminished, but still the sea ran fearfully high. The clouds now separated as rapidly as they had formed, and rolled towards the east, the setting sun breaking through the opaque mass, shed an unearthly glare over the darkness in front. Suddenly a cry was raised by several Moors who had ventured up the masts. It was echoed with extravagant joy by those on deck. Francesco raised himself, and perceived at a considerable distance the vessel of Seid Ali. Our capture was now become inevitable, and we resigned ourselves to our destiny. Several of the Moors came forward, and commanded us to go below. We were pushed into the hold one upon the other, and left to pursue our own reflections.

These were of the most agonizing description : such are of speedy conjuration ; they are the constant allies of misfortune, and upon us they crowded with all their weight of wo. While the storm lasted, and we were separated from the large vessel, hope shone even amid the darkness of the tempest, and we were sanguine in our expectations of regaining our liberty. But the appearance of the Algerine admiral dissipated the flattering fantasy, and disappointment once more fell with a crushing weight upon our exhausted minds.

Owing to the great strength of its timbers, our vessel had suffered little during the late gale. The xebecks

were not to be seen, and we concluded they had gone down. Fresh sails were now hoisted, and as there were not sufficient hands, we were summoned from the hold, and compelled to assist in this most arduous service. The anguish which I felt from my wounds was insufferable, and I thought every moment that I should fall upon the deck. Brought back to a recollection of my state, I ascended the masts, too happy by this expedient to escape the fury of our captors.

In the course of the evening, Seïd Ali made a signal for us to be brought on board. A boat was lowered, we were ordered into it, and rowed towards the vessel. We were no sooner ushered into the presence of the admiral than he loaded us with every species of invective, and ordered us to be bastinadoed. This order was carried into execution with the most scrupulous regard to quantity, and with much relish by his attendants. Abuse and execrations followed the execution of this sentence; we were then stripped to the skin, in order that no treasure might escape their search. A box of jewels which I had secreted quieted in some degree the admiral's ill-humour. He surveyed them with greedy delight. Indeed, the value of the gems exceeded the loss of their vessels. A bag of gold was discovered on Francesco, which afforded me no less pleasure than the Moors, for our captain and his crew having undergone examination, and nothing of value being found upon their persons, they received another infliction of the bastinado.

The following morning we again stood to sea, Seïd Ali having expressed his determination to make another cruise before he steered for Algiers. Towards evening, a small speck being observed upon the horizon, the Moors sailed in that direction. A few hours brought them sufficiently near to fire a shot for the stranger to bring to. She proved to be a merchant vessel from Constantinople, bound to Leghorn: the very ship, which left the former port a day or two after we sailed. A boat with thirty Moors was sent to take possession of her. We could perceive all that passed from the admiral's deck. A young man, more courageous than the

rest, endeavoured to rouse the captain and crew to defend themselves and property, but being quickly disabled by a cut from a yataghan, he fell, and I saw him no more. The Moors took possession of the prize, and we immediately steered for Algiers.

A cry from the Moors early one morning announced that we were approaching the place of our destination. A stiff breeze soon brought us in sight of this great centre of piracy, situated in an extensive bay, and rising like an exhalation from the deep. It seemed suspended in air. The mountains in the back ground covered with innumerable vineyards, orange and olive groves, intersected with houses, imbedded amid thick and luxuriant foliage, presented a delightful scence as you approached by sea.

No sooner had the vessels anchored than we were saluted by the batteries on shore, the admiral returning the compliment with due ceremony. Some of the guns were shotted. This circumstance created not a little confusion on the batteries. Preparations were immediately made for our landing, and the prisoners from the last prize were likewise brought on shore. This done, we were formed into a line. A single kick planted on the last man in the row put the line in motion; and amid the acclamations of an immense concourse of people assembled to witness the triumph of the admiral, we were marched into the city, a fierce mob pelting us with the filthy accumulations of the streets.

Being conducted to a large building near the palace of the dey, a formal but useless examination took place as to the legality of our capture. We had made up our minds to the result, and the cry of "Slaves!" was echoed through the hall by our guards, and proclaimed that the day of suffering had arrived.

It was while this ceremony was being performed that I was suddenly roused from a deep fit of abstraction, in which, notwithstanding the nature of the scene, I was entirely absorbed, by some one grasping my arm. I turned round, and perceived Francesco at my side. His altered appearance struck me with amazement, and I

inquired the cause of his agitation. He pointed towards a man among the captives taken in the last prize, and exclaimed, "'Tis Kara !"

I instantly looked up, and beheld a negro carelessly reclining against a pillar on one side of the hall, his eyes bent upon us with a fierce glance. Never shall I forget the gleam of malice which flashed from those dark eyes, the savage grin, which, by exposing his large teeth, imparted a greater degree of ferocity to his countenance, and the fiendish joy expressed in every feature, when with a significant jesture he pointed to the admiral, who was seated among the officers of the court, and burst out into a laugh of exultation. If I had possessed a weapon, I should have sent it to his heart.

Both Francesco and myself were utterly amazed at the singular chance which had again thrown him near us. To account for so unexpected a circumstance, was, at the moment, beyond our ingenuity, but after considering the matter, the mystery was in some measure cleared up when I recollected that, at the time we left Constantinople, there was another vessel in the harbour about to proceed to Naples. It was probable Kara had seen us embark, and learning our destination, had taken a passage by it.

If our astonishment had been great at this unexpected appearance, it became still more painful when we learned that he had gained his liberty—his religion (if he possessed any) exempting him from servitude. This was a fresh blow ; and we anticipated a renewal of his former persecutions, against which it would be vain to seek redress in such a place as Algiers.

Upon quitting the hall, we were taken to the dey's palace. After waiting some time in the large court, a projecting window in the centre of the building flew open. The despot advanced upon a balcony, looked upon us with an air of contempt, and desiring a tchaoosh to select two youths, waved his hand for us to depart.

We were now conducted to the bagnio, our place of confinement. The contemplation of this dark and dingy looking building caused an involuntary shudder to creep

through my frame. Emerging from a gloomy passage, we entered the inner court, and were instantly surrounded by a multitude of squalid and decrepit beings, from whose presence we shrank with feelings of loathing and disgust.

Some of them, with a strange mixture of mirth and seriousness, welcomed us to the abode of servitude. Others, exhausted by a protracted confinement, forced to labour beyond their strength, and absorbed in a sense of their abject state, gazed upon us with indifference, unaccompanied by any feeling of commiseration. The appearance of all was haggard and wretched to the last degree. The head hung drooping on the bosom; the dim and ghastly eye struck us with a feeling of terror; the cheeks, even of the youthful, were furrowed with signs of premature decay. As they paced the corridor of their prison with dull and heavy steps, the imagination might have likened them to beings of another, though not of a better world.

It was some consolation to Francesco and myself that we were not separated, nor subjected to the degrading tasks imposed only on the lowest slaves. Indeed, I was incapable of exertion of any kind; for my wounds not having received the attention they required, it was some weeks before I gained sufficient strength even to walk about. But the horrors of our captivity were yet to come.

It was harrowing to one's feelings to behold those who in the morning had been summoned to their daily labour return late in the day goaded by the lash of their inexorable masters, with just sufficient strength to enable them to crawl into some corner of the prison, and there, imprecating curses on their rulers, bewail their desolate lot. The horrors of the place had so enervated the minds of some, that their sympathies, nay, even their passions, were almost wholly destroyed; they even kissed the hand that inflicted the stripes of bondage.

The Jews confined here were peculiarly reserved for these exertions of refined cruelty. Doomed alike in every country to the oppressor's scourge, they will yield

up their lives rather than their treasures. Neither insult nor indignity—neither the prospect of death nor the fear of persecutions, affected their minds, where the great and chief question of gain was concerned. They were courted, shunned, and despised, by turns. But with all his sufferings, and all his pains, privations, and penalties, if the Jew could make money he was happy!

The keeper of the bagnio, Baba by name, was a monster in human form. With a person no less hideously compacted than his nature was callous to every feeling of humanity, the acts which he committed were commensurate with both. He was in the habit of consuming daily a vast quantity of opium, which imparted additional ferocity to his brutal temper. Every morning the prison resounded with shrieks of agony. The appeal for mercy only instigated him to more deliberate acts of inhumanity. Long and constant suffering had impressed the inmates with such a horror of this man, that they viewed him with the same feeling of awe which the maniac displays in the presence of his keeper: and they were happy—too happy to perform the most revolting services, to gain some alleviation of their misery, and secure his good-will.

I remember one day, a Jew was brought in who had been found concealed in an outbuilding; it was supposed he had placed himself there with the intention of making his escape. But in fact, exhausted by fatigue, he had crawled into the wretched hovel to die in peace. Being discovered by one of the officers of the bagnio, and roused by kicks and blows, he got up and walked to his prison, and fell exhausted on the threshold. Baba, perceiving that life was nearly extinct, ordered him to be carried in, and sent a doctor to attend him. Refreshed by some strengthening cordials, the poor wretch began to revive, and invoked a blessing on the head of his keeper.

But mark the refined cruelty of this monster. Scarcely had his victim shown symptoms of returning strength, when he was carried into the courtyard where we were all assembled, stripped to the skin, and tied to a post.

He was almost dead with terror. That eternal scourge, the lash, soon recalled his wandering senses. The blood began to flow in torrents. To increase his agony, the lacerated parts were washed with vinegar. Another, and a more merciless infliction, followed. The shrieks of the poor wretch were appalling. I heard them in imagination, long—long afterward.

While this was going on, I looked round on the assembled slaves. Fear and terror were imprinted on their swarthy features. Some with clenched hands, and straining eyeballs, appeared to feel all the torments inflicted, suffering under the impulse of that feeling which compels men to sympathize with the actions of those they see in agony. Others viewed the matter with the indifference of habitual hardihood. A few wept. Many turned away, unable to endure the dreadful spectacle—but all, more or less, were impressed with awe and pity.

I cast my eyes once more upon the mangled form of the expiring Jew. He had ceased to scream. His head hung upon his naked bosom, and his limbs quivered with exquisite suffering. His chest heaved convulsively: a few indistinct sounds broke from him, and his spirit passed from its rude tenement. The body was left exposed for days, blackening in the sun.

The inmates of the bagnio consisted of the natives of most European countries, mixed indiscriminately together. Here the pride of man availed him naught. Constant communion with characters of all tempers and habits soon brought him to the level of his fellow-prisoners, and men, most dissimilar in their natures, contracted a kind of friendship for each other.

Two months had nearly passed away, and I was still an inmate of the bagnio. Hope, however, dawned on my mind when an order arrived one morning, announcing that several of the slaves lately captured were to be taken to the public market for sale. Our hearts rejoiced. Baba, however, averse to any display of the finer impulses of nature, soon converted our joy into grief; and sounds of woe succeeded the aspirations of hope.

We were at length taken to the Bezesteen, and criers

stationed at each lot to describe our respective ages, trades, and capacities. Few only were purchased, and those selected on account of their knowledge of some trade. Francesco was the first. A kologli¹ of mean appearance advanced from the crowd—he was driven back by the officers in attendance. On learning, however, that he was desirous of purchasing a slave, he was permitted to come forward; and intimating a wish that Francesco should be brought forth, my friend was compelled to go through the various forms practised upon these occasions.

I was grieved and surprised: and it struck me as singular that a miserable being, like the kologli, whose appearance denoted extreme poverty, should purchase a slave, the amount of whose ransom would far exceed his means. Indeed, he seemed altogether out of his element. Baba kept a watchful eye upon him, suspecting a trick; and growing irritated at the scrutiny bestowed on Francesco, he let fall his cane, with no gentle force, upon the kologli's head. This produced the desired effect. The bargain was struck, the last aspri² faithfully paid, and his purchase immediately led away by the kologli.

I endeavoured to take a last farewell of my friend, but was struck back by the officers, and broken exclamations were all we were allowed to bestow upon each other at this sad separation. I gazed after him with emotions of bitter sorrow; and a vague suspicion crossed my mind that Kara was at the bottom of the affair. Impressed with this idea, I stood for some minutes lost in thought, till the cane of the keeper told me I was yet a slave, and about to return to my loathsome prison.

On our way back through a narrow street we met a train of attendants preceding a Moorish female. Their staves cleared the way of all impediments, and their loud cries of “Tarik! merté el aga—tarik!”³ warned every passer-by to keep his eyes on the ground. The foremost of our troop were roughly used by the lady's attendants, and pushed aside to avoid coming in contact with her. I happened to be last of the throng. As she passed, I cautiously raised my eyes to take a view of her person,

but an impenetrable mass of clothing prevented me from forming any idea of the natural shape, size, or beauty of the wearer.

This superfluity of dress is very often inconvenient in walking. On passing me, either from accident or design, she stumbled, and would have fallen to the ground had I not stepped forward and caught her in my arms. Her veil fell, exposing a countenance lovely as an houri's, and rendered more beautiful from the trifling expression of alarm which overspread it.

For an instant her slaves stood gaping with wonder at my rashness; then, uttering cries of rage, they rushed upon me with naked swords—but a sign from the lady effectually quieted their outcries and the clash of their weapons. I placed her on her feet: grateful for the preservation of a wretched existence which I owed to her presence of mind, I was about to offer my acknowledgments, when she waved her hand in token of silence, and passing on, was soon lost to view.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAD been three months a captive, and began to think that my imprisonment would continue for life, when one morning I was agreeably surprised at being summoned to the gate of the bagnio, where I found a Moor waiting for me, who commanded me to follow him. Wondering what could be the meaning of an order so unexpected, I joined the stranger, who conducted me through several streets and lanes, till at length he stopped before a large building.

We entered the court, which was surrounded by a colonnade, supported by marble columns, under which were doors leading to various offices. Here several *Turks* and *Moors* were reposing from the heat of the day. The mansion belonged to Abu Mesrou, the mazo-

vard.¹ Those captives whose rank and inability exempted them from the usual tasks of slaves were placed in his custody, and, by paying a certain sum, allowed the range of the city.

I entered the Serdar. At the farther end of the hall a door was opened by the attendant, and I was desired to enter. With a strange feeling of apprehension and delight, I obeyed. The room was small, and before I was aware of its containing an occupant, I had nearly stumbled over a little figure seated on a carpet in the middle of the floor. It was the mazovard. Without betraying any surprise in his inflexible countenance, he examined me for an instant with considerable attention, and then cast his eyes on some papers which he held, seemingly unconscious that I was in the room.

At length, he manifested some degree of vitality; raising his eyes from the manuscript, he directed them towards me.

“Your name is Constantine Morozi?”

“It is,” I replied.

“Where were you born?”

This was a puzzling question, but I told him that I believed my birth took place in the Morea.

“A Greek?”

“Even so,” I replied.

No emotion was perceptible in his features, but he eyed me with increased interest.

“Have you any friends at Smyrna?”

“None.”

“Have you not a father?”

I paused a moment, and then replied, “I had once—but he is dead. I was on a voyage from Constantinople to Naples, when our vessel was captured by his highness’s admiral.”

“Allah kereem!” cried the mazovard, “the dey has released you from servitude—you are free.”

He pointed to a paper on the floor, which I took up. It was a teskera.² With agitated delight I read the words of freedom in every line. I begged him to tell me to whose interest I owed my liberty, but he int

rupted me by saying it was the dey's pleasure ; then presenting me with a purse filled with partakas,³ he clapped his hands, and desiring me to come to him at the same hour on the morrow, told the attendant who entered to conduct me to a fenduk⁴ near his residence, kept by a Jew.

My joy had not abated on reaching my new place of abode. In the exuberance of my delight, I embraced Bassa, my conductor, and acted the most extravagant gestures on my way to the tavern. I laughed and wept by turns. And who, in my situation, would have behaved otherwise ? Doomed, one moment, to undergo the oppressions of a slavery far worse than death ; the next receiving an attestation of freedom, compared to which, the whole of my lost fortune seemed nothing. I experienced all the rapturous sensations of a new existence.

On arriving at the inn, Bassa and I retired to a small room. I called for wine, and ordered several skewers of kiebobs. My friend entered into my feelings with all the warmth of an old acquaintance, expressed an attachment for my person, praised its symmetry, extolled my generosity, dubbed me with every possible virtue under heaven, and concluded by pronouncing my fortune made.

"The mazovard," he said, draining a large cup of wine, "is the favourite of the dey—you are the chosen of Mesrou, and I am his right-hand man. It is to me that you are indebted for the interview of to-day. My friends, among whom I delight to number you, I serve with pleasure ; but strangers are accustomed to pay a small fee."

I took the hint, and dropped a couple of partakas into his girdle.

"Take care of your money," he continued ; "knaves abound in this city. I never found so much dishonesty, no, not even in Stamboul. The Moor is far worse than the Turk or the Jew. He thinks himself privileged to pillage all. But you are protected. If insulted, complain to the mazovard, and your enemy's head shall roll at your feet. By the Prophet's beard ! you will soon

become a kebbier ragil.⁵ When you are rich, remember my advice !”

I returned many thanks to my talkative companion. Naturally taciturn on most occasions, he gave a loose to his loquacity under the influence of the forbidden beverage.

“Know you to whom I am indebted for my liberty ?” I inquired of him.

“Have you no friends ?”

“None in Algiers,” I replied. “All that I could learn from the mazovard was, that the dey had been pleased to grant me my liberty.”

“There are very few Turks or Moors so nobly disposed—but you are fortunate : your friends were born before you—they are wise.”

“I am not acquainted with Turk, Moor, or Jew in Algiers ; nor is it possible that my friends could have yet heard of my captivity.”

“There are certain dives⁶ here,” he observed, “who, for a few aspri, would let you into the secret of your good fortune. But if I might judge by the favour shown you, I should set your liberation down to the act of some great lady.”

“That is improbable,” I said—“their religion would prevent them.”

“But not their inclinations,” he observed. “That handsome face would turn the heart of many a Moorish beauty, dragging on the chains of matrimony with a brutal husband.”

“They would find but a poor substitute in me.”

“But beware,” continued Bassa ; “the dagger of the Moor is not sharper than the eye of jealousy, and the bowstring exceeds them both in celerity of execution.”

“You seem to be convinced of my attachment to some female.”

“I know not of your attachment,” he cried, “nor do I care a samie⁷ for the success which might attend it : but I have the wisdom to discover, that no man in his senses, in Algiers, would ransom a Christian slave, unless *he was paid for it with the gold of the captive, or*

had his services as an equivalent for the purchase money."

"Circumstances may have happened," I observed, "to render it not wholly impossible."

"Uras el dey!"⁸ exclaimed Bassa, shaking his head, and rising to go, "you will be a great man or a poor one. But beware! heads are the cheapest article in Algiers. Allah bairak fik!"⁹

Here Bassa left me. Ruminating on the conversation which had just occurred, but dwelling with far more delight on my unexpected liberation, I walked towards the bazaar to furnish myself with becoming apparel; having been stripped of my usual dress when I entered the bagnio, and compelled to wear one made of sack-cloth.

I had always felt a secret dread in traversing the streets of Algiers. The little peculiarities of Constantinople were mere trifles to the scenes of blood and the terrible effects of arbitrary power which frequently happened here. Heads severed from the parent trunk, the bodies from which they had been struck rotting in the streets, or exposed in public places, told a fearful tale of oppressive violence. I knew that even the tenure of my own life and liberty was precarious. Surrounded on all sides by men of fierce passions, jealous, haughty, cruel, and vindictive, I might be their equal one moment, and deprived of life the next.

I soon reached the bazaar, and after casting a glance at several suits of apparel exposed for sale, I stopped before the shop of a Jew, who appeared to have a greater number of the dresses of my countrymen than any other dealer. I entered his shop, and began an examination.

"Is it for yourself?" he demanded, scrutinizing me with an eye that could have penetrated a stone wall. "Is it for yourself that you mean to purchase?" I told him it was.

He continued to gaze at me. "You wear the badge of slavery; and it may go hard with you in case you should be discovered."

I satisfied him on that point, and he immediately spread various suits before me, one of which I selected. He began by assuring me of his honesty; and then enlarged upon the costliness and durability of the articles—extolled their beauty and taste, swore they had belonged to a rich Greek arkon, who had lately quitted Algiers for Smyrna, and concluded by asking me treble their value.

“How the rascal lies!” said I to myself: for I recognised the very suit which had formerly been my own, and which Baba, the keeper of the bagnio, had disposed of to this identical Jew.

“Sixty dollars,” I said—“that is dear.”

“Dear!” he cried—“I have a friendship for you, or I should ask a hundred.”

“Indeed! why they did not cost half that sum when they were new.”

“You may, perhaps, think so,” he replied; “but, by the head of the dey, I gave that for them. Look at them!—observe the jacket: what can be more elegant? Then the vest: what more tasty?—the trousers, cloak, scullcap, slippers, and all, are in keeping. Look at them, friend!”—and he drew me to the light—“examine them yourself. Come now—I have a partiality for you—I will abate ten dollars; but, by my soul, I cannot say more.”

I shook my head.

“What will you give?—come—I will say another ten—but I do myself a great injury.”

“Look you,” I cried. “Three months ago I was brought here a slave. These clothes were taken from me, and sold by the keeper of the bagnio to you. I gave so much for them: there are twenty dollars. If you like the price, take it: if not, there are others who will.”

We stood higgling for some time; and I was about to quit the shop, when he said, “You are very hard upon me, but give me twenty-five dollars and they are yours.” Having a whim for the dress, I paid the money, and walked off to the inn with my bargain.

The fast of the Rhamadan having ended on the previous day, the feast of the Beiram⁰ now commenced. It was curious to see men, who, for the last month, had presented the appearance of so many walking spectres, suddenly assume a gayety and lightheartedness, which at other times were quite foreign to them. I walked into the principal street, where the dey's palace stood, to observe more particularly the motions of the crowd.

As I passed along, I perceived that it was no uncommon thing for a Moor, made furious by lakabi,¹¹ or khaf,¹² to whip out his dagger, and plunge it into the bosom of a Christian. I therefore took especial care to avoid coming in contact with these wandering gentlemen, as I knew my temper would lead me to retaliate : and then—Heaven help me !

The tumult in the streets was deafening. Shouts and discordant screams were mingled with the hoarser sounds of drums and trumpets. Males and females, (for the latter are allowed great liberties on these occasions,) dressed in the most fantastic fashions, entered into the boisterous mirth with a heartiness which made amends for their long abstinence from such enjoyments. The awali, and the marabuts,¹³ contributed to the confusion and uproar of the scene.

In more retired places, young gallants were seen cautiously following the footsteps of some female form, endeavouring to catch a glance of the eye, or a glimpse of the face, which was destined to make them wretched or happy for life : but the everlasting yatchmak effectually prevented a gratification of their wishes.

I saw one face of surpassing loveliness. The houris must have hid themselves in despair, had they beheld such transcendent beauty. I had observed a handsome but fierce-looking youth following two females, who, by their appearance, were mother and daughter. A rush of the populace parted them, and I thought there was no very great anxiety, on the part of the young lady, to rejoin her parent. Separated by the crowd, the young couple, together with myself, were carried by the press in the same direction. At length they released them-

selves from the throng by entering a court leading out of the street.

The youth now endeavoured to prevail on his mistress to grant some request, which she denied, apparently, however, with reluctance. At length he threw himself on his knees, and caught hold of her garments. She hesitated a moment, and then, by a sudden movement, her veil and feridgee dropped on the ground, and exposed her cypress form, which, like the bending rush, or the long lance of Yemen, stood bashfully reclining over her lover.

I have seldom seen so voluptuous a figure—nor such exquisite proportions united in woman. The jetty blackness of her eyes, piercing and languishing like those of the eyen gazelle,¹⁴ was heightened by kohl;¹⁵ while from underneath their long lashes she darted looks as from an ambuscade. Her mouth possessed wonderful expression, and her teeth were of exquisite whiteness. Her eyebrows, arched like the bridge Serath,¹⁶ were almost as imperceptible as its edge. Her hair fell below her waist, over a neck as long as the camel's. Her arms were covered with bracelets, and her delicately turned ankles were each encircled by a bar of gold.¹⁷

Her lover gazed upon her with an earnestness amounting to idolatry: and such a smile lit her playful features, as she returned his rapturous glance, as would have set all the youths in Algiers raving for months, had they beheld it.

I must confess I surveyed her divine face and form with an earnestness truly devout, and had wellnigh paid the penalty of my rashness: for happening to look in the direction where I stood, she uttered a loud scream. Her large dark and brilliant eyes, which I thought incapable of representing the fiercer passions, gleamed with the fiercest expression of rage. Her first act, however, was to cover her face.

The youth immediately rose from his humble posture, grasped his dagger, and flew upon me. I parried a blow which he aimed at me, and possessing far more strength, and greater activity, soon cast him to the ground with

terrible force. Deeming it prudent to leave him there, I darted out of the court, and mingled with the crowd: nevertheless regretting that I should have degraded so handsome a youth in the presence of his mistress.

While pursuing my way with all prudent haste, some one seized my cloak. I turned round: a Moorish woman was standing behind me. Thinking it might have been accidental, I walked on. I had not proceeded far, when my cloak was again pulled. On looking round, I perceived the same figure at my elbow.

"Fool!" she muttered, in a suppressed tone, "are you blind and deaf?"

"Neither, my good woman;" and I was proceeding to say something very flattering, when she stopped me.

"Be silent, and follow me."

"That is easily said, but not so easily complied with," I replied.

"Disobey me," she muttered, observing my hesitation, "and your body will float in the sea before to-morrow's dawn."

"What is your purpose?"

"That you shall know hereafter: follow me, and your fortune is made—refuse, and you are ruined."

"Proceed then," I cried, wondering what could be the reason of an injunction so singular and imperative.

We soon reached a retired spot. Here, after carefully surveying the ground, my conductress thought fit to stop.

"Now then to business," I said, amused at the adventure, and stopped short, folding my arms on my breast.

"Business!" she exclaimed. "Unfeeling Christian! Has not your heart yet suggested to you that there must be a motive, delicate as it is tender, in your coming here?"

"Then, perhaps, it is to your charitable heart that I owe my liberation?"

"No—I am but as a drop in yonder ocean compared with her to whom you owe your freedom."

"Say not so," I replied, with affected warmth, "you

are only deceiving me, in order to try the strength of my gratitude."

"Gratitude! and has the first lady in Algiers liberated you—has she endangered her very existence only to meet with a return of gratitude?"

"Love, then, or what you will—but if you wish me to be more ardent in my expressions, you must be a little more explicit in your communications."

"Know," she went on to say after a pause, "that a certain lady—the great, the lovely, the beneficent Cobah,¹⁸ whose resplendent beauty is the constant theme of the poet and of all who behold her—for whom you performed a slight service some time back—has sent me to you. She has been subjected to a cruel confinement ever since that day, or you would have heard further of her."

"It is to her that I owe my liberty?"

"Even so," replied my informant. "Thinking you would soon join your friends in Greece, and wishing to thank you for the service you have rendered her—fancying, moreover, you might feel a desire to say something before your departure—she desired me, her kaden-hahia,¹⁹ to let you know that she was prepared to see you."

"I perfectly comprehend the motives by which your mistress is actuated, and am fully sensible of the honour she intends me."

"Honour and motives—trash!" replied my companion, with a sneer: then in a gentler tone she muttered, "Ardu mash millé.²⁰ It is a pity the divine Cobah—the star which shines with such resplendent lustre, thinks and talks of so insensible a being."

"Well then, to show the fervency of my attachment, I am ready, this moment, to brave every danger to meet her."

"Hold, hold, my friend. Women of my mistress's quality are not so easily to be seen, not even by their husbands. You must first go through a short ceremony."

"Anything—everything to behold her," I cried.

"Have you courage?—but I need not ask, for I

have heard you are a very *seid*²¹ in battle : yet it is not that sort of courage which is required in such scenes—have you the daring and presence of mind which can carry you through a perilous but delightful adventure ?”

“I never yet shrank where men of nerve have quailed.”

“Hada yassa—hada yassa,”²² interrupted my companion : “meet me after dusk on this spot. As you value your life, come, and I will lead you to a scene of pleasure.”

Here the *kadenhahia* ceased speaking, and motioning me not to follow her, immediately disappeared. I returned to the *fenduk*, and throwing myself on a couch, for the first time since my arrival in Algiers, enjoyed a comfortable repose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELATED by the day's events, and dwelling with delight on the prospects opening before me, as evening came on, I strolled towards the dey's palace. From thence I wandered about the city, to beguile time till the hour of appointment.

Returning home about dusk, I was proceeding down a lonely street, when the sound of music caught my ear. Hastening forward to snatch a pleasure with which my ears had not been familiar for some time, I entered a room in the inn, where several *ghazies* were dancing to the music of drums, pipes, and horns. There were Turks, Moors, and Christians present : the former of whom sat on the floor quietly smoking their pipes, and viewing the proceedings with their characteristic absence of everything that bore the slightest approach to sympathy.

An Arab story-teller succeeded the dancers, and

amused the company with a recital of the supernatural deeds of Dallé Mutaleha,¹ the horrors of which so heated the senses of one or two pious Mohammedans, already excited by the intoxicating hashisha,² that they ran howling into the street, leaving in their haste their cups of coffee—unpaid for.

When the Arab had retired, a marabut, prefacing his appearance by a loud scream, rushed into the open space where the performances took place. He was half naked. On his head he wore the conical cap of a derwish, and carried a small flute, upon which he played a melancholy air. He then commenced a kind of dance, at the same time humming a wild tune.

At first, the marabut turned slowly and solemnly: by degrees the rotary motion increased. Uttering discordant screams, he now whirled round with the velocity of a pillar of sand raised by the wind. He carried a dagger in one hand, with which he struck at several spectators, though I observed that the blows were always aimed at Christians.

By degrees, the people gave way before him, and he reached the spot where I stood. My curiosity had been so engrossed in observing his extravagant evolutions, that I had not taken much notice of his countenance. It now struck me that I had seen him before: notwithstanding the alteration in his appearance, and his assumed calling, I at length recognised, in the wild form before me, the person of the kologli who had purchased Francesco at the slave market.

The recollection of my friend's sufferings came across my mind with a pang of regret; and having now recovered my own liberty, I resolved, if possible, to procure his. There was but little doubt that he had fallen into the hands of Kara; and I was too well convinced of the implacable nature of the latter, to believe him capable of extending mercy to one who had hitherto eluded his persecutions.

But Francesco might yet live. To gratify the cruel propensities of the negro, my friend might still be doomed to wear out his wretched existence in some loathsome

place, a prey to disease, misery, and want. My fancy pictured him suffering every species of cruelty that the heart of man could desire ; but I feared that it would be vain to think of rendering him assistance.

My first impulse was to rush forward and demand of the kologli the place of Francesco's concealment : more prudent thoughts, however, withheld me. Twenty daggers would have been buried in my body had I stepped into the circle and laid my hand on him. I drew back, and shrank behind the crowd.

At this moment a singular and fearful interruption occurred. A tchaoosh entered the room, and advanced into the centre of the circle. Every one fell back in dismay—even the effrontery of the kologli deserted him. It was a curious sight to see so many men terrified at beholding the tchaoosh in the most unassuming manner possible enter within the dangerous ring. But such is the dread in which these functionaries are held at Algiers.

He looked round the room. A dead silence reigned among the spectators, who awaited in breathless suspense an explanation of his appearance. It seemed to me that he was in search of some one, and his manner soon convinced me that he had found the person he wanted. He beckoned to a man standing at my side. The culprit came forward : he was a short, dark, villanous-looking fellow—one apparently fit to perpetrate a deed of blood. Such was the crime with which he now stood charged ; and the penalty was death. He advanced slowly into the middle of the room, and awaited his sentence with resignation. It was briefly told, and as quickly put into execution. He surrendered himself to the messenger ; the latter fixing the bowstring round his neck—the body of the assassin fell lifeless before him.

A scene like this did not prevent a renewal of the exhibition, and in two minutes after the corpse had been removed, the kologli was in full motion, working himself up into a paroxysm of fury, while the countenances of the Moors and Turks looked as serene as if they had *only witnessed* the death of a dog.

The hour of my appointment with the kadenbahia was

drawing near, and I proceeded to quit the room, although anxious to remain, in order to watch the motions of the kologli. I had scarcely turned to depart, when a stir among the spectators standing before me attracted my notice, and on casting my eyes towards the spot where I had last seen the kologli, I found him at my elbow. Treachery immediately flashed on my mind. I looked round, but the countenances neither of Moors nor of Turks betokened malice or design.

I fixed my eyes steadily on the kologli, who continued his evolutions at not more than two paces from me. As the velocity of his movements increased, his passion rose to a pitch of phrensy ; I therefore thought it would be prudent to retire as speedily as possible. I had scarcely turned my back, when a suppressed cry, uttered by some one near me, caused me to look round, and I saw the kologli's dagger raised in the act of striking me. I had just time to arrest the blow, which nevertheless slightly razed the skin of my right shoulder in its descent, and struck at him with my hand in return. He eluded the stroke by falling on the ground, and leaping, like a monkey, over the Turks and Moors who were seated in front on the floor.

The immediate consequence of my rashness caused a general sensation of dismay : I saw that a single moment would decide my fate. My only chance of escape was to put out the light. Scarcely had the thought struck me, when I sprang into the middle of the room, and extinguished it.

Curses, and cries of agony from several who were wounded in mistake, resounded through the room. Fortunately, the wisdom of the Turks (ever slow to conceive) did not suggest to them the precaution of closing the door and preventing escape. After receiving two or three slight wounds I gained the entrance, which by this time was thronged by several people, eager to learn the cause of the disturbance.

I thought it advisable not to show any unnecessary haste in quitting the place ; but a fellow, from mere wantonness, caught me by my dress, and cried aloud to his

companions that I was a murderer, attempting to escape ; for I happened to be the first to quit the inn. The moments were too precious to be idly wasted in debating the subject with a mob accustomed to inflict summary punishment on the spot ; I therefore flung the fellow from me, and darted down an obscure turning just by, followed by the whole body of Moors, screaming after me in pursuit.

The streets which I now threaded were so narrow and uneven, that I encountered considerable difficulty in my flight. But knowing that immediate death would be my portion if taken, I dashed onward at a headlong pace. The alarm had become general, so that there appeared to be little prospect of escape. However, I felt confident I should outstrip my pursuers, provided no one opposed me in front. Fortune favoured me. Having approached the quarter where the Jews dwelt, the gates were shut, and I was compelled to fly down another street.

On turning the corner, I observed a door open a few paces in advance, and a man about to enter. Gasping for breath I rushed towards the friendly opening, attempted to speak, but utterance was denied me—my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I leaned against the door for support.

“What is the matter, friend ?” demanded the Israelite.

“I am a Christian,” I replied, “and have been set upon by the Moors—hark ! their cries are near. If you wish to save my life, suffer me to enter.”

“If my own should be the penalty, I will afford you protection,” he cried.

The door closed upon us as we heard the voices of those in pursuit. They soon died away in the distance. Leading the way, my protector bade me follow him to the rear of his house. We then crossed a court, and entered a chamber in another building, the entrance to which led into a back street. The stranger placing a lamp in my hand, directed me to mount a narrow staircase, in the corner, and wait his return. I obeyed, and found myself in a large room, furnished throughout with *great elegance*. I seated myself on a sofa, and looked *with considerable anxiety* for the Jew's return.

I had abandoned all idea of meeting the kadenhahia—the hour of appointment was passed—and made up my mind to the disappointment. Besides it was dangerous to think of returning yet. My pursuers might still be abroad, and on the watch.

My thoughts were disturbed by the sound of voices in a room below me, apparently in dispute. A door at one end of the room where I sat afforded me an opportunity of ascertaining the cause: it stood ajar. Having cautiously examined the chamber to which it led, I entered. The voices became more distinct, and I found they proceeded from a room underneath.

A slight matting, through which shone a glimmering light, was spread across the farther end of the apartment; it yielded to the pressure of my hand. I put it gently on one side, and looking into the room below, perceived several people in the garb of Jews seated round a table.

A youth, whose beautiful countenance beamed with the brightest expression of intelligence, was the principal speaker. An open book lay before him, to which he occasionally pointed in the course of his address. From what I could gather of his discourse, for he spoke in the Moorish language, the subject was a religious one, and addressed to three men, who stood apart, and seemed about to perform some ceremony. My surprise was great at observing that the strangers were Moors.

“Wisdom,” my friends, said the youth, addressing himself to the Moors, “is only communicated by slow and imperceptible means, and this sublime book”—pointing to that which lay open before him—“though to your clouded understandings, containing nothing but the most impenetrable mysteries, will enlighten your hearts in proportion as you seize opportunities of elucidating its truths by research. What is the religion which you profess? A worse than pagan creed! What are the doctrines inculcated in your Koran, which, without being capable of the most remote comparison with other formularies, is inferior to them all in purity of morals and sublimity of precept? Your religion is a tissue of falsehoods, enforced by murder, rapine, and violences: and your

scriptures inculcate the pursuit of trifles, and the practice of imbecility."

He concluded a long address by entreating the Moors to renounce their faith in the Koran, and acknowledge the sacred truths contained in the volume before them.

Several of those persons seated round the table spoke to the same effect, and promised the Moors every earthly felicity, if they would take the oaths which made them members of their faith. It required, apparently, but little difficulty on the part of the Jews to turn the hearts of the Moors. The youth then addressing the Neophytes on the duties of their station, implored them to exert themselves with their countrymen, to secure their aid in the same holy cause. He then embraced each separately, and having gone through the same ceremony with his countrymen, a bag of gold was handed to the converts, and they were desired to take their places among the elect.

I must confess the scene strangely puzzled me. Here, in the very heart of Algiers—a place noted, like Stamboul, for its religious bigotry—for its spies, and the rigour of its police—here were a set of men, influenced by a mistaken zeal, endeavouring to convert the privileged to their own faith; and Israelites, above all others, the instruments of conversion. Whether they were actuated by pious motives, or influenced by revenge, it were impossible to say. Their conduct, either way, appeared to me singular and incomprehensible.

I now saw my protector enter the room, and the company rose to receive him. He made some communication to them in Hebrew, which appeared to obtain their approbation. I suspected, from his manner, that it related to me, and was convinced of it when, pointing upward, his companions nodded assent, and he quitted the apartment.

I hurried back to my former station, and had just seated myself, when he made his appearance. He drew up the ladder after him, and lowered the trapdoor, which concealed the opening.

"You say you are a Christian," he said, as he entered the room.

“Ay,” I replied.

“Of what church?” he demanded.

“The Greek.”

A pause ensued, and the Jew eyed me with a scrutiny which I did not altogether like.

“And wherefore,” he at length continued, “does the Christian tarry in this city of crime?”

“I was brought hither a slave, and cannot control my destiny.”

“Are you a slave?”

“No—I am free,” I replied.

Another pause ensued.

“Of what crime were you accused to-night, when you were pursued?”

“Self-defence.”

“Then you committed murder?” he rejoined, quickly.

“Not that I am aware of.”

“Your pardon may be procured if you have—your enemies may be easily pacified.”

“In what manner?”

“By changing your religion.”

“What! become a follower of Mohammed?”

“Ay—you will prosper: such an act will lead to your advancement.”

“May it be my ruin!”

“Perchance it would,” he rejoined, with a sneer.

“What mean you?” I demanded, perplexed by his manner; though the scene which I had just beheld flashed on my mind, and I partly anticipated his purpose.

“There is a surer method to extricate yourself—”

“By becoming a convert to your own faith?”

“You have guessed my meaning,” he said, with a look of surprise.

“I have to thank you,” I continued, “for the protection afforded me to-night: but even such an obligation does not justify this proceeding.”

He was about to interrupt me, when a noise from the chamber below startled us. We listened a moment: the sounds were those of contention. The Jew rushed to the partition of matting in the other room—I followed.

He pushed it gently on one side, and the pointed cap of a tchaoosh, in the apartment underneath, met our view. The converted Moors, who were the creatures of government, purposely thrown in the way of the Jews as a bait, immediately sided with the messenger.

"We are betrayed!" groaned my companion, and he leaned against the wall for support.

"Yield all," sternly shouted the tchaoosh; "I have a sufficient force at hand to overpower treble your numbers."

"I yield not to infidels," replied the youth who had addressed the assembly, his beautiful countenance flashing with indignation; "though you may annihilate my body, my spirit shall remain unsubdued;" and he brandished a weapon before them in defiance.

The tchaoosh made a signal, and the room was soon filled with armed men. He called on the deluded fanatics to surrender. They rejected his offers with disdain. He raised his finger—the soldiers fired, and the greater part of the misguided Jews fell mortally wounded. The rest were immediately despatched.

I had watched the countenance of my companion during the massacre; but it expressed neither anger nor sorrow at the dismal fate of so many of his countrymen. Once he gnashed his teeth, and a convulsive sob escaped his lips. The tragedy was no sooner completed, however, than he drew a pair of pistols from underneath his vest, and fired at the tchaoosh. The ball passed through the head of the messenger. A dozen shots were instantly discharged at the matting. I escaped as if by miracle. It fared worse with my companion: a ball pierced his breast—indeed, I thought he courted death. He staggered a few paces, and then fell in the middle of the room.

"Fly!" he cried, addressing me; "fly, this instant: there is no safety for you. The glory of my house is departed—my support is gone—my daughter Rachel is murdered—"

"Your daughter!" I exclaimed, "where is she?"

"Murdered in the chamber below—oh, that she had never concealed her sex!"

“Can it be possible that the person I took for a youth is your daughter?”

“Even so—but she is gone: my life is ebbing fast. Would that I could depend on your conversion: there are many in this city who would rejoice to receive you.”

“Name it not,” I said; “may misfortune follow me when I desert the faith of my ancestors.”

“Amen!” solemnly replied the dying Israelite; “leave me—the bloodhounds are coming—that panel,” pointing to one with a drawing of flowers upon it, “push it aside, and you may yet reach a place of safety. Here—this key: tell Arum, my kinsman, that in the vault below—under the stairs—pray for my soul—”

While he yet spoke, his features became convulsed, and after a momentary struggle, he was gone.

The exclamation of a soldier, who was climbing to the matting, roused me. I seized a lamp, sprang to the panel, pushed it aside, and entered a corridor which led to another room. I descended a flight of stairs that brought me to a passage, at the termination of which there was a door leading into a dark street, situated at the back of the house I had first entered. It occupied me some time to unfasten the outer door. At length, I once more emerged into the open air; in doubt at first whether I should continue my flight, or remain concealed in the house—I at length chose the former course.

But the utmost caution was necessary in retracing my way back to the fenduk. It required great dexterity to avoid the vigilance of the police and lisberos,* who are constantly perambulating the city. The dey is so suspicious of the people that he cannot bear to be kept in ignorance of what occurs; and he constantly employs a force, at the head of which is the mazovard, to investigate the brawls which take place.

Fortunately I reached the inn without stumbling upon any of these gentlemen. My host had been alarmed at my long absence, but I made some excuse, which satisfied him; and immediately betook myself to repose—too happy at my escape to think of anything else.

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

1. Stamboul—Constantinople.
2. Phanar—District in Constantinople where the principal Greeks dwell.
3. Mesr, Akka, Raschid—Cairo, St. Jean d'Acre, and Rosetta.
4. Arkon—Title assumed by principal Greeks.
5. Karesma—Lent.
6. Broken pots and pans, &c.—It is usual, at the end of Lent, to throw the earthenware away which has been previously used.
7. Didaskalos—Greek school-master.
8. Rayah—Subject of the Porte.
9. Osmanlee—The Turks are so called, being descendants of Othman, or Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire.
10. We addu lehum ma istetatum min kuwwetin—"Arm against them whatever force you may possess;" or in other words, "Ye shall make use of everything which shall tend to crush the infidels."
11. Allah kereem—God is merciful.
12. Afoun—Opium.
13. Papas—Greek priest.
14. The Prophet's injunction—"Honour the palm tree," says Mohammed, "for she is your father's aunt." The tree was supposed to have been produced from the remainder of the clay of which *Adam* was formed.

15. Thaumass—Miracles.
16. Papadia—Wife of Papas.
17. Theriakkee—Opium-eater.
18. Various intonations, &c.—All the scholars repeat their lessons at the same time.
19. Mitre—Cap of Papas.
20. May he who is in a certain place, &c.—Thus they apostrophize the devil.
21. Despot—Greek bishop.

CHAPTER II.

1. Padisha—The sultan so called. Pacha is the diminutive.
2. Its lofty towers—The houses at Kalamata are formed of towers, like those of the Mainotes; a necessary precaution in a country replete with robbers and pirates.
3. Fatal log of wood—One of the most malignant incantations among the Greeks is by placing, at night, before the door, a log of wood, burnt at one end, with some hairs twisted round it.
4. Cocona—Mademoiselle.
5. Streaming hair—The hair is worn long before marriage.
6. Morai—Fates.
7. Zingari—Gipsies.
8. Combooliola—Rosary.
9. Panagia—The Virgin.

CHAPTER III.

1. Ferridgee—Cloak worn by women when going abroad.
2. Evangelion—Greek Bible.
3. Yaours—Infidels, Christians.

4. Para—About the fourth of a farthing.

5. Makaisa—Short sword or dagger.

6. Agionoros—Ancient mountain, through which Xerxes cut a passage for his army. Convents are now built on the summit.

7. Handjhar—Dagger.

8. Ekatherina—Catharine the Second of Russia.

9. Afrite—Evil Spirit.

10. Ou Allah—By Allah.

11. Inshallah—Please God.

12. Boza—A strong drink of mint and pimento. It is an alcohol the most concentrated.

13. Moiro logistri—Hired mourners.

14. Arnaouts—Albanians turned Mohammedans.

15. Colyva—Boiled wheat. It is customary to give it away at funerals.

16. Codgea bashee—He collects the tribute.

17. Maina—The southeastern promontory of the Morea. The inhabitants are all robbers and pirates.

18. Djerreed—Throwing the staff. It is a Turkish amusement.

19. Disc—An ancient Greek game. It consists in throwing a stone, of about twenty pounds, a certain distance.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Tchifout—Jew.

2. Eblis—The devil.

3. By the black stone at Mekka!—The celebrated stone which is placed in the holy sepulchre, and which every Moslem kisses when he has performed the journey.

4. Aiasma—Fountain.

5. Stancho—Short for Constantine.

CHAPTER V.

1. Boukavallos—Songs of the Albanians. They allude to a cel-

ebrated Khleft, or mountain warrior of that name.

2. Ora kalce sas—"Happy hour to you." Greek salutation.

3. Palikar—Boy-lad. Shortened from Palikari, a general name for soldier.

4. Phermeli—Jacket.

5. Yelee—Waistcoat.

6. Foustenella—A kind of kilt.

7. Douphegi—Musket.

8. Tchimariotes—A mountain tribe of Albania: they are a treacherous people.

9. Haidouts—Robbers.

10. Caloyers—Friars.

11. Romeika—Greek dance.

12. Baleucks—A pickled fish.

13. Veniamin—Benjamin.

14. Ti gnostico kephall—What a wise head.

15. Besmalik—Slipper money of the sultana. A province is sometimes given.

16. Jib-khargi—Pocket money.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Jeppa—Pocket.

2. Chalva—A Turkish dish, made of flour, honey, and oil.

3. Tourte—Prepared fish.

4. Vizier Azem—The grand vizier is so distinguished from other viziers.

5. Tyganites—Pancakes made in the olive season.

6. Giaourta—Buttermilk.

7. Bismillah—In the name of God.

8. Saracostee—Fast-day.

9. Feljanes—Cups.

10. By that bread!—An oath of an Albanian. It is seldom or never violated.

11. Gligora! gligora!—Quick! quick!

CHAPTER VII.

1. Beenish—Cloak.

2. Muezzem—The person who calls to prayers from the minarets. The sound of the voice at a dis-

tance is pleasing and rather mournful.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. Mainotes—Inhabitants of the Peninsula of Maina. They are generally robbers and pirates.

2. Mount Taygetus—The place where the greater portion of the Mainotes dwell. It is a resort for all characters.

4. Fusicleiki—Girdle.

5. Stirrup—The stirrup is sharp, and acts as a spur.

6. Surrigees—Postillions who take care of luggage, hire horses, &c.

8. Oda bashee—Corporal.

9. Tchibooques—Turkish pipes.

CHAPTER X.

1. Allah hu!—Battle cry of the Turks.

2. Corkam—Paradise.

3. Palikari—Mountain warriors—general name for soldiers.

4. Aman—Quarter, mercy.

5. Imaum—Turkish priest.

6. Yan guen var—"There is a fire."

CHAPTER XI.

1. Varacolicos—Vampire.

2. Stavro—The cross.

3. Fese—Scullcap.

4. Kerie eleison!—Lord have mercy upon us!

6. Kakavouliote—There is a savage tribe near Cape Tenauros, called Kakavouliotes, or, Robbers of Mountains. They form a distinct society from the Mainotes. They attack all nations, their wives often fighting with them. They are very strict observers of fast-days. Their papas inculcate habits of discipline and servility.

CHAPTER XII.

1. Avaniah—Tax levied on *Rayahs*.

2. Karatch—A capitation tax

levied upon all subjects of the Porte not Mohammedan, such as Greeks, Jews, Armenians, &c.

3. Sakoleva—Greek vessel.

4. Karavokeryos—Captain of Sakoleva.

CHAPTER XIII.

1. Ismir—Smyrna.

2. Kissed his hands—Greek youths thus salute their parents.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. Capitan Pacha—Admiral of Turkish fleet.

2. Caleondjis—Sailors.

3. Caravella—Frigate.

4. Capogee—An officer of the Porte who usually bowstrings or despatches those to whom the sultan directs a firman.

5. Katib—Scribe.

6. Musaphir—Guest.

7. Mehmander—Guide.

8. Hamals—Porters.

CHAPTER XV.

1. Anadoly—Anatolia in Asia Minor is so called by the Turks.

2. Raschid—Rosetta.

3. Bulak—A large suburb north of Cairo.

4. Okkal—A tavern.

5. Kalidj—A canal which runs through Cairo, and communicates with the Nile. It serves to fill the several birkets or lakes scattered over the city.

6. Scheik-el-belled—Title assumed by the chief of the beys.

7. Mawgarbees—The name signifies Western—a name given to the hired soldiers of Barbary.

8. Mallem—Master.

9. Coobd—The Coobds are circumcised Christians, and are employed by the beys as their writers or secretaries. They are generally well versed in accounts, and the knowledge of the languages.

10. Birket el Hadj—A vast lake where the pilgrims, starting for

Mekka, annually assemble; it is a few miles north of Cairo.

11. Emir Hadj—Conductor of Pilgrims. The office usually devolves on one of the principal beys.

12. Ghazies—Female dancers.

13. Awali—Female singers.

14. Karagooze—A kind of Punch, but far more bold and obscene in his language. He takes off any incident which may have happened, within the day, to rich and poor.

CHAPTER XVI.

1. Koyalum bir yasteg a bach—"Let us lay our heads upon the same pillow."

2. Mail oldum—"I am fallen in love."

3. Derdunden oldum beigoud—"My torment makes me mad."

4. Pek guzell, pek guzell—"Very beautiful! very beautiful!"

5. Mascara—Buffoon.

6. Kantaret of Emir Hossein—Bridge of Emir Hossein.

7. Rouh anni ia kelb—"Leave me, dog."

8. Kandghea—A small pleasure boat.

9. Seratches—Domestics of a bey.

CHAPTER XVII.

1. Terguiman—Interpreter.

2. Anasseny sikdam—Expression of anger and contempt.

3. Ghorumsak—Literal meaning, gross.

4. Seraff—Banker.

5. Mashallah—Expression of admiration—Well done! bravo!

6. Moollah—A doctor of law or divinity.

7. Khodgé—Tutor.

8. Sunees—Turks are called Sunees—Persians Scheyahs. The former say Osman, Omar, and Abubekr were the lawful successors of the Prophet; the latter affirm

that Ali, his son-in-law, was the next in succession.

9. Bimbashee—Colonel.

10. Spahis—Horse soldiers.

11. Tophana—Cannon foundry.

12. Tershana—Admiralty.

13. Meit Iskellesi—Ladder of the dead. The dead brought over from Constantinople are landed here previous to interment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1. Kuru-chesmah—Village on the Bosphorus.

2. Panegiris—Greek Church festivals.

3. Kiad-hanê—A public walk near Sweetwaters.

4. Tandoor—A pan of charcoal placed under a table, and covered with a counterpane, under which the family take their seats. It is the only fire in Turkey.

5. Dolma Batchké—An agreeable walk near Pera.

CHAPTER XIX.

1. Vlackbey—Greek Prince of Valachia.

2. Avret Bazaar—Slave market.

3. Chibriad-gis—Manufacturer of pipe bowls.

4. Theriakee Tchartchee—Resort for opium-eaters.

5. Karab Emini—Intendant of the wines. It is always given to a Mohammedan.

6. Ocmeidan—The place of arrows. Entertainments given here on account of public rejoicing; and throwing the djerreed practised.

7. Hippodrome—The place of horses.

8. Bostandgee Bashee—Literally, head gardener. His business is to range the Bosphorus, port, &c., and to prevent riots there.

9. Djirmen Zocaki—Mill-street; leads to Granary Gate.

10. Capani Capousi—Granary Gate; leading from Constantinople down to the port.

11. Naib—Kadi's clerk.
12. Prince's Isles—In the sea of Marmora about twelve miles distant.
13. Iskuidar—Scutari.
14. Sweetwaters—A basin formed by the junction of two small streams, called Aly Bey, and Kiad-hané.
15. Anadoly—Asia Minor.
16. Kaftandgi ousta—Mistress of the wardrobe.
17. Schah Sultana—Princess Royal. The daughters, not the wives, of the sultan are called Sultanas.
18. Kouchedgly bashee—Lieutenant of Bostandgi bashee.
19. Zenpara Tchelebis—A petit maître.
20. Maanes—Signifying, meaning—the flowers by which Turkish women express their love.
21. Durri Zada and Piri Zada—Illustrious Turkish families, to whom the office of musti and other high dignities are a kind of patrimony.
22. Cazi Asker—Judge of the troops. There are two—one for Europe and another for Asia—the latter has the precedence.
23. Sohta—Student.
24. Medresseh—College.
25. Birghilio resala—A catechism or treatise on religious subjects.

CHAPTER XX.

1. I covered his forehead with sequins—The usual way of rewarding the dancers.

CHAPTER XXII.

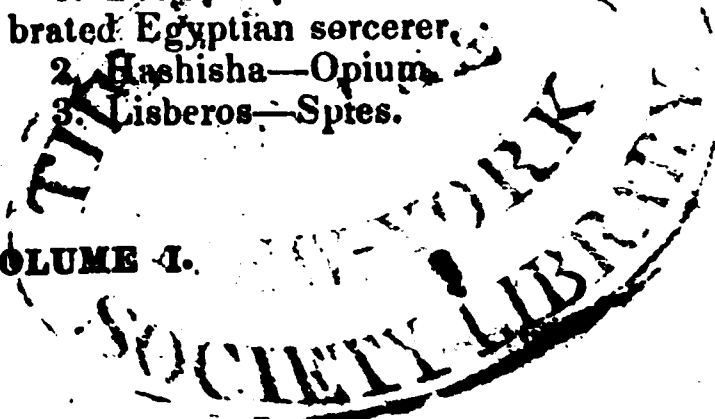
1. Kologli—Sons of slaves—the offspring of the Moors and Turks.
2. Aspri—A small coin.
3. Tarik ! merté el aga—tarik ! —Beware !—the lady of the aga—beware !

CHAPTER XXIII.

1. Mazovard—Chief of police—a kind of lord mayor.
2. Teskera—A permit ticket.
3. Partakas—Dollars.
4. Fenduk—Inn.
5. Kebbier ragil—Great man.
6. Dives—Magicians.
7. Samie—Very small coin—equal to a para.
8. Uras el Dey—By the head of the Dey.
9. Allah bairak fik—God prosper you.
10. Beiram—The Beiram is the Easter of the Turks, as the Rhamadan is their Lent. Every Turk on that occasion thinks it incumbent on him to appear in a new cloak.
11. Lakabi—Ardent spirit.
12. Khaf—A few grains they say will transport you to the third heaven.
13. Marabut—Saint or Derwish.
14. Eyen Gazelle—Antelope—there is a plum so called.
15. Kohl—Black powder used to tinge the eyelids and strengthen the sight.
16. Bridge Serath—Over which the good go to Paradise—the bad fall over. The bridge is as sharp as a razor.
17. Bar of gold—Sign of high birth.
18. Cobah—Morning star.
19. Kadenhahia—Nurse.
20. Ardu mash millé—This man has no wit in him.
21. Seid—Lion.
22. Hada yassa—That's enough.

CHAPTER XXIV.

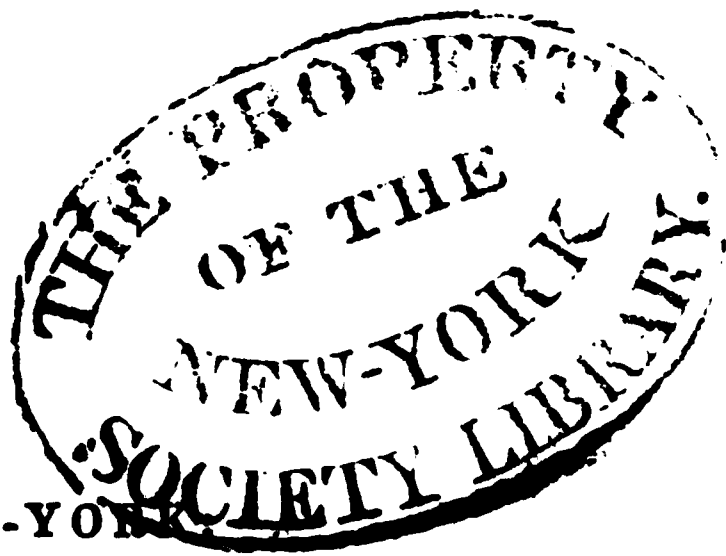
1. Dalgé, Mutaleha—A celebrated Egyptian sorcerer.
2. Hashisha—Opium.
3. Lisberos—Spies.



M A H M O U D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



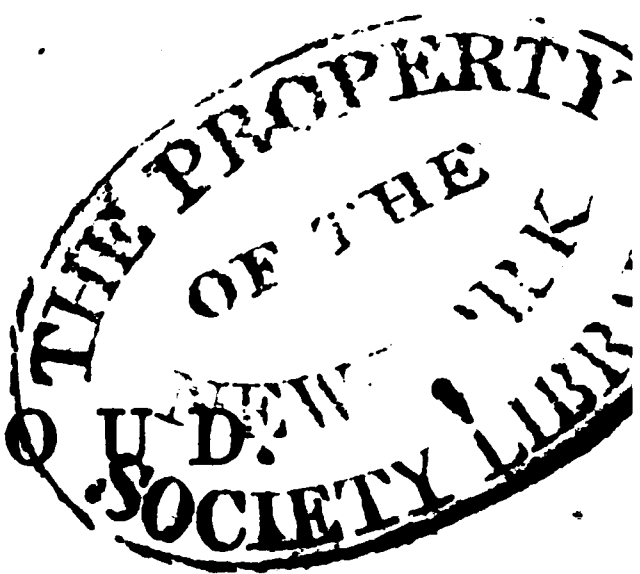
NEW-YORK.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1836. X

M A H M O U D.



CHAPTER I.

"SENOR," said my host, the following morning, as I was about to quit the inn, "have you heard of the dreadful massacre which took place last night? They say that upward of two hundred of my countrymen perished by the hand of a tchaoosh. It is an awful affair."

"Very, Yacoob; but I hope you are incorrect in your statement."

"No, senor, I am not: my neighbour Azeeb brought me the news—he is a man of few words."

"But deals in figures of rhetoric, I suppose, Yacoob. What was the cause of the massacre?"

"Nothing—nothing, senor—as usual. That is, when I say nothing, only the avarice of our masters."

"Were the sufferers men of substance?"

"Ay," replied my informant, his small eyes glistening with delight, "I knew Aminadab well. He was held by his tribe in great respect, and was supposed to be possessed of vast wealth."

The scene of the previous night recurred to my mind. I thought of the dying words of the Jew, who had afforded me protection, and considered whether it would be worth while to make a search for the vault which he had named. The undertaking was at all events dangerous at present. The satellites of government might still be there, and I felt no disposition to encounter them in a place where I had beheld such terrible effects of their power.

It was one of the characteristics of this government to screen the real offences of delinquents, particularly when their crimes were dangerous to the state, and likely to affect the people. In the course of the day it was spread abroad that the Jews were shot for coining. It is easy to gull a people when the only source of information emanates from those in power.

On quitting the inn, I went to the residence of the mazovard. Bassa, his attendant, informed me that his master was in deep consultation with the dey's kehaya, and I should have to wait some time. I expressed myself to be in no hurry. But it was possible, my friend hinted, that I might not be able to see him during the day.

"Then I will be here to-morrow," I said.

"The mazovard rides to the castle of Alkasabar to-morrow," rejoined the imperturbable Bassa, and he made a slight incision in his girdle with his finger and thumb, thereby exposing a sort of pocket, most admirably situated for the reception of stray donations.

At first I did not perceive the drift of my friend, but considering a piece of money of less importance than an interview with the mazovard, I deposited this never-failing remedy in the accommodating pocket, and two minutes had scarcely elapsed ere I was summoned to the presence of Abu Mesrou. I expected to see the kehaya come out, but the mazovard was alone. This trifling mistake was owing to a failure of memory to which Bassa, on sundry occasions, was particularly liable—the kehaya had departed an hour before I came.

On my entrance, Abu Mezrou gave me the salutation of peace, which I returned. He then motioned me to seat myself on a carpet at his side. Presently a cafoodgee¹ entered with coffee and tchibooques. They were first handed to the mazovard: he drew a few whiffs from one of the tchibooques, and then handed it to me. We puffed in each others faces for the space of a few minutes, during which we observed a profound silence. It occupied him about as much time to collect

his thoughts as it did to relate the communication which he made to me. At length he laid his pipe aside ; imitating the movement, I laid mine also on the floor.

“ You say that your name is Constantine Morozi, and that you were born in the Morea.”

“ Even so,” I replied. “ My father was one of the principal Greek merchants at Smyrna, and well known at Constantinople.” But I said nothing of the statement as to my not being Morozi’s son. On this head I determined to keep my own counsel.

“ Allah kereem !” cried the mazovard. “ Your father was well known to me.”

I expressed my astonishment at hearing this.

“ It is nevertheless true,” observed Abu Mezrou. “ Many circumstances had established a lasting intimacy between us. He once saved my life while I was at Constantinople, in the occupation of my ordinary business. It is now many years since. I then lodged at a tavern in that city, kept by a Jew. In a room adjoining mine, a score or two of janizaries were in the habit of meeting, for the purpose of talking over affairs of state, and giving vent to their complaints against the government. Wishing to avoid such dangerous company, I determined next day to change my abode ; but before an hour had elapsed after this salutary resolution had been made, a noise was heard outside the inn, and the Jew, rushing into the room where the janizaries were, communicated the alarming intelligence that the Stamboul Effendi was below. Each man drew his sword ; but a superior force overpowered them. Suspecting me to be an accomplice, I was apprehended, and sent with the rest to the castle of the Seven Towers. At that time I was well known to your father. Aware of his influence at court, I sent for him, and having explained my situation, he procured my release. I received an order for my liberation, on condition that I quitted the city immediately. On passing the Bab-Humayon,² I beheld the heads of the disaffected janizaries stuck upon the walls, with the yustas³ underneath. I did not stop to read the latter, but hastening to the port, embarked for Smyrna.

sailed from thence for Naples, travelled through Franghestan,⁴ and at length, after much wandering, I settled here. Having had the good fortune to please his highness the dey, I owe my present office to his generosity."

I again expressed my surprise at meeting with an acquaintance of my father's in a place I so little expected, and in a manner so singular. ●

"Allah be praised ! young man," exclaimed the mazarward. "It is fortunate that you have gained your liberty, or you might have languished here the remainder of your life. Some friend, perhaps not entirely unknown to yourself, three days ago sent me a bag of gold, containing your ransom, desiring me to place the money not devoted to that purpose at your own disposal."

I told him in reply that I knew no one in Algiers who would feel disposed to assist me so liberally, though I felt the blood mount to my cheeks as I spoke.

"Had I known of your confinement," he went on to say, "I should not have hesitated, at my own expense, to redeem you."

As Bassa had already done, Abu Mesrou then questioned me respecting my acquaintance with some female, not, however, with the eagerness of vulgar curiosity; but foreseeing the consequences which generally followed the formation of such imprudent connections, he strongly advised me, if I valued my personal safety, to be cautious how I interfered between the Moor and his women. I assured him of my perfect independence of any tie of the nature alluded to by him.

"I believe your assertions, my son," he replied ; "but when I inform you that your freedom was the result of a Moorish lady's compassion, you will not be surprised that I caution you against any advances which may be made to you."

Here, then, I received a confirmation of what I had heard the preceding day ; and though my vanity suggested to me that I owed my emancipation to my personal appearance, I still had the gratitude to ascribe it to the *charitable disposition* of my unknown benefactress.

“Beware,” continued Mesrou, “of crossing the Moors. I have known them long, have studied their character, and the advice which I offer you is given out of respect to your parent’s memory, and the concern which I entertain for yourself.”

I bowed my thanks, and perceiving the mazovard settling himself to speak further on the subject, I prepared to hear a long oration.

“By nature,” he resumed, after a pause, “the Moors are effeminate. In the fire of their dark eyes you may perceive unquenchable hatred, gross sensuality, and deep cunning. Seldom do these sparkle with those emotions which distinguish a true and noble soul. While they smile, and wish you every felicity, they envy you the possession of your wealth, and would as soon stab you to the heart as inquire after your prosperity. Accustomed to the despotic reign of tyrants, frequently chosen from the dregs of the people, they are fearful and grovelling in their natures; nor do they hesitate descending to the lowest species of humiliation whenever it suits them. Their state of moral abjection is increased by the prospect of death and the confiscation of their property; which events too frequently follow the accumulation of vast wealth. They enjoy no greater security among themselves, in this respect, than the Jews. The Israelite, humble, passive, and accustomed to long suffering, looks with an eye of pity on the misfortunes of others: the natural ferocity of the Moor is not redeemed by any feature of disinterestedness. Even the solitary virtue of charity which he is said to possess is neutralized by its want of consistency. He will give largely in alms to an idle and dissolute knave, who stuns his ears with cries of ‘Fisbé, fisbe!’ but possesses no disposition to meliorate the condition of a desolate heart. The Moors are universally a selfish race: they will succour the man whose hands are stained with blood, but would spurn the slave who dies with hunger at their feet. The purer sympathies of man’s nature, like water evaporated by the sun, are exhausted and destroyed by the sterner and more depraved impulses of their souls. It is characteristic

their deceitful dispositions that they rarely deceive you, unless when they wish you every possible happiness and enjoyment; then their wealth, family, and kindred, and every social tie, are offered as pledges of their sincerity. But the corruption darkening within too often destroys the credulous being who places his confidence in Moorish fidelity."

During this discourse, rather highly coloured, I could not but admire the candour with which Mesrou analyzed the character of the Moor, and the extreme simplicity which must have influenced him in not applying many of the above qualities to his own countrymen, between whom and the Moors there is, in a moral point of view, but a slight difference. If there is any, the Turks may certainly lay claim to the palm of distinction.

On quitting the mazovard, I directed my steps towards the inferior quarters of the city, with the intention of pursuing my inquiries respecting Francesco. The only person from whom I could procure the intelligence was the kologli, and I resolved to perambulate the streets every day till I should fall in with him.

As I passed that building opposite the dey's palace, where the military councils are held, I observed a Turk, who was lounging at the gateway, eye me with a fixed regard. I quickened my pace—he followed. Finding he was not to be shaken off, I turned down a narrow street, to give him an opportunity of explaining himself. I had not proceeded above a few paces when he reached my elbow, and to my surprise pronounced my name. I turned round, and surveyed him from head to foot, but his face was unknown to me, though there was a certain expression in his features which convinced me I had seen him before. He smiled at my astonishment, and at length said, in Romaic,⁶ "Do you not know me, Constantine?"

"No, my friend," I replied, somewhat perplexed, "I never saw you before."

"Not at Androussa and Smyrna?" he added. "In this garb I may appear strange; but I dare say you have not yet forgotten poor Stathi?"⁷

"Eustathius! my old friend and playmate. Is it pos-

sible ?” And I threw myself on his neck, and wept for joy.

“The same—altered, truly, in appearance, but not in disposition. This dress raises your astonishment: but my tale is brief. It was not long after you left Smyrna for Stamboul that I arrived at the former place from Androussa. My relations being all dead, I determined to seek my fortune. I soon procured employment under the French consul, and was never so happy, except when I heard that you had visited the Papas Mousaki with a signal retribution. You were blamed for this by some—but they were fanatics—most people praised you as a benefactor to society. You, perhaps, remember an old bimbashée that lived near the Marino at Smyrna. This fellow had a pretty wife, as many of them have. Poor thing! she had so long languished in the recesses of the harem, that she determined to make amends for a few years of confinement and exemption from all amusement by indulging in a little dissipation. She was a woman of spirit, and I, being fond of adventure in any shape, threw myself in her way; and after various meetings at the house of a Jewess, we had the hardihood to carry on our intercourse at the bimbashée’s house.

“None are so shortsighted as those persons who think themselves the most secure. From spies, or other sources, our intimacy was discovered; and one day, in defiance of slippers,* and the remonstrances of his wife’s women, the bimbashée rushed into the harem, followed by a stout black. I made up my mind in an instant what course to adopt, and offered a few words of consolation to the fair Zeneib. ‘Let us die together,’ she exclaimed; ‘we have loved truly—let us meet our fate with the same fidelity.’ Though I really loved her ardently, I certainly did not feel that there was any absolute necessity for my immediate extermination.

“While I was yet speaking to her, the bimbashée and his slave rushed in upon us. I threw myself on the ground before them, and pronounced the words which made me a Mussulman; but they seized me, and only laughed at the evasion I had made use of to escape.

Regardless of life, Zeneib was amazed, and heaped upon me all the bitter revilings which her excited passions could suggest. As the slave led her away to undergo the horrible fate which awaited her, she cried, directing a look of scorn at me, 'I am ready—but I should die with pleasure could I behold your weapons bathed in the blood of that faithless wretch. I loved him—would have died for him, as I now must: and to know that he has made use of a paltry artifice to save his life, grieves me more than the prospect of death.' Her words cut me to the soul—I attempted to speak, but she turned from me with expressions of loathing, and was led from the apartment.

"Anticipating a similar fate, I darted out of the room, gained the street, and rushed into a mosque just by, crying out that I was a Mussulman. My apostacy saved me; but my heart was for a time a prey to all the torments of despair. I wandered about, despised and unheeded. Deserted by my protector, the French consul, I was almost starved; and I might well have said with our blessed Prophet, 'El fakru fakhri.' Yet I could not applaud the saying, while enduring the pangs of an empty stomach. About this time there were recruits raising for the Barbary powers.¹⁰ I joined the troops, landed here, and am now attached to a corps of kologlis, which has just been raised."

"Kologlis!" I exclaimed, interrupting my friend—"have any entered the regiment lately?"

"Several," he replied; "and I am now only waiting the orders of the kehaya respecting the discipline of the corps."

"Is it possible to gain a sight of them?"

"Ay—but what, may I ask, is your motive? You seem strangely affected with the mention of these kologlis!"

"I am; and if you knew all, your wonder would cease."

I then related briefly my own and Francesco's history, and concluding with the suspicious circumstance of the kologli purchasing him.

“Allah!” he cried, as I finished, “you have indeed astonished me. Your own history grieves me. But come, you can see the men; though I fear nothing can be done for your friend: if he be a slave, he is the property of his master.”

We soon reached the barracks where the troops were quartered. The men were drawn out, and I walked past them with a palpitating heart, anxiously scrutinizing every countenance. It was impossible to be mistaken. There was such an expression of silent villany and low cunning in the features of the kologli, that, once seen, it was not easy to forget it. He was not there. I intimated as much to my friend, and we quitted the barracks. We then parted; and Eustathius (or rather Sulieman, for such was the name he had taken) made me promise that I would see him on the morrow.

In a melancholy mood I proceeded towards the Bablouet gate, passed the walls, and directed my steps towards the burial grounds near the seashore.

As I walked on the beach, I observed a woman standing on the margin of the sea, very composedly combing her hair,¹¹ and uncovered. So unusual a circumstance as the sight of a female face riveted my attention. She was beautiful, and rather inclined to corpulency—a great attraction among the Moors. While I was gazing at her, she arranged her hair, covered her head and face, and taking a small basket from the ground, walked deliberately towards me.

When sufficiently near, she took an egg from the basket, and exclaiming “Toma,”¹² presented me with four, accompanying each gift with a similar expression. Knowing sufficient of the language to make myself understood, I demanded an explanation.

“Empshie,”¹³ she replied, without taking any notice of my demand—“and may my misfortunes go with you!”

She then walked away, and with an expression of anger I threw the eggs on the ground. Alarmed at my manner, she raised a loud cry of “Mahbool!”¹⁴ and ra-

howling towards the city, calling on Allah and the Prophet to protect her from the Yaoor.

Ruminating on the singularity of the event, I walked towards a mound of earth, near the burial ground, over which the cypress trees waved mournfully in the breeze. As I went forward, I observed the turbans of two men above a slight elevation, a little in advance. They disappeared in an instant. A strange kind of apprehension came across my mind, and a latent feeling of suspicion that one of the strangers was Kara. I waited a few minutes, anxiously expecting the appearance of the two turbans, but was disappointed. I never could bear suspense, and therefore directed my steps towards the spot, determined to ease my doubts.

The ground was a succession of inequalities; but it became evident, as I approached the hillock, that no one could elude my observation. I gained the base, ran to the summit, but there was no one to be seen. I examined the spot, partially covered with stunted bushes, and the ruins of a few sepulchres, but not a vestige of a human being having been there was visible. I paused and looked round, almost expecting to see the figures rise from the earth; but these fanciful visions were disturbed by a very different appearance.

Casting my eyes in the direction of the city, I saw a large body of people, shouting and hurrying towards the quarter where I stood. To me they appeared to be in pursuit of one, who had seemingly outstripped the rest in speed; but I was mistaken. The fellow in advance pointed at me, and urged his companions to use greater despatch. Before I thought of retreat, they were close upon me. Though still conjecturing what could be their motive, a kind of presentiment that I was the object of their search took possession of my mind, and I was soon made sensible of it.

"This is the Yaoor," exclaimed the foremost in the crowd; "seize him, and take him before the kadi," and he flew upon me with a large club.

"Drubee ross—drubee ross,"¹⁵ cried the others; but I avoided this compliment by taking to my heels.

“Seize him ! seize him !” again shouted all voices.

“Stop, good people,” I cried, retreating to the top of a hillock, and drawing a brace of pistols from underneath my vest, the production of which checked the advance of the excited heroes—“let me know what offence I have committed.”

“Interfering with a widow in the observance of a solemn vow, and afterward insulting her by not accepting the eggs to relieve her from her misfortunes,” cried several persons at the same time.

“I was not aware, good friends, that it was a crime.”

“We are no friends of yours,” replied the leader of the mob, which was principally composed of tailors. “You must go with us before the kadi. Put up your weapons, or it may be worse for you.”

“And pray what are you to the widow, that you interest yourself so anxiously in her behalf?”

“He is to be her husband,” roared a calpachee,¹⁶ “and he has a right to interfere.”

“I thought so,” I rejoined. “Allow me to proceed quietly, and I will go with you ; otherwise I shall stand upon my defence :” saying which, I presented the pistols, which happened, however, to be unloaded, and the body of craftsmen fell back in dismay.

“Am I free to go ?” I cried, advancing in a threatening attitude down the hill ; the crowd retreated at each successive step.

“To the kadi !” shouted the tailors, submissively falling back.

“Very well, then, to the kadi, with all my heart ;” and I proceeded towards the city, followed, at a respectful distance, by the whole body of stitchers.

I had produced the desired effect upon the mob, at the expense of a piece of bravado which I was extremely fond of exhibiting upon occasion ; but which, now that I had succeeded, made me feel all the awkwardness of my situation. As we went through the city, towards the residence of the kadi, the crowd, drawn together by curiosity, increased to a multitude

and I therefore deemed it prudent to conceal my pistols.

We reached the Mekkiemé ; the emini, or chief of the tailors, being called upon, stepped forward, and after a few shuffling obeisances, began, by stating, that during the time the widow was performing her vow, I approached, and offered personal violence—an offence which the laws forbade to a Yaoor, upon pain of death ; that she struggled for a length of time, and was about to sink under my attack, when the appearance of people at hand saved my victim from dishonour ; that I immediately fled, but being overtaken by himself and companions, after a desperate resistance, during which I discharged my pistols several times, but fortunately wounded no one, I was secured and brought thither. He concluded by saying, that the widow was ill at home, through the fright received on the occasion ; and the thibib declared she had been afflicted with an evil spirit ever since.

I could not help smiling at the earnestness of the tailor, who grew proportionably excited as he proceeded in his story : and I have no doubt if he had been allowed to continue, I should have been denounced as the widow's murderer.

“ What has the Christian to say in his defence ? ” demanded the kadi.

“ That I am innocent of the whole transaction,” I replied. “ I did not lay a hand upon her person—nor have I discharged my pistols, for they happen to be unloaded.”

Here I handed to the kadi the pistols, which were a very handsome pair, and presented to me by the mazarward. He examined them minutely, and then placed them by his side in a manner which I thought implied a wish to become better acquainted with their good qualities. I took no notice of the appropriation, as it seemed to be considered in the nature of a bribe.

“ As there are no witnesses to prove the charge,” he then said, “ the case is dismissed. And see,” he added, addressing his clerk, “ that the bastinado is adminis-

tered to all parties concerned, for the trouble they have given the court, in hearing so insignificant a case."

This unexpected and summary sentence was about to be put into execution, when a stir at the farther end of the hall attracting the kadi's attention, he desired to know what had occasioned it, and was informed that there were two witnesses present who could throw some light on the affair. They were ordered to appear, and my astonishment may easily be conceived, when I beheld Kara and his companion, the kologli, take their places opposite the kadi's clerk. I was riveted to the spot. A film came across my sight; and, uttering a few incoherent expressions of wonder, I was about to address the kadi, but was commanded to remain silent.

Kara now advanced, and gave his evidence with the most perfect coolness and effrontery. He stated that he had witnessed my attack on the widow, and confirmed the emini's statement in all its exaggerated particulars, throwing out a hint at the conclusion that I was lately confined in the bagnio as a slave.

My feelings of indignation were converted into a smile of contempt as Kara concluded his evidence, the delivery of which, however, carried with it such an appearance of simplicity and truth, that I began to apprehend the worst, and looked upon escape as hopeless—well aware that the merits of a cause are alone decided by the testimony of suborned witnesses.

At this moment I happened to turn my head, and espied Bassa. I gave him a look of recognition, but he gazed at me with such a vacant expression of countenance that I began to doubt whether he knew me. In a few minutes he quitted the hall. I now resigned myself to my fate, which appeared to be inevitable, with the best composure I could, though I protested loudly against the malice of Kara, and represented him to the kadi in the blackest colours my invention could suggest. My explanations were unheeded, and my assertions disbelieved. The countenances of all present exhibited an inflexible apathy. No spark of sympathy, no feeling of commiseration

led me to hope for favour. I was an infidel, and that alone was a crime in the opinion of bigoted Moham-medans.

I expected every instant to see a tchaoosh advance, armed with the fatal bowstring, when a murmur arose at the end of the hall—a man was seen making his way towards the tribunal. On getting clear of the crowd, the person of Bassa was revealed to view: he advanced, and informed the kadi, with a ludicrous importance, that he appeared as a witness on my behalf. Every one pressed forward, anxious to know the result; for the case, which at first appeared insignificant, now assumed an important character.

The nature of Bassa's evidence sufficiently explained why he did not notice me before; it was strongly in my favour. To my amazement, he began by stating particulars in direct opposition to the evidence of Kara, and met the ingenious falsehoods of the latter by statements which exceeded them in audacity of invention; though, from the plausible manner of his delivery, he was listened to with more attention, and gained more credit with the kadi. He went over the evidence of Kara with the most minute accuracy—analyzed, disproved, and refuted it from beginning to end. He stated that he also was an observer of all that passed between the widow and me, (though, by-the-by, he was quietly seated all the time in the serdar of the mazovard,) and denied that I offered her the slightest offence. He then said that my manumission could be supported by the testimony of the mazovard, who was in readiness to speak to my character.

The mention of that name caused a general murmur to run throughout the hall; and I was so delighted and amused with the assumed indignation of Bassa that, if I had dared, I could have sprung forward and clasped him in my arms. But an incautious smile would have betrayed all. The mazovard now came forward, and seated himself beside the kadi. Whatever the purpose of the conversation was, it evidently *concerned me*; for the kadi eyed me with earnestness,

and even with benevolence. When their conference was finished, he dismissed the case. I was immediately set at liberty, and all parties were allowed to go about their business. The kadi returned me my pistols ; but with a hint to be less ambitious of making use of them in future.

I was about to quit the hall, when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round, and found Bassa at my elbow.

“Your friends were born before you !” he said, with a significant glance. “The mazovard desires your presence as soon as possible. When you are rich, remember what I have done for you.”

Here he opened his girdle with his finger and thumb—a movement which I very well understood ; and I dropped a few partakas into it, for which he returned his acknowledgments.

“Be cautious where you go alone,” he continued. “That black fellow and the kologli are leagued against you. If the two were weighed in the holy wezn,¹⁷ I hardly know on which side the balance of villany would incline. I know the latter well ; he has been concerned in all kinds of iniquity. I overheard a word or two of their conversation just now—it regarded you. I can hear a whisper at several yards. Self-interest first taught me to employ this faculty, and habit has confirmed it. I have assisted you out of this dilemma, because I feel an interest in your welfare. I could have accomplished it with greater ease ; but as I mistrusted the evidence of that black fellow, I thought it best to pay him in his own coin, and expose him to the court. You have seen the result. Allah baïrick fik ! God prosper you !”

I had intended to question the kologli as to Francesco's abode ; but the talkativeness of Bassa so entirely engrossed my attention, that when I turned to look for him he was gone. Disappointed at this, I walked towards the mansion of the mazovard.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS confined in the inn for several days, in consequence of some violent manifestations on the part of the janizaries. From the tchorbadgchee¹ down to the mulassim jolsash,² disaffection was ripe for revolt. The mutiny was chiefly owing to a kasna,³ which had received the testa⁴ of the dey, curtailing certain privileges. The subject had been discussed in the military council, and had received the sanction of his highness, who paid little attention to the hatti-schereefs of the Porte.

The merest accident and caprice have not unfrequently determined the selection of those called to administer affairs of state in Algiers. Men have been, and continue to be, dragged from the lowest stations, to fill the still envied posts of distinction, and there is no appeal against the nomination. The veriest wretch that ever breathed has a chance of succeeding to this dangerous pinnacle of power. The dey may strike his page in the morning, but the page may order the execution of his master in the evening. These sports of fortune generally become the bloodiest instruments of arbitrary rule.

The execution of the dey (for he never survives the loss of the sovereignty) is the signal for the annihilation of his dependants. Always uncertain of their fate, they attend to their duties with fear and trembling, conscious that it is not the strong arm of justice that may crush them, but the poisoned bowl, or insidious bowstring. Isolated, and suspicious of their rulers, it is not in their nature to cherish principles of attachment towards a government made up of ingratitude and deceit. Every man, therefore, is anxiously bent on enriching himself. He prepares for the adventitious and unforeseen results of uncertain power, and provided his intentions are not frustrated by ill-timed

treachery, he flies to safer regions to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth.

The only liberty I enjoyed for some days was the range of the terrace on the roof of the inn where I lodged. I had experienced such unfavourable results in the adventures which chance had led me into, that I took my host's advice for once, and remained in the house, fearful of tempting too far the benignity of my guardian spirit.

From the roof of the house, I beheld troops of janizaries perambulating the streets in threatening array. The *kislas*⁵ were put in a state of defence, and the *kulluks*⁶ presented scenes of riot and insubordination. The dey essayed threats, and endeavoured to strike the disaffected with terror, but without avail. Order was at length restored. The dey, perceiving the inutility of further resistance, and aware of the weakness of his own party, wisely granted the concessions required by the troops. It was fortunate for his highness that his mind took so beneficial a turn, otherwise it would have required very little consideration, on the part of his loving subjects, to render him wholly unfit for further acts of oppression.

During my confinement my thoughts had continually reverted to the *kadenhahia* of Cobah. Tranquillity and order being restored, I went out in the hope of falling in with her. I exhibited my person in most of the public places with this view, but was disappointed; and I walked to another part of the city to make some inquiries respecting Francesco, to whom I was now able to devote my attention.

Having got hold of a man who was well acquainted with all sorts of characters in Algiers, I promised him a handsome reward, provided he discovered the place where Francesco was concealed. He told me that I should hear something of him the following day. This caused me to regret not having fallen in with so useful a personage before. His endeavours were attended with the success I required. It was not, however, till the following morning that I was made acquainted with the melancholy result of his inquiries.

In the mean time I did not neglect making a stric-

search, and paid another visit to the burial grounds. Although I had examined the spot with the minutest care, a lurking suspicion convinced me that I had overlooked some concealed nook. I therefore determined to examine the ruined sepulchres again, in the hope that something would turn up to remove the mystery which shrouded the fate of my friend. My search was fruitless: disappointment attended me at every step, and giving up the pursuit, I returned to the city.

I had not cleared the burial ground, when two figures appeared coming towards me. Observing me, they altered their route, as if to elude observation. The circumstance of their turning away so abruptly, trivial as it was, attracted my notice, and I stopped to gaze after them. The dress, the walk, and the manner of one of the figures, struck me as being familiar to me. The more I looked, the more it became identified with the form of the kologli. Surmise amounted to conviction—the resemblance was too forcible to be doubted: I resolved to be satisfied, and followed in their track without seeming to do so.

Having selected a chosen spot for their purpose, in a hollow, they seated themselves on the ground, and produced from various parts of their dress several small bags, which they opened, and pouring out the contents, divided them into two lots. Even their turbans had been converted into receptacles for the articles produced, yielding a due proportion of treasure. The contents of the bags appeared to be dollars, mingled with ornaments of every description. The production of so much wealth surprised me, and I gazed alternately on the kologli and his companion, and the mass of treasure which lay before them.

The words of Bassa immediately recurred to my mind; and the suspicious circumstances attending the present connection and employment of the confederates, convinced me that their spoils were the produce of some robbery just committed.

The nature of the ground enabled me to approach sufficiently close to observe their movements without the possibility of being seen. As I drew near, my attention

was engrossed by certain symptoms of a hostile nature which passed between the associates. The last portion of the booty, to be divided, consisted of articles which it was almost impossible to value one against the other with that strict regard to equality which both equally insisted on. Unfairness in this, or a superabundance in that, led to wrangling and contention : from words they proceeded to a scramble for the whole booty ; and in the course of the disputatious settlement of their several claims to the treasure, blows, scratches, and kicks were liberally exchanged. The stranger being the most powerful of the two, had considerably the advantage over the kologli.

The quarrels of rogues, unlike those of lovers, are frequently deadly in their effects. After sundry sharp blows had been duly given and received by both parties, they proceeded to more violent ebullitions of wrath, and a dagger gleamed in the hands of each.

In rushing forward to close, the stranger's foot slipped—he stumbled a pace or two, and fell. The malignant kologli was too much excited to let such an opportunity escape him : he darted upon his associate, and buried his weapon in his back.

I stopped not to observe further : a few steps brought me to the side of the kologli, almost before he was aware of my presence. As I rushed forward I discharged one of my pistols at him : the ball knocked off his turban, and injured him slightly on the head. He flew upon me, and aimed a blow at me with his dagger. I parried it and closed with him, but he avoided me. In our struggle the weapon slipped from his grasp.

Before I could get my other pistol ready, he had bounded away with inconceivable rapidity. I sprang after him, clutching his dagger, which I had picked up, to serve as evidence against him. But he outstripped me in speed—it was equal to the pace of a camel. Disappointed and irritated, I discharged my other pistol after him ; the ball passed by him, burying itself in the sand. A loud shout, with a few capers and gestures of extravagant joy, testified the triumph of the savage at my disappointment.

Suddenly, new objects appeared on the scene. The kologli had directed his flight towards a low range of sand banks. Behind these ran the public highway leading to the city. The report of my pistols had attracted the notice of some Moorish horsemen who now rode into the open space where we were chasing each other. The kologli hurried towards them. I gathered sufficient from his gestures to convince me that, with his usual cunning, he was endeavouring to interest the Moors in his behalf.

How bitter were my feelings of rage, vexation, and amazement, when, upon coming up to them, I found, that instead of standing in the situation of an accuser, I was myself denounced as the murderer of the kologli's companion.

I had never possessed much patient endurance under disappointment, and now gave vent to my vexation in loud invectives against the Moors; at the same time endeavouring to make them understand that the kologli was the actual murderer—but they only laughed at my assertions; and one of them told me that my guilt was conclusive, the bloody dagger in my hand being a sufficient confirmation of my crime, and that if I did not surrender myself, they would instantly despatch me. Hereupon two of them (the other being an old man) manifested an intention of putting their threats into execution, by going through the hostile process of drawing their swords and cocking their pistols, with that deliberation which generally accompanies a serious determination of purpose.

The folly of contending against such odds was manifest; and I said, "I am your prisoner as far as the kadi's, but I presume my guilt will be determined by his judgment."

"Whose dog are you?" cried one of the Moors, who was Schereef,⁷ curvetting his horse towards me, with the intention of running me down. I endeavoured to avoid the contact by retreating, but he followed me up. Exasperated at this, my prudence deserted me, and I struck *his* horse over the mouth with my hand. Frightened at

the blow, the animal suddenly tossed up its head, inflicting a severe wound on the face of his master, who was bending forward at the moment. After a struggle or two in his saddle, and a cry of agony, the Schereef fell on the ground, his face bathed in blood.

On the fall of the Schereef, his horse, instead of taking flight, stood over him, quietly awaiting his resuscitation. Whatever feeling detained the noble animal over the apparently senseless body, self-preservation communicated a degree of activity to my bodily movements truly surprising. I had not a moment to lose ; ere the youngest of the Moors had recovered from his amazement, I vaulted into the vacant saddle, and was carried towards the city with the velocity of the wind.

On my flight thither, I averted my head to survey the Moors, and saw that the youngest of them alone followed me. The other, assisted by the kologli, endeavoured to reanimate the Schereef, and having succeeded, they placed him on the horse which the elder Moor vacated, and took their route towards the city. The kologli, when he had accompanied them some distance, suddenly quitted them, and returned to the spot where lay his confederate's body. On his way he was joined by a figure which it was impossible not to recognise. It was Kara. Objects now intervened, and I could see no more.

I reached the Bab-louet gate, and endeavoured to turn the horse towards the residence of the mazovard. All my exertions to effect this desirable object were of no avail. As if impelled by some natural dread he avoided the entrance, galloping with unabated speed towards the dey's palace. I twisted the reins in my hands, almost tearing his jaws asunder ; I coaxed, patted, and dashed the stirrups into his sides by turns—nothing would check his career ; his obstinacy and speed were insurmountable.

More vexed than overcome with the exertion, I slackened the reins ; the perverse beast tossed his head as if in triumph, turned down a street just beyond the palace, and placed me plump in the court of a strange house.

where numerous attendants were preparing the meals for the household. Owing to his obstinacy, I upset three or four of a line of slaves, who were crossing the court at that moment with trays of meat.

Screams from the women and shouts from the men broke upon my ears. "Down with the Yaoor!" all roared. Three or four slaves sprang forward, armed with clubs. I perceived my danger, and attempted to fly, but the animal would not move. The slaves surrounded me, menacing me with their clubs; I thought I should be beaten to death—but it was ordered otherwise.

Suddenly their outcries ceased, as they gazed on the horse I rode. A confused jabbering ensued, and one or two of them demanded how I had come into possession of the animal, which they gave me to understand was the property of their master, the Schereef Hadood. In an instant I perceived how matters stood: instinct had led the animal to his home, and I was now in the courtyard of the Schereef, a place and personage, above all others, I most desired to escape from.

If the question had been simply put, and an answer as simply expected, I should most likely have been discovered; but amid the confusion and the hubbub which surrounded me, I recovered from my astonishment, and was enabled to put a tolerably good face on the matter.

"Allah kama Sidi Schereef!"⁸ I exclaimed, prefacing my address with a few mysterious gestures; "his life is in danger."

"Ash nu harda?—ash nu harda?"⁹ they screamed all together, closing round me.

"A terrible accident has befallen him," I replied. "Passing by at the time it took place, he bade me mount his horse, and ride for assistance. Summon the thibib—prepare the bath—and have all necessary remedies at hand. By this time he must be near the city. It is the will of the Schereef. Uras enti."¹⁰

Saying which I leaped from the horse and quitted the court, amid the expressions of the wondering slaves, congratulating myself upon the fortunate turn circum-

stances had taken in my favour. I hardly knew which way to turn, or to what quarter to direct my steps. To attempt to reach the mazovard's, I must traverse the very street where my enemies would make their appearance. I turned down this street—ran up that—flew across another; dodged, and retrograded to such a degree, that I walked nearly over half the city before I gained a turning which opened upon the house of my patron. The instant I espied it, I darted forward, entered the house without ceremony, and learning the mazovard was at home, hastened to his closet.

In a few words I informed him of the situation in which I stood, concluding by requesting his advice to direct, and his interest to assist me in such an awkward predicament.

“It is an ugly affair, indeed,” said the mazovard, “but your star is benignant. It is fortunate that I am acquainted with the Schereef Hadoo, and my good offices shall be immediately directed in the proper quarter.”

Saying which he rose, and clapping his hands for an attendant, told me to wait his return, or a summons from him, and that in the mean time he would endeavour to settle matters with the Schereef.

After enduring an hour of disagreeable suspense in the closet of the mazovard, his attendant returned, accompanied by a tchaoosh, the latter intimating that he was commanded by the dey to bring me before him.

“So,” said I to myself, “the affair has taken a serious turn, since they think it necessary to bring it before the dey instead of the kadi.”

Soliloquizing on the probable consequences of my imprudence, I reached the hall of audience, where my accusers, together with the kologli, were already assembled, with the exception of the Schereef. The mazovard stood behind the dey. I made my way through a concourse of people, and advanced towards the tribunal, with a serenity induced by my innocence. My appearance was the signal for the Moors to commence their charge.

“Allah kama dey!”¹¹ said the youngest of the Moors;

“I was returning this morning from Chica, with my relative the Schereef, and the Aga Mezooli,”¹² pointing to the elder Moor at his side, “and on passing the burial ground, our ears were saluted by the sound of firearms. On coming into view, we observed this infidel pursuing the kologli, with a pistol in one hand, and a dagger, besmeared with blood, in the other. The latter hastened towards us, claimed our protection, and briefly explained to us that the Yaoor having murdered his companion, was now bent upon destroying him. We commanded him to surrender, but he treated our summons with disdain, and flourished, in defiance before us, his dagger, yet reeking with the blood of his victim. Provoked at his insolence, the Schereef moved forward to seize him, when by an act, as daring as it was treacherous, he frightened his horse, dragged him from his saddle, dashed him with violence on the ground, and left him bathed in blood. My only wonder is that he escaped with life. Such, may it please your highness,” concluded my accuser, “is the statement of this infidel’s villanies; and, by our Holy Prophet, whose laws he has violated, he merits death.”

My feelings under such a charge may be imagined—it is impossible to describe them. The kologli also, in that apparently simple, unaffected, and candid manner which deep villany can so well assume, detailed the incidents of his companion’s assassination, the loss of whom he dwelt upon, and deplored, with all the seeming sincerity of real concern. The dey hereupon gave orders that the body of the murdered man should be brought before him, and four slaves were instantly despatched for it.

It was then intimated to me by a tchaoosh, who stood at my side, that I might address the dey, if I had anything to say in my defence. Thus permitted, I spoke as follows :—

“If the assertions of my accusers are to be received with the attention which their apparent sincerity would seem to demand, it were better that I remained silent—but I hope to be able to refute them.”

I then paused a moment—and collecting my thoughts, proceeded to give the dey the whole history of Francesco, and concluded by stating my suspicions that a robbery had been effected by the kologli and his companion. When I left off speaking, his highness, who had condescended to listen to me with apparent interest, turned to the mazovard, and they held a conference for a few minutes.

“You have not yet disproved the testimony which has been adduced,” the former at length said, addressing me; “but what says the Aga Mezooli? He witnessed the affair, and must have something to declare, for or against the Christian.”

Thus called upon, the elder Moor advanced and said, “Your highness has known me long, and sufficiently well, to give me credit for the truth of what I shall utter. I have heard the accusation brought against the prisoner with painful interest; for though I must convict this youth at my side of falsehood, yet my sense of equity, even to the Christian, compels me to do him the justice to which he is entitled.”

Here the aga paused. This exordium caused a general murmur in the court; the people pressed forward, and silence being obtained, the aga proceeded.

“What passed between the kologli and the Christian, previous to our meeting, I know not. I will state this much in his favour, that seeing himself foiled in his attempts to apprehend the kologli, (Allah alone knows how far he was justified,) and also finding himself denounced as an assassin, when he sought to appear as an accuser, it very naturally gave rise to feelings of irritation. Instead of defying our authority, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, his guilt would alone be determined by the kadi. This expression somewhat exasperated the Schereef, that the Christian should utter such daring sentiments, and he attempted to run him down. The other, in his defence, struck the horse which my friend rode over the mouth: the animal tossed up its head, which unfortunately coming in contact with the softer and more

sensitive portion of the Schereef's, he was stunned by the blow, and fell to the ground. This is the simple truth; and, by Allah! so far as the Schereef is concerned, I see no cause for the detention of the Christian. Let him clear himself of the murder how he may."

"The Aga Mezooli has spoken well, and justly," cried the dey, "and the Christian is acquitted of the charge, as affects the Schereef; but the mystery, which envelops the murder remains to be cleared."

Here a movement among the crowd interrupted the proceedings. The tchaooshes endeavoured to preserve order, by laying their canes about them in all directions. The uproar was occasioned by several persons attempting to force a passage towards the tribunal. At length, one of them having effected it, rushed forward, threw himself on the ground before the dey, and exclaimed aloud, "Justice! justice! in the name of Allah, I demand justice!"

"Rise—and say on," cried the dey.

"A few hours back," the stranger went on to say, as he rose from the ground, "I, Hadji Hrynzé, your humble slave, was enjoying the solace of meditation in my closet, when the sound of footsteps in an adjoining room disturbed me. All my attendants were gone to the city on various affairs, and, with the exception of the female portion of my household, none but myself remained. Conceive my astonishment, when two men rushed into the apartment. They seized me, bound me to the frame of the window, enveloped my head in a shawl, and then proceeded to rifle my harem of its treasure. Such was the silence and celerity with which they accomplished this, that the women, who happened to be in a chamber above, were not even aware of their presence. I endeavoured to make myself heard, when one of them produced a dagger, and drawing it across my throat, intimated that death would be my portion if I attempted to give an alarm. At length they quitted the house; and I have only just been released by the return of my attendants. In

the name of Allah, and our blessed Prophet, I demand justice on the robbers."

"You shall have it," replied the dey, "and every facility for tracing them out."

On the conclusion of the hadji's statement, a sudden thought rushed across my mind, and I looked at the kologli: he turned away, evidently discomposed. I then demanded of the hadji where his house was situated. He named the place.

"Should you know the thieves?" I asked.

"Know them!" absolutely screamed the hadji—"ay, as a mother knows her offspring."

"Then look at that man," I said, pointing at the kologli, who became still more agitated, "and tell me whether he is not one of them."

He turned to survey him; but the kologli averted his head. The hadji, however, was not to be foiled; the loss of his treasure had rendered him desperate, and he moved forward to make the scrutiny. One glance was sufficient. A scream of joy—of extravagant and heartfelt joy—bespoke at once the exultation of the hadji, and the guilt of the kologli.

The dey, who had viewed this strange proceeding with marked attention, motioned a tchaoosh to advance, and search the latter. Secreted in various parts of his dress, they found the greater portion of the hadji's treasure, which, it seems, the kologli had returned to secure, having quitted the Aga Mezooli and the Schereef for that purpose.

While this was going on, I happened to look round, and perceived Kara standing a few paces behind me. I now for the first time called to mind the circumstance of his joining the kologli on my flight to the city: it was a trivial incident, but his former connections and employment, his dark and villanous character, convinced me that he had been a participator in the robbery. Satisfied of this, I knelt before the dey, and communicated my suspicions. Kara was instantly seized, examined by the tchaooshes, and several ornaments of value, and pieces of money, recognised

by the hadji as his property, were found on his person. If ever I experienced the sweetness of gratified revenge, I felt it on the present occasion.

The slaves who had been despatched for the body of the murdered man now returned, bearing it into court upon their shoulders. The hadji immediately recognised the man who had drawn the dagger across his throat. There was no direct proof (with the exception of my testimony) of the kologli having committed the act: but his guilt was too apparent, even for the most skeptical, to give it a doubt; judgment, therefore, quick and decisive, was immediately pronounced upon him, and carried into execution with equal despatch. Kara was condemned to a term of imprisonment in the bagnio; the youngest of the Moors satisfied himself with uttering an oath or two at my unexpected escape, and I was told to go about my business.

As I passed through the crowd on my return to my lodging, various expressions saluted my ears—"How the infidel will laugh at our beards!"—"By Allah! the dey's head is turned, to let him escape thus."—"He is a Greek—let him alone for getting out of a scrape"—and the like. I noticed them not, but went on my way.

On getting into the court of the palace, I saw the lifeless body of the kologli lying beside his victim: he had just been strangled. I smiled strangely, and walked on, exulting at my escape.

CHAPTER III.

On reaching my lodging I was accosted by the man whom I employed to discover where Francesco was concealed. The information had been voluntarily given to him by Kara, who, learning by some means what he

had undertaken, sent for him for that purpose. I was surprised, but my astonishment subsided when I heard the melancholy fate of my friend.

I hurried to the place where he had been confined: it was in one of the ruined sepulchres, near the burial ground. There lay the corpse of my ill-fated friend! He had absolutely died of starvation, occasioned by the absence of Kara, and the neglect of the kologli. He was sitting upright, in a corner of the vault, apparently asleep; though his spare face and attenuated frame plainly told that the finger of death was there. A crust of bread was clenched in his withered hand—a morsel appeared between his lips, which it seems he had attempted to swallow, when the pangs of dissolution overpowered him.

I contemplated his fate with feelings of bitter anguish, and quitted the place unable to endure the spectacle, leaving directions with the man who had accompanied me to bring the body to the city. This event caused such depression of mind, that I determined to quit Algiers the first opportunity.

“But whither shall I go?” I asked myself. “If I show myself at Smyrna, I shall be prosecuted for the money which is due to my reputed father’s estate. Where then shall I seek an asylum? Shall I go to Greece? beloved Greece! with which all my beloved associations are connected. Yet no—I will seek a wider range for my speculations. To Stamboul? There I may meet with Hassan, the Capitan Pacha, whose glory, had I been permitted to join him, I might now be sharing. I might now be high in authority, not the dependant and the scorn of every man in office. To Egypt? Cairo brought to my mind its powerful beys, its Mamlouks, and their intestine jars. Amid such frequent contentions for power, something must fall to the lot of inferiors. The dog is suffered to devour the crumbs of his lord’s repast—surely I may reap advantage from its rich masters. I will go.” With this resolve I entered Algiers.

In the course of the day I paid the last tribute of re-

gard to the remains of Francesco. I had him interred in a piece of ground allotted to the reception of Christians dying at Algiers. I stood musing over the grave.

"He is now secure from every affliction. The faithlessness of friends, the vengeance of enemies, the world's happiness and misery, the thousand passions which animate and destroy human nature, are now alike to him. Peace to thy shade, Francesco! Thou wert endeared to me by adversity. When other images and other recollections shall have faded away, thine, and the remembrance of my beloved Estafania, will alone remain to impart a consolation to my existence."

Absorbed in such meditations, I came to that most perplexing of all—how to gain a future livelihood. I was not hero enough to starve for weeks. My money would shortly disappear. It was true the mazovard would not see me want, but I resolved not to subsist on his generosity. I panted for independence. Visionary ideas, and plans for future affluence were formed, and as speedily rejected. They were too magnificent to be practicable, or too daring to be accomplished.

At last I thought of the dying words of the Jew Aminadab, and the vault which my imagination led me to conceive was stored with the accumulated treasures of years. Nearly three weeks having elapsed since the massacre, I resolved to pay a visit to the place, merely to observe whether all was clear.

After some difficulty I found out the street. I was sharpening my ingenuity how I might contrive to introduce myself into the house without being observed, when I was accosted by a Jew, who asked me if I wished to examine the premises.

"I have the disposal of it, senor," he continued. "If you require it for the purpose of stowing away merchandise, it will suit you. Recent events may prevent you making it a residence."

Looking upon this as a favourable opportunity, I immediately said, "I will look at it; I may want it for such a purpose."

"The door is open, senor," he replied; "you will

find nothing but the blood-stained floor and the rats to attract your notice. The tchaooshes have taken care of the valuables."

I entered the house while he was speaking, crossed the court to the back building, and ascended to the room from whence I had witnessed the massacre. The floor was covered with a hard cake of blood. That night, and that scene, came across my mind in all its fearful reality: I hurried from the room, and reached the vault under the stairs.

I struck a light; examined every corner; but the bare walls presented no signs of an opening. At length I passed the light over the ceiling, and perceived a small hole of the exact shape and size of the key which the Jew had given me. With agitated feelings of delight I immediately applied it; after turning and twisting it until my hands ached, I succeeded in catching the spring. The floor descended gradually, terminating in a stone vault.

The first thing that met my view was a huge pile of books, nearly filling the vault. I did not care to examine these; my eyes fell on a more attractive object—an iron chest. It was unfastened, and easily yielded to my hand. Rolls of parchment, and various papers with seals appended to them, filled one compartment; in the other, neatly enclosed in white linen bags, lay the object of my solicitude, the treasure of the Israelite.

I drew forth four moderate sized bags, which I slung across my arm, covering them with my cloak. I then closed the box, placed myself on the trapdoor, and the floor rose to its former position. Deeming it prudent not to return by the way I had come in, unfastening the door which led into a back street, I watched a favourable opportunity when no one was near, quitted the place, and hastened to the inn.

Once in the security of my own room, I bolted the door, spread my cloak on the floor, and emptied the contents of the bags into it. Never did the votaries of the golden calf gaze on that idolatrous image with half the fervour that I surveyed the outspread treasure—never

did gold and silver create such feelings of extravagant delight. I fell on my knees, and filling my hands with the precious metal, bestowed upon it the adoration due only to the Deity !

I had never known what it was to want money until now. When in the Morea I did not require it. At Ismir and Stamboul I possessed abundance : but in Algiers, a place where gold was the only passport to station and authority ; where it purchased security, and defeated malevolence ; in short, where it gave to its possessor every possible liberty in word and deed, without which he was the dreg, the scum, the sport of every passer by : viewing it in this light, I hailed its appearance with emotions of gratified ambition.

In possession of this treasure, I found myself secured against the contingencies of life at least for some time to come, and resolved to spend it with a liberality equal to the facility with which it had been acquired. But it was necessary to be cautious. So sudden an increase of wealth was likely to end in my ruin. Of this I was too well convinced, and resolved, therefore, to conceal my prosperity under the garb of prudence.

A few qualms of conscience came across my mind that I was doing an act of injustice to the memory of the man who had saved my life ; but I qualified these misgivings with the usual sophistry of a deceitful heart.

"Had it not been for my boldness," I argued, "the money would have been lost for ever. The Jew left no relatives : what stranger, then, has a better claim to it than myself ? Why should I restore it ?—and to whom ? There was no legitimate owner, except the dey : his highness had an ample treasure—I was, comparatively, a beggar." All things considered, I resolved to keep the treasure. Confiding it, therefore, to a place of safety, and locking my door, I directed my steps towards the bagnio.

The sacrifice of the kologli was not a sufficient atonement for the death of my friend. The prime mover—the origin of all his sufferings—yet remained unscathed. The thought roused the fiend within me ! Possessed of

the only means of carrying my purpose into execution, I felt a species of horrid joy in contemplating the speedy death of Kara.

On reaching the bagnio, I sought Baba, the keeper, whom I drew on one side, telling him that I wished a word or two with him. I knew my man, and went straight to the point.

"You see yonder negro?" I said, pointing out Kara, who was at a distant part of the yard.

"Well?" demanded Baba, raising his bushy brows.

"It will not interest you," I continued, "to state my reasons: but"—drawing a purse of my newly acquired wealth from my girdle—"take this; and if you can put him out of the way of doing further mischief, I will reward your diligence with a similar present."

"I understand," rejoined the fellow, with a ferocious grin—for half the sum he would have roasted alive his own father and mother—"I understand, senor. I have a drug that tells no tales. *Ala raci, ou âini!*¹ The thing shall be done: only—remember the bargain!" and he gave me a look between submissiveness and intimidation.

"I shall not fail," I said, going.

"Be here on Friday, and your wishes shall be accomplished."

"Even so," I said, and quitted the prison; my mind considerably relieved of a load of despondency by the keeper's promises.

This was fated to be an eventful day. I returned to the inn late at night, and was within a few paces of the door, when, as if by magic, my shoulders, legs, and arms were suddenly grasped by several hands—my limbs bound—a shawl thrown over my head—and my assailants, placing me upon their shoulders, as they would a bale of goods, trotted off at a quick pace. All this was the work of a few seconds. I had no time for opposition.

I gave myself up for lost. A crowd of ideas floated through my mind as to the motives of those who had seized me. I thought of the Schereef—of his kinsman

—either of whom might have sought this mode of revenge. I racked my brain with every possible conjecture, till I felt that I had no alternative but to summon all my patience and await the termination of my journey.

At length my conductors thought fit to stop. I heard a key applied to a door—they moved on, and it closed upon us. They crossed a large court, came to another door, which opened upon one of them clapping his hands. They hurried down a long passage, passed through a room or two, when suddenly a blaze of light broke upon me, notwithstanding the shawl which enveloped my head. I was now placed on my legs, the cords which bound me were loosened, the shawl was removed, and I perceived that I was in an apartment supplied with every article of elegant furniture.

Four stout blacks, who had brought me, stood on one side, their eyes bent on the ground, and motionless as statues.

“Pray,” I said, addressing them, after my astonishment had subsided, “will you do me the favour to tell me the reason of this outrage?”

No answer.

“Am I indebted to the Schereef, or his relatives, for this?”

I might as well have addressed blocks of marble—the negroes were apparently as insensible.

“I was brought hither by force,” I went on to say; “but you must allow me to use my own discretion as to the mode of my departure.”

I moved towards the door. They did not attempt to prevent me. I tried to open it, but it resisted all my efforts. I turned to look upon the negroes: no symptom of malice was perceptible in their iron countenances. They were apparently as dead to emotion as the different articles of furniture around them.

A curtain, which hung down beyond an arch, at one end of the apartment, became slightly agitated. I distinguished a tittering of voices—it struck me they were females. Suddenly the drapery was thrown aside, and

in place of my expected foes, I beheld the kadenhahia of Cobah.

My features relaxed from their expression of fierce wrath into almost instant composure, and I could not resist the impulse of a laugh, in which the attendant, however, manifested no disposition to join me.

She waved her hand, and the slaves left the room. When they were gone, she said, her eyes flashing—"Kief, kief:² we have managed to get you at last. Was it not enough to keep me waiting—but you must now laugh at my ill success? It is well for you your body is not food for fish."

"Hear me!" I cried; and put a well-filled purse into her hand.

A voice from behind the curtain here called out the name of the kadenhahia, with apparent impatience. The attendant answered by saying she was coming.

"Feizar, feizar,"³ repeated the same voice, in quicker tones. The kadenhahia instantly disappeared behind the drapery.

A few moments elapsed in feverish suspense on my part, when she re-entered, beckoning me to follow her. The curtain concealed a small room, which led to the harem. I crossed this, entered another apartment, and the door closed upon me.

I did not care to notice the splendid furniture of the chamber. The divine Cobah, reclining on a superbly ornamented sofa, in an attitude of the most voluptuous elegance, engrossed all my notice.

Her face was partially concealed by her veil. Her dress was of the most gorgeous description, adorned and studded with jewels, and various ornaments of gold. Azure, pink, yellow, and crimson vied with each other in giving effect to her apparel. From underneath her amber-coloured trousers an ankle appeared of exquisite symmetry, and one of the prettiest little feet I had ever seen, enclosed in a beautifully embroidered slipper. This little foot (its delicate companion rested on the sofa) reposed upon a carpet of blue satin, bordered with crim-

son. I was dazzled and bewildered, and remained fixed to the spot till the voice of the lady bade me advance.

"Christian!" at length exclaimed the haughty Cobah, without deigning to alter the position into which her voluptuous form had been purposely thrown—"Christian! How darest thou despise the commands of one whose wishes are laws? Knowest thou not, daring youth, that the Moorish women are as implacable in their resentment as they are ardent and boundless in their affections?"—and her dark eyes sparkled underneath her veil like a flash from the thundercloud, while her bosom heaved with increased emotion.

A slight trembling—a faltering of the voice, which marked the delivery of this speech, acted upon me like an electric spark—my heart leaped with impetuous joy—I rushed forward, threw myself at her feet, exclaiming in her language, "Joba, joba!"

"Rise!" she said, "and justify yourself if you can."

She motioned me to seat myself at her side. Thus commanded, I informed her, in as concise a manner as possible, of the accident which had prevented me fulfilling my appointment with her slave—avoiding, however, the adventure with the Jews. She listened with earnest attention to my words, and when I had made an end of speaking, her lips opened with a smile of animated delight.

She raised herself from her recumbent posture; bending forward, as if to take up a shawl, her veil suddenly dropped, and I was gratified by the sight of a blaze of beauty which overwhelmed me with amazement and rapture.

All that khaf-devouring Mussulmen have ever beheld in those moments of pleasurable excitement, when their minds are absorbed in the contemplation of the gorgeous images, and stag-eyed beauties of Paradise, all that imagination can conceive, and pen describe, were here united in dazzling perfection. A thrill of love—of indescribable delight, circulated through me; I gazed upon her with that utter absorption of devotion, that immeas-

urable inward rapture, with which the devotee gazes upon the ascending host !

With the triumph of her sex, Cobah perceived the feelings which she had inspired, and her gratified vanity beamed in her eyes, and in the expression of her face. Instead of the haughty and insensible beauty which my imagination had pictured her, she now became all smiles—all gentleness—all affection.

She turned her eyes, piercing and languishing, upon mine—sighs, speaking worlds of intelligence and passion, exhaled like incense from her heaving bosom. She threw her arms round my head, bending her face towards mine : broken expressions of tenderness and endearment escaped her.

“ Beintee—beintee⁵ —halloo !⁶ —my soul !—my life !—my heart !” she cried, in tones of trembling softness.

Overcome by mutual emotion, present apprehension was forgotten on both sides—the world—its cares—its blessings—became a blank. An enchanted atmosphere seemed to encompass us, shutting out all commonplace and vulgar associations, and we vainly wished that the present time and our fruitions might be eternal !

Upon a signal from Cobah, the kadenhahia entered bearing a tray, on which was spread a luxurious repast. Nothing could be more delicious—the omelets were superb : the meats, cut into small fragments, were prepared in various ways, seasoned with spices, and attar of roses ; preserves, pears, apricots, and melons followed in almost endless variety—sherbets of various kinds—and last, though not least, the most delicious wine.

Having heard my divine mistress say that she was born in the kingdom of Morocco, I expressed a wish to know how she came to Algiers. And at my request she proceeded to give me a brief narrative of the incidents which had marked her life.

HISTORY OF COBAH.

“I was born at Taflet, in the kingdom of Morocco, the boast of which city is that all its inhabitants are Schereefs, or the descendants of our holy Prophet. Most of them are related in various degrees to the family of the present Emperor Sidi Mohammed.

“I was early left an orphan, and lived with a relation of my father's. Through his interest I was presented to Lalla (Lady) Batoom, the principal sultana, who resided in the city of Morocco. My office was to wait upon her, to dance, sing, and otherwise administer to her pleasures, when her spirits were depressed, or the incidents of the harem failed to afford sufficient amusement. A year passed away in this unvarying round of duties, when it became known that the emperor meant to take another wife. Who the lady was to be, no one knew; but there was not an individual, from the chief concubine to the carpet-spreader, (who was very pretty,) that did not experience a strange fluttering of the heart on hearing this. I was neither too young nor too inexperienced to entertain such thoughts; and I very well recollect that, when the emperor's visit to the harem was announced, I found myself before a glass arranging my dress and hair, with a rapidity of action, and an emotion of heart, for which I could not account.

“His majesty, however, merely paid a visit of ceremony to Lalla Batoom. With her usual address, she always placed the handsomest of us in the last row, and the most ordinary were thrust forward to the emperor's view. She could not bear the idea that one of her attendants should attract his notice, even for an instant, much less usurp that place in his affections, which she prided herself upon retaining, with such undivided sway.

“Notwithstanding all these manœuvres, the emperor continued to gaze upon us; and I verily believe, that if Lalla Batoom had not put an end to the interview by suddenly falling into a swoon, (which she managed to per-

fection upon occasion,) the whole band of her women would have fainted in earnest, under the uncertainty and fluttering emotions which the wandering glances of the sovereign occasioned in their bosoms.

“He quitted the harem, but not before he had cast a look upon me, which set my young heart beating with such rapidity, that I could scarcely breathe. My companions had observed it, and I leave you to imagine their envy.

“It soon came to the ears of Lalla Batoom that I was the individual destined to divide the affections of his highness. Her rage knew no bounds. She raved, she swore, (and roundly, too,) she made no secret of it either, that if the sovereign so far forgot his dignity as to raise me to the imperial throne, I should not survive my bridal day. My situation was dreadful. Not only had I to endure the ill-will of Lalla Batoom, but likewise all those petty acts of tyranny which my companions could devise against me.

“I was nevertheless alive to all the wicked devices practised in harems of great men against those females who happen to enjoy any undue influence with the lord. I generally cooked my own meals, through fear that they would mix poison with my food, as I knew Lalla Batoom had sufficient authority not only to screen my enemies from punishment, but to hush up the matter of my death. These continual alarms kept me in a state of indescribable terror for some time, when I was at length released from my uneasiness by the incident which brought me here.

“One day—I remember it well, because a day or two before Lalla Batoom had behaved to me with unusual kindness—I was summoned into her apartment. With an ominous feeling of apprehension I obeyed the summons.

“‘Sit down by my side, beintee,’ (child,) she said, as I entered, ‘and kiss me.’ I kissed her forehead; a pause followed, which was broken by her as follows:—

“‘Your welfare has long been near my heart, and have wished for an opportunity to show my concern

you. It is now presented to me. A son of the kehaya, who stands next in command to the aga of the dey's army at Algiers, has lately been sojourning here on some special business from that court. He returns in a few days, and I have been given to understand that a wife would be acceptable to him. I have had a communication with him, in which I did not fail to enumerate the superior qualities of your person and disposition; on hearing which, he became wellnigh distracted. Need I say more? He is ardently expecting you—transported with the idea of calling so much beauty his own. But it is my wish that the nuptials should not take place until you arrive at Algiers. As for your saddok,⁷ that shall be my care. You have heard my wishes—answer me.'

"A few seconds elapsed before I could recollect myself sufficiently to make a suitable reply, into such amazement was I thrown by her abrupt and artful communication. I perceived that she wished to get rid of me at any rate. I knew it would be madness to reject the offer. I rose, kissed her forehead, saying that I was ready to obey her commands. Upon this she embraced me, fondled me as though I had been her own child, and filled my mouth with sweetmeats.

"I will not tire you with the preparations for my departure, nor my journey to this city. Suffice it that I arrived here in safety, and was lodged in these rooms—the harem of my bridegroom's father—until the period of my marriage with the son. The youth was one whom I could have loved: he was handsome, brave, and bountiful. I had opportunities of seeing him frequently during our journey, and was, therefore, enabled to judge of my future happiness or misery.

"A terrible accident, however, dashed all my hopes to the earth. One day, just before our marriage was to take place, he was brought home a mangled corpse. He had been exercising some troops, and being mounted on an unbroken barb, the animal suddenly took fright, and ran away. He was dismounted; in his fall he pitched upon his head, and was killed on the spot."

Cobah paused a moment—her lovely countenance be-

came of a pallid hue. It was momentary, and she resumed her narrative.

“It is needless to observe that I was the most miserable of human beings. I entreated his father the kehaya to send me back to Morocco. Alas! what could I do? Without friends and relations—denied all intercourse with society, I found myself a prisoner, where I hoped to enjoy a reasonable liberty.

“At length, what I had long anticipated came to pass. It was one day intimated to me by Fatmeh, my kadenhahia, whom I had brought with me from Morocco, that the kehaya himself intended to place me in his harem. I had never seen him, but was told he was yet a young man, and one with whom I should be sure to lead a life of freedom and happiness. Judge of my dismay when I witnessed the reverse of all this—a hideous, shrivelled, disgusting little old man, who only inspired me with sentiments of loathing. With what feelings of bitterness did I contrast the beauty, the grace, the daring of the son, with the hideousness, deformity, and imbecility of the sire!

“It was useless to contend—my prayers and entreaties were of no avail—I was threatened with unheard of tortures, if I rejected the offer. The kehaya had the sanction of the dey to support him, and perceiving the inutility of further opposition, a reluctant consent was at length wrung from me. I was then taught the usual accomplishments, music, singing, and dancing, previous to becoming the unwilling slave of a master whom I could only detest.

“Is there anything more natural, then, reduced as I am to endure the miserable affection of a man whom I despise, that I should turn from such impotent vanity to the contemplation of objects more varied and interesting? I saw you, Christian! I loved—I adore you! I resolved to sacrifice all—even my life—to see you again. All is at stake with us. We must now stand or fall by each other.

“But let us yield up ourselves to enjoyment, at least

for some time to come. I am at liberty. The kehaya has lately been advanced to the post of aga of the army, and is not permitted to reside at home while he remains in office, which lasts two months. He resides at the barracks, where, praise be to Allah ! may he ever continue : and when he dies may he find his proper place in Gehennam !”⁸.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not my purpose, nor would it prove anywise instructive, to pursue the adventure related in the foregoing chapter, in all its agreeable and varied details. Cobah and I were happy : if that can be called happiness which consisted in two persons tasting as much enjoyment as they could desire, with the consciousness of error on both sides.

Divested of its gay and flattering character, our intercourse was not without its alloy. As the period approached when the official duties of the aga would expire, it became necessary to observe considerable address in our meetings. But such were the precautions adopted by the diligent Fatmeh, who would have gone through fire to protect her mistress from injury, that there seemed to be as little risk of detection while the aga was under the same roof with us as during the period of his absence.

The day of retribution, however, was at hand. In the inmost recesses of the harem, I had one day sunk into slumber—the heat of the day being intolerable. Visions of felicity—of unearthly beatitude haunted me. I wandered in imagination through those scenes of eternal freshness and beauty, where in the silence of night sounds of celestial harmony are heard, and my soul was palled with excessive transport.

How long I slumbered I know not, but was suddenly

awaked from my deep trance by a scream so loud, piercing, and full of despair, that I started up with the spring of a lion roused from its lair.

Judge of my dismay when I saw the hideous person of the aga standing before me, backed by four powerful-looking negroes, armed with naked weapons, and awaiting only the signal of their master to hew me down; while the shrieking Cobah clung to me in an agony of terror, imploring me to save her from the wrath of our assailants.

The aga commanded the slaves to seize me, and they rushed on me in a body. What resistance could I make, the terrified Cobah clinging to me, against four brawny ruffians whose trade was blood? I was surrounded and borne to the ground in a moment. Cobah fell with me, embracing me so tenaciously, that the united efforts of the negroes were unable to separate us. At length they forced her away, her delicate limbs being almost torn asunder in the unequal struggle.

"Think not I dread the fate which awaits me, aga," exclaimed Cobah, as she passed him, vainly struggling in the grasp of the negroes to reach him. "Less than man! I have lived to avenge myself in the completion of thy dishonour, and I die content. Dog! I spit upon thee."

Uttering these expressions of passion and contempt, she was dragged from the chamber. Her last looks were bent upon me—her last words imprecated a curse on the aga's head, and invoked a blessing on mine. A cold thrill ran through my veins, and I shuddered when I contemplated the lamentable fate which awaited her.

My reflections on my own were not of the most consolatory description. I looked upon it as inevitable: still I felt that anxious longing after life which those only can know who have approached so near to the brink of eternity as I stood at that moment.

There are various modes and degrees of satisfying revenge. Some men hack and hew their enemy to pieces at once—others are satisfied with his decapitation, or the equally speedy operation of the bowstring. But you

true Mohammedan epicures in blood—unless it flow in torrents—are not satisfied with the fall of a single head. To satisfy their appetites for slaughter, torture must be lengthened out to the utmost stretch of human endurance. They will banquet on a protracted display of agony, and receive rapturous excitement from the horrible workings of a death struggle. I concluded I was reserved for such an exhibition upon seeing a boy enter the room, bearing a cup, containing a suspicious-looking liquid, in his hand. He placed it on a table before the aga, and retired.

The two negroes now loosened their hold of me, and I was commanded to rise; they remained, one on each side, with drawn sabres, eying me with looks of savageness, very expressive of their eagerness to commence the operations of their trade.

On my right there was a low window, shaded by projecting latticework, looking into the garden. I had determined to attempt my escape at this outlet, had not the entreaties of Cobah to save her rendered me regardless of personal safety. I revolved in my mind, with amazing rapidity, the several chances of escape which the window held out to me. I measured the colossal forms and proportions of the negroes at my side. As to the aga, he was less than nothing in my estimation.

While my mind was undergoing this fever of agitation and doubtful hope, the aga advanced with the cup of liquid in one hand, and a handjhar in the other. He gave me the alternative of swallowing the contents of the former, which were poison, or of submitting to tortures from which my mind recoiled with horror.

“Make your choice,” he cried. “By Allah and our holy Prophet, such will be your doom. Choose!” he repeated, in a louder tone, advancing still nearer.

Never in the whole course of my life did I labour under such terrible excitement as on that occasion. The idea of enduring the horrible and protracted torture of a loathed existence roused all my energies. I felt myself suddenly glowing with unwonted vigour—the strength of an Atlas was imparted to my frame—my

sinews seemed to knit with preternatural tenseness and rigidity.

Almost before thought could conceive the daring project, I had laid one of the negroes sprawling on the floor. His companion darted upon me—I grasped him with the strength of a Hercules—we both fell—I was uppermost.

I seized him by the throat with a gripe so fierce and powerful, that he was compelled to let go the hold which he had taken of my dress. All this was the work of an instant—I was free! I sprang upon my feet, and with one bound darted through the window, leaving the aga overcome with wonder and dismay at my escape.

On alighting in the garden below, the two slaves who had been intrusted with the execution of Cobah issued from a low building on my left, fresh from their inhuman employment. I flew past them—a few paces brought me to the garden wall—I vaulted over it with ease, such velocity of motion and activity had terror imparted to my limbs, and gained the street in safety.

The two negroes had scaled the wall almost at the same instant as myself, and followed me with a perseverance which left but a trifling distance between us. Despair, however, lent wings to my flight. Fortunately it was a time of day when the heat of the sun confined the inhabitants to their houses, to enjoy their siesta. The cries of the negroes brought several to their doors; they satisfied themselves with merely gazing on in stupid wonder, but did not offer to molest me.

As I approached the more bustling part of the city, I was several times opposed, but the swiftness of my career bore down every obstruction. I now entered the principal street, where the dey's palace stood.

Half a dozen janizaries stood lounging in the shade of the gateway. The cries of my pursuers immediately roused them into action. They drew their swords, placed themselves across the street, awaiting my approach. Gasping for breath—worked up to a climax of phrensy, I turned like a tiger at bay upon my pursuers.

A vast body of people had now collected, and ca

rushing on like a river which had broken its banks. A few seconds I stood convulsively panting in the middle of the street, gazing alternately on the wild and undulating crowd, and the threatening attitude of the janizaries. I knew my fate if taken by the former—I should be torn to pieces—I was decided in an instant.

I had but one hope left: I flew towards the janizaries, threw myself at their feet, crying out “Allah! Allah! I am a Mussulman!”

The populace—like all mobs, turned by a feather—lately bent on my destruction, now manifested an equal solicitude to protect me, and even proceeded to treat the slaves and domestics of the aga, who clamorously demanded me to be given up to them, with a roughness which speedily put an end to all further interference in that quarter. The slaves, however, rushed upon me with their weapons, and attempted to cut me down.

“He is a hharám-kar!”¹ they shouted—“take his life—take his life.”

“He is a true believer!” returned my protectors—“the sacrifice is too great.” They pushed and buffeted the slaves till they were forced to relinquish the contest, and the latter retired muttering curses on me and the people.

I was surrounded by a multitude of fierce and sanguinary beings, to whose biddings I was now obliged to be as passive as the most abject bondsman. They were bent upon a frolic, and I was to be their butt. My jacket was taken off, and a Moorish caftan² thrown over my shoulders—a turban supplied the place of my scullcap. Thus partially habited like a member of that faith to which I had just sworn fidelity, I was mounted on a fat horse, and paraded through the principal streets, amid the noise of drums, hautboys, discharges of musketry, and the acclamations and hootings of some hundreds of the rabble.

During this preliminary step to my admission into the bosom of Islamism, my heart was racked with indescribable torture—the perspiration ran off my brow in large drops—shame and rage alternately influenced me. I

writhed under the contumely—my wounded spirit thirsted for vengeance of some kind, and I cursed my persecutors with the malignity of a fiend.

I was now addressed by one of the crowd, who demanded what name I meant to take, and whom I chose for my adopted father. To the first question I fixed upon the name of Mahmoud; to the second I requested to be conducted to the mansion of the mazovard.

Amid a tremendous burst of acclamation, and other symptoms of popular feeling, I was led into the courtyard of my patron. I was now suffered to dismount; my turban and caftan were taken from me; my own jacket, however, I never saw anything more of. Burning with the vindictive passions of my nature, I speedily cleared myself a passage through the rabble by main strength and buffeting, and entered the serdar. The mazovard was taking his siesta. Unwilling to disturb him, I wandered up and down the chamber.

"Well!" thought I, as I reflected upon my new condition, "there is one consolation; I am not the first by thousands. I have long and ardently panted for a change, to relieve the monotony of existence: who knows but it may lead to advancement? Less things have elevated men to eminence: it shall lead to my prosperity."

The words of an Eastern sage occurred to my mind: "Curb your ambition, my son; the higher you rise, the greater will be your infelicity. True happiness comes not with wealth and honours, but is to be found in mediocrity. A gently gliding stream is sufficient to fertilize your crops; an impetuous torrent would destroy them."

"What are the words of wisdom," I cried, "to the worldly man? Who, that has little, thinks he shall be miserable with more? and who, that has abundance, thinks he has realized sufficient? My star is now on the ascendant—my destiny is written on the Ellouh el Mahfoud;³ and nothing is left me but to wait its fulfilment with patience. Allah kereem!" I ejaculated with true Moslem gravity and resignation. I smiled bitterly, and endeavoured to dismiss the subject from my mind.

The recollection of the fate of Cobah affected r

more acutely than all the disasters of the day: I thought upon the horrid death, which I knew she had already suffered, with feelings of the keenest anguish. I tried to banish the dreadful fact from my mind—I endeavoured to deny her a place in my memory—to steel my heart with that contempt for woman, characteristic of a Moslemin. But, however regardless I might be to the miseries of my fellow-men, I had not yet arrived at that acme of insensibility which renders men indifferent to the sufferings of the other sex—and I dropped a tear to her memory.

I was absorbed in these reflections, when an attendant came to say that the mazovard wished to see me.

“My friend!” he said, as I entered, “I have heard of your misfortune; you were sufficiently cautioned against the folly which has reduced you to this. Allah, in his infinite wisdom, has to some people given wisdom, and to others indiscretion. As you sow the seeds of either, so it is written, you shall reap glory or disappointment. Be not cast down, but return thanks to Allah, and our holy Prophet, that you are not a member of that faith, which is ordained to roast in eternal fires. Enough: from the past you will gain experience for the future. Allah kereem!”

“I shall become wise with the growth of my beard,” I said.

“Ahaffouch-scharib ve áfúl-lilha⁴ are the words of our blessed Prophet: but wisdom does not always lie in a long beard.”

The mazovard now treated me with a greater degree of concern and familiarity than he had ever done before. He inquired as to my future movements—whether it was my intention to remain at Algiers, where he would provide for me, or return to Smyrna and claim the patrimonial estate.

Expressing my gratitude for his offer to remain, I said if it were possible to get letters to Aly Bey, of Egypt, it was my intention to proceed thither, and procure a future livelihood in his service.

“As to the patrimonial estate,” I added, determined to

enlighten him on that point, "it is as much yours as mine."

"What is this I hear?" he cried.

"That I am not the son of Morozi," I replied.

"Bismillah!" he exclaimed. "What mean you—have I been deceived and imposed upon?"

"No," I continued; "I have ever considered myself the son of Morozi. My marriage with a Greek lady, it seems, hastened his death. Soon after that occurrence, the same letter which conveyed the sad intelligence, also informed me that I was not his son."

I then gave the mazovard a brief history of all the circumstances which attended my marriage, up to the period of my arrival at Algiers.

"Allah kereem!" cried the mazovard, raising his hands.

"Doubt and mystery hang over my birth," I went on to say; "for he whom I had been accustomed to revere as a father up to the moment of his death turns out not to have been my parent. What am I to do?"

"Your situation," returned the mazovard, "is one of perplexity. Had you candidly informed me of this before, something might have been done for you. Yet it appears singular to me, after a lapse of more than twenty years, that your reputed father should be the first to make known such a singular story. I recollect (for the mention of your birth calls it to my mind) a short time before the transaction occurred which drove me from Constantinople, that Morozi returned from a voyage to the Morea; on our meeting, subsequently, he gave me to understand that your mother, who had fancied the sea voyage, had given birth to a son on board the vessel; but owing to her indisposition, he had been obliged to leave both her and the child with a kinsman in the Morea. This is all I know. I cannot for a moment doubt that you are the son of Morozi; and am inclined to believe the machinations of evil disposed persons have been employed to deprive you of your right."

"If the matter rested on the mere assertion of my father's clerk," I said, "I should question the truth of it; .

but the letter contained a declaration in Morozi's own handwriting to the same effect. I cannot question that."

"Allah kereem !" responded the old man ; " the ways of Heaven are inscrutable, and it becomes you, my son, to submit. Allah at one time enlightens us by the rays of his wisdom to enable us to penetrate the deepest mysteries : at another, he gives us up to the error of our own thoughts, and permits the simplest things to baffle our boasted reason. Time alone, my son, if it is the will of Heaven, will bring the truth to light. Allah kereem !"

Finding me resolved not to return to Smyrna, the mazovard promised to use his influence with the dey to procure the letters which I required. He then desired me to come to him in a day or two, to know the result of his application.

CHAPTER V.

On quitting him, I walked towards a Bezesteen, to equip myself with becoming Mohammedan apparel. I entered the shop of a Jew, and selected from among a variety of new and second-hand garments a rich Turkish vest. A pair of crimson trousers, striped down the seams with gold lace, a beenish, a turban, and several other articles, made up the extent of my purchase.

I retired into a closet leading out of the shop, and divesting myself of my infidel dress, was soon metamorphosed into a thorough-bred Moslemin. A certain sum down, and my old dress, completed our bargain.

I was upon the point of sallying forth, when who should enter the shop but the identical Jew who had the letting of Aminadab's house, and gave me permission to enter it the day I took possession of the treasure. I turned my head on one side, as I did not wish to be recognised.

He continued looking at me, however, like one in

doubt. At length, appearing all of a sudden to recollect himself, he cried out—"I have it! I have it! This is the man who entered Aminadab's house, and for whom I hunted in every corner. He has the treasure!"

My heart leaped into my throat at these words; but I manifested not the least sign of outward alarm. His sudden exclamation had aroused the inquisitive faculties of the shopkeeper, who gazed at me with his small penetrating eyes, and seemed very much inclined to do or say something which should strike me with terror.

Assuming all the gravity of my new calling, I boldly faced them, crying, in a loud tone—"What does the fellow say?"

"I mean to say," he replied, with undiminished effrontery, "that you are the man who entered Aminadab's house, and never returned. I searched for you everywhere. You have found treasure—I know it—and the dey shall know it too, unless you divide the spoil with us."

"Come, my friend," simpered the shopkeeper, sidling up to me, and endeavouring to be very gracious, "we know how much you have got. Aminadab never coined that which is in your possession, though he was shot for that offence. Come! strike the bargain, and we'll say no more about it."

"Otherwise," rejoined his companion, "it will be our duty to complain to the dey."

"And there will be little hope for you then," observed the shopkeeper.

"Hope!" exclaimed the other—"there is little hope in a bowstring! A bowstring, did I say? The most horrible tortures will be his portion?"

"Come! where is the money?" demanded the shopkeeper, in a bullying tone.

"Ay! where is it—where is it?" echoed the other, amazed at his own audacity.

"Come, produce!" cried the dealer.

"Ay! produce—produce! or we'll to the dey!" reiterated my first accuser.

"*Sons of dogs!*" I exclaimed, perceiving that the cl

max was come ; “ dare you speak thus to a true believer ? Is a follower of Allah to be bearded with impunity by infidel Jews ? Halloo ! ” I shouted to a porter who was passing by. “ Here, friend ! ” putting a piece of money into his hand—“ up with the heels of these knaves, while I afford them a lesson of obedience and respect to a true believer.”

Perceiving how affairs went, the Israelites fell on their knees, repeating aloud their cries of mercy. I was deaf to their supplications, and eager to commence operations. The heels of my first accuser went up in a twinkling, and I laid on with a piece of rope, which the porter usually carried in his girdle, to my heart’s content : nor did I give over till my arm ached with the exertion, and the soles of his feet began to stream with blood. I consented to remit the punishment of the shopkeeper ; but, as if to foil my humanity, who should come in but my friend Sulieman. On learning the cause of my grievance, he swore by Allah that the Jew should not escape. It was sheer delicacy in me, he said, to forgive so old an offender.

“ No, no, my friend,” he continued, taking the cord out of my hand, and deliberately tying it into several hard knots—“ I have come to settle an old account with you. Dog, liar, cheat, rogue ! ” he then cried, pursuing the terrified Israelite round the shop, and accompanying each vituperative epithet with well-directed lashes. “ Did I bargain with you for a cloak full of holes ? Did I pay you double the price for a threadbare, moth-eaten, beggarly, stinking garment, not fit to cover the shoulders of an infidel like yourself. Take that ! and that ! and that ! ”

He then pommelled and scratched him with one hand, while he laid on the rope with the other. Not satisfied with this, he took off his iron-heeled slippers, and battered the Jew about the head till his face was scored with the terrible reckoning of Sulieman’s vengeance.

“ There ! ” cried the Moslemin, pausing from absolute *fatigue*, at the same time kicking his victim to the farther

end of the shop—"get you gone ; and praise my forbearance that I have not slit your nose and cut your ears off."

Hereupon we quitted the shop ; and I felt considerably refreshed on having exercised such unlimited castigation on the members of a Jew.

"How is it, my friend?" demanded Sulieman, when we had walked away, "that I see you in this strange apparel?"

"Have you not heard?"

"Of what?"

"My conversion?"

"No."

"I thought all the city knew it before this"—and I briefly related to him the cause which led to my apostasy.

"The old tale," he said, laughing. "Such adventures commonly have but one termination. The gentleman ends his courtship by apostatizing, and the lady—Allah help her! But you had a narrow escape."

"I could have suffered martyrdom once," I observed, "rather than apostatize, but times are changed, and with them my sentiments. I now feel that I am Turk in body and soul."

"And you have only to pursue one line of conduct to become a thoroughbred one," said Sulieman, on quitting me.

"What is that?"

"Abuse, cheat, deceive, persecute all Yaoors with the malignity of a demon, and I will answer for your advancement here and hereafter."

I now felt more than ever disposed to quit Algiers. The recollection of the dismal fate of Cobah preyed with increased intensity on my feelings, urging me to hasten from a place to me perfectly detestable.

Besides I was not insensible to the disagreeable notoriety into which the adventure with the Schereef, and the more serious affair with the aga, had brought me ; and I must acknowledge that I felt some inquietude when I reflected on the uncertainty of all things, coupled with the power which these persons possessed, to disqualify

me from further interfering in the concerns of this life by a process as simple as it was efficacious.

Though I affected to despise the threats of the Jew, respecting the treasure found in Aminadab's house, I felt considerable apprehension on that account. It was no doubt mere speculation and surmise on his part ; but I was too well aware of the danger of mere suspicion, in such a place as Algiers, to hesitate a moment as to the expediency of my departure. My only security was to preserve as great an appearance of poverty as possible.

A caravan of Mawgarbees from Morocco, Fez, and the intermediate places, was daily expected to pass through the regency. I resolved to join it, this being the only way in which I could reckon upon reaching Egypt in safety.

Meanwhile I made my preparations as secretly as possible, to be in readiness for a speedy departure. Prudence befriended me for once, and I resolved to keep my own counsel. If no one knows of my going, I said to myself, my name will never be mentioned, and questions will be thereby avoided. With the exception of the mazovard, Sulieman was the only one that knew of my projected departure.

Amid all my despondency, I had accomplished one thing which gave me satisfaction—this was the death of Kara. Faithful to his word, (and it was in such affairs alone that he never broke faith,) the keeper of the bagnio had fulfilled my wishes. On the appointed morning I went to the prison : there, in a small stone room, used for the reception of the dead, I beheld the lifeless remains of one of Francesco's fiercest enemies. I gazed on him a moment to satisfy myself as to his identity, and rewarding Baba as I had promised, I quitted the place with a sensation of irrepressible disgust.

In a few days I received the letters which the mazovard had promised to procure for me. What was my surprise when I perceived that one of them was addressed to the merchant Djelayni, the father of the fair Eminé, who, as I was given to understand, was intimate with, *and enjoyed the confidence of*, many of the ruling powers

in Cairo. I was at first disposed to destroy the letter, but, upon second consideration, I resolved to take it. Doubtless the affections of the fair widow had undergone a change. If she still retained a spark of her former passion, it was very certain my heart would not be so obdurate as to reject her advances.

I took an affectionate leave of the mazovard, who, to a lengthened discourse on the many duties which it became a good Mussulman to practise, added the more substantial gift of a purse of gold. I was not in want of the money, nevertheless I took it, being well aware that it would turn to tenfold advantage in the country where I was going. He then gave me his blessing.

“Go in peace, my son; may Allah prosper and direct your steps. Whatever befalls you, it will always be a source of consolation and pleasure to Abu Mezrou to hear of your welfare. Peace be with you!”

It is one among the few cheering recollections of my life, to think of this old man. It was not the least of his acts of kindness, emanating from a noble simplicity of heart, that he supported me while friendless and distressed. I was indebted to him for life—it was to him I owed everything.

The following day the caravan came in sight. Unnoticed and unknown, I mounted my horse, as if to take a ride into the country. I had packed my money as conveniently as possible in various parts of my dress, and I carried my wardrobe upon my back. I therefore quitted the city without disguise or ceremony. I joined the first kafflé¹ of hadjis which came up, and mingling with them, soon became identified with the pilgrims.

The hadj encamped a whole day in sight of Algiers. After adan² the following morning, amid the uproar of dogs barking, horses neighing, the cries of mule, camel, and dromedary drivers, and the squabbles of all parties, the caravan got in motion. I turned my back for ever on the city of Algiers, and throwing the reins on my horse's neck, leisurely followed the long line of pilgrims, which traversed the sandy plain like a slow meandering stream.

Travelling in the desert, particularly with a large caravan, is not fruitful in variety of incident. So many miles accomplished—so many days and nights—the stated halting of the hadj—eating, drinking, sleeping, quarrelling, and praying, are topics which will not admit of repetition. It is only the appearance of a cloud of dust on the distant plain, or a sudden luridness of the atmosphere, which creates an interest, and a fearful one, in the bosom of the hadji. He then gathers together and looks to his camels and mules, in expectation of an assault from the Arabs; or prepares, with almost instinctive dread, for a still more formidable enemy—the coming of the simoom.³ From the former we had nothing to dread, our numbers being too considerable to admit of an attack; but we were destined to encounter the other in all its formidable horrors.

We passed successively through the regencies of Tunis and Tripoli, from which cities our caravan received an addition of pilgrims. At the latter place we stopped two days. I took this opportunity of going into the city to procure some provisions, which I stowed in a kind of wallet, and threw over the back of my horse.

We at length entered the confines of the desert of Barka. A smooth expanse of glaring and arid sand now opened upon our view. In some places, vast hills, accumulated one day and disappearing the next, surrounded us. About noon of the third day of our traversing these dreary solitudes, the heat of the atmosphere became suffocating. Every eye was cast with a painful interest on the distant horizon; fear sat on the countenances of many; the camels often paused with instinctive dread, lifted their heads, and gave a sullen low. A rumbling sound, like distant thunder—but it was not that, for the vast extent of the heavens was calm and clear—was first heard. Silence reigned in the camp; each man was busily occupied with his own thoughts how to avert the impending blast, and the caravan, as if actuated by one common impulse, came to a halt.

The sound of the distant hurricane now became more *distinct*. Suddenly, in the southern sky, a meteor shot

forth with amazing rapidity, fell towards the horizon, and immediately one vast sheet of lurid vapour spread over that portion of the heavens. The whirlwind approached, resembling in its roar the discharge of a hundred pieces of cannon. Man and beast instantly fell down, burying nose and mouth in the burning sand. The camels, as if struck with palsy, shook and groaned in dreadful agony.

The destruction of the universe—the concussion of worlds, might afford some idea of the horrors which surrounded us; but language cannot describe the blast of the simoom.

I leaped from my horse, and had just sufficient time to throw myself on the sand when the tempest burst upon us.

The heat was equal to the glow of a furnace. At one moment we were enveloped in darkness, created by immense columns of sand, whirled aloft by the blast, assuming all shapes. The atmosphere often changed from a bright yellow to a fiery red. Globes of fire glared around us, blazed for a moment, and vanished. It seemed as if legions of supernatural beings rode upon the whirlwind, screeching with tumultuous joy at the confusion and desolate condition of the poor worms beneath them. It was enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The violence of the storm had passed over us, but had not abated, when the most hardy, inhaling a long draught of the-fetid air, strongly impregnated with the stench of pitch, rose from the plain.

“Allah kereem ! Allah kereem !” silently responded all, with uplifted hands and eyes. Casting one look behind us upon the course of the whirlwind, we proceeded on our way.

As I passed on, I observed three bodies lying dead in a heap. The heart of each of them had burst, and the blood flowed from eyes, mouth, and nostrils, in a black stream. Every one avoided them with instinctive dread ; and they were left as they died, to bleach in the vertical rays of an African sun.

It would lead me too far to enumerate all the danger

which the hadji is doomed to encounter in crossing the deserts of Barka ; of which the want of water is not the least. Strong, indeed, must be the faith of Mussulmen who attempt it solely from a sense of devotion : but it is too often made subservient to feelings of avarice and gain.

The pyramids of Egypt at length burst upon our sight, with the silver waters of the Nile flowing in many a gentle curve beyond them. The sight gladdened each heart.

"Al humd el Allah ! Al humd el Allah !" burst, with a warm feeling of devotion, from the hearts of the hadjis. The air was rent with the united shouts of a multitude, and we went on our way rejoicing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE hadj entered Dgizeh, and crossed over the Nile to Fostat. My fellow-travellers directed their course towards the Birket-el-hadj, where they encamped, while I sought the okkal, in which I had lodged during my former visit to Cairo, where I soon established myself.

Bustle and tumult reigned in all quarters ; the city overflowed with troops collected by Aly Bey to punish his rebellious favourite and slave Mohammed. Many circumstances had recently happened to change the aspect of affairs. The power of the once dreaded Aly, which seemed so firmly established, was now fast approaching a close.

It may be remembered that I quitted Egypt when this bey was on the point of assembling an army for the purpose of invading Syria, to reduce the various pachaliks tributary to his government. The command of this army was given to Mohammed and Hassan Beys. Intoxicated with the rapid success of his conquests, nothing but ideas of ambition filled the mind of Aboodahab.

Circumstances, it must be owned, played into his hands with that amazing and portentous rapidity which sometimes accompanies the actions of desperate men.

The treachery of Mohammed now began to show itself. He had long and secretly united himself to the remains of the house of Ibrahim the Tchirkassian, an ancient enemy of Aly Bey. Flattered by them, corrupted by ambition and the love of gold, he thought no means unjust by which he might attain the dignity of Sheik-el-belled. The beys of his faction, aware of his avarice, loaded him with immense treasures, and encouraged his attempts upon the life of Aly. Secure in the love of the latter's adherents, and knowing the difficulty of the enterprise, Mohammed kept the treasure, and awaited a more favourable opportunity; but in order to ingratiate himself with his victim, and to lull him still further into a blind security, he disclosed the conspiracy to him.

The gratitude of Aly was shown in the costliness of the gifts and the honours which he bestowed upon the traitor. Aboodahab, however, never lost sight of his iniquitous views. Having failed in several projects to assassinate Aly, he now attempted to compel his own wife to poison her brother in a cup of coffee.

She rejected the proposal with horror, and immediately despatched one of her own slaves to caution the unsuspecting Aly of his danger. So many warnings ought to have rendered him suspicious, but his affection was boundless; he could not for a moment believe his son Aboodahab guilty of crimes which his own heart disclaimed.

It had now become too late to take advantage of those manifold warnings. Mohammed, fearful of manifesting his treachery openly in the capital, was not proof against the visions of grandeur which haunted him, while he sat down before Damascus in Syria. The time had now arrived when he was to put in execution the daring schemes which had long agitated his mind.

He had not led his soldiers to victory with the sole view of conquering the Turks, and reducing their strong-

holds; more weighty considerations influenced him. He judged well and rightly of the soldier's affection for his chief, whose course is unimpeded by defeat, and crowned with spoils. When he was sure of them—when he found their minds sufficiently elated by conquest, he boldly avowed his intentions, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that they met with a ready approval from his impetuous followers. One night, while his army lay encamped before Damascus, he suddenly quitted the scene of action, taking with him about three thousand Mam'louks, leaving Hassan Bey, and his few personal troops, together with a vast assemblage of Arabs, to complete the conquest of Syria.

Mohammed did not march direct for Cairo, knowing the hatred which the janizaries entertained towards him; he bent his course towards the Red Sea. 'So precipitate was his flight from Damascus, across the desert, that the intelligence of his defection did not reach Ali Bey until he had gained the town of Dgirdgé in the Saïd.¹ Scheick Daher, pacha of Akka, and the ancient ally of Aly, kept up a pursuit after him for some time, but the celerity of his movements rendered it of no avail.

Having passed the desert, Mohammed entered the Saïd—seized upon the towns of Farschoot, Dendera, Keineh, and Sioot, lying on the Nile, gained over to his interest, or compelled to join him, the beys and kiaschefs who governed them, and then encamped near the town of Dgirdgé; where he assembled, by bribes, flattery, and menace, all the forces from different quarters which still held out. He declined entering the town, as it was governed by Ayoub, a nephew of Aly.

Being, however, invited to a conference, Mohammed accepted the invitation. In this interview Ayoub endeavoured to lull the suspicions of his guest, pretended to coincide with his views, exclaimed against the tyranny and oppression of Aly, and condoled with him on the real or imaginary injuries which he affected to have received at the hands of their mutual kinsman.

In the mean time, Ayoub despatched intelligence to Cairo, with a request that a sufficient force should be

privately sent into the province to enable him to put a finishing blow to the insurrection. The caution and sagacity of Aboodahab, however, were not to be deceived. The scheme came to his knowledge. He invited Ayoub to his tent, under pretence of continuing their usual conferences. The unsuspecting bey accepted the invitation; when he came into the presence of Mohammed, the latter, upbraiding him with his treachery, suddenly stabbed him to the heart. After this, he seized upon the town, marched for Cairo, and encamped between the pyramids and Dgizeh. Here he resolved to await the fulfilment of those designs which eventually secured to him the post of sheick-el-belled.

Such was the course of events which had happened since my former visit to Egypt. On my arrival at Cairo, I found the city labouring under all those exaggerated hopes and fears created by the approaching contest between the hostile beys. The troops destined by Aly to crush the rebellious Mohammed were assembling in vast numbers, and I now regretted the days of tardy travelling which had marked my approach to Cairo, preventing me from joining in an engagement which promised to lead to future advancement. The old Turkish proverb, however, occurred to me—"Hunt the hare in the cart;" and I resolved to be guided by more experienced heads than my own. Eventually, I had reason to bless the delay.

After purifying myself of the dust of the desert, by the usual ablutions at the bath, I attired myself in the becoming apparel which I had purchased, aware that the costliness of a first appearance leads to more important results than any subsequent display of finery.

Thus habited, I proceeded to the residence of Djelayni, the merchant. Being directed to a large mansion in the Birket-el-fl, I inquired of one of the numerous attendants standing round the marble steps of the entrance, if Djelayni were to be seen. I learned he was then in deep consultation with Aly Bey, who had sent for him on some affair of emergency, three messengers having

arrived to request his attendance before the merchant thought proper to comply with the summons.

"So, so," I said, inwardly, as I seated myself in the serdar, "the affairs of state, the councils of the mighty Aly, depend upon, and are subservient to, the gold of the merchant. If I had walked Egypt over, I could not have found a more proper man to lend me a helping hand to the post which I mean to occupy. It shall be my endeavour to make my introduction a passport to his future confidence and favour, and not suffer it to die away in the mere observance of those hospitalities due to a guest and a stranger."

Pursuing such reflections, I entered the vast portal of the palace, placed myself in the serdar, and awaited the return of the merchant. Crowds of people were waiting here to pay their court to, or to solicit some favour from him.

The countenance of a man standing near strongly interested me—not in his favour, but for my own ends. The stranger was a Greek. I had learned to hate my countrymen: but no matter. I had also learned how necessary it is to ensure one's advancement in life, to make much of everything, even of the monkey or the parrot among those in office, if by noticing them you can serve your own purposes.

Pursuing this rule, I entered into conversation with the Greek, as I gave him to understand, merely for the purpose of showing him how thankful he ought to be that I noticed him. He was liberal enough to reward my condescension with the recital of a lamentable tale, to which I paid no attention, chiefly relating to camels, merchandise, and the distress of his wife and a dozen children.

"Now tell me," I said, "for you seem to know what it is to attend the daily levee of this merchant, in what way may a man soonest acquire the favour of Djelayni?"

"That is a question I have often asked myself; but, as you may perceive, with little success."

"Is he proud?"

"To his equals and superiors he never bends; to his

inferiors he is all affability. He has the art of making every man leave his presence, who has absolutely gained nothing by the interview, perfectly satisfied with himself. It would be well if the illusion extended beyond the door of the audience-room ; but, alas !—”

“Is he accessible to flattery ?” I said, interrupting my informant, who was about to enter upon the old story of camels and children.

“No man more so : I have heard it said that it is as necessary to the excitement of his faculties, as the daily dose of madjnoun³ to the theriakee. Tell him he is equal to Aly, and he will cut off a man’s head for you, or get it done, which is the same thing.”

Here a cry in the court from some kawasses⁴ announced the return of Djelayni. I thanked my informant, and seated myself at the other end of the serdar.

I waited till the last applicant had departed, before I thought fit to present my letter of introduction. Experience had taught me never to introduce the subject of self-interest during the hurry of business. Once neglected, there was little chance of future success. When I observed the serdar clear of the swarms of merchants, applicants, and others who had been severally admitted to an audience, I presented my letter to one of the attendants, who took it away, returned in a few minutes, and summoned me to the presence of the merchant.

Djelayni was upward of threescore and ten, but his countenance possessed all the freshness of a much younger man. The first glance of his jet black eye bespoke intelligence : there was little of the character of the merchant in his appearance. He resembled a fierce and overbearing Mamlouk ; but this was to be attributed, in some degree, to the manner in which he wore his turban, placed a little on one side, and to a certain affectation of daring which flashed in his eyes ; but those who marked the kind, and even playful, expression of his mouth, would hesitate to say there was anything fierce or malignant in his nature.

“You are welcome,” he said, as I entered. He then

desired me to seat myself, which I did with all proper respect.

"You are newly arrived?" he added.

"This morning only," I replied.

"Do you intend to make a long stay?"

"As circumstances will permit."

"I am well pleased with the letter from the Dey of Algiers," he said, "and will not fail to remember his strong recommendation, and your own wishes."

"I hoped," I ventured to say, almost chilled by his words, "to arrive in time to join the troops destined to punish the rebellious Mohammed."

"Allah Akbar! God is great!" exclaimed the merchant. "It is not to the strongest that he gives the victory. Is there no other way in which I can serve you? Are you resolved on the trade of arms?"

"I am so far resolved," I replied, "that if you do not feel yourself warranted in recommending me to Aly Bey—" I paused; the indifference with which my application had been received disappointed me, and I was upon the point of letting the merchant see that my advancement did not altogether depend upon his good offices; but prudence repressed me; I checked myself, and remained silent.

"You mean to say," said Djelayni, to my surprise, looking at me sharply, "that you would not hesitate to join the standard of the rebellious Mohammed, provided I did not think proper to comply with the request contained in this letter."

"Even so," I said: and I met his scrutinizing glance with one which sufficiently bespoke my determination of purpose.

"Your words are dangerous," he said, rising: "with me they are nothing: be cautious how you let others know your sentiments. Allah il Allah! there is but one God, and there is but one bey. We shall see."

He then changed his tone; and I thought I perceived a sensible alteration in his manner; for he kindly asked *me to take up my abode at his house, during my stay at Cairo: to which proposal I acceded, with every demon-*

stration of pleasure. He then clapped his hands for an attendant, and desired him to conduct me to a part of the house which he named. On quitting the room, he repeated his offers of serving me, and that I was at liberty to command all his house contained. I returned him thanks in suitable expressions, and followed the attendant to my new abode.

Still an uneasy doubt or two arose: I reflected on the words which I had heard from my disappointed countryman in the serdar. Absorbed in these reflections, I was conducted by an attendant to the rooms assigned me. I indulged myself in a critical survey of the costliness which surrounded me, and then walked forth to take a stroll through the city.

I proceeded towards the castle, with a view to ascertain what course affairs were likely to take. Mamlouks, mounted on barbs as fierce and as fiery in their nature as themselves, were galloping towards the palace in the Usbequie, to be in readiness for the general muster. Bands of Arabs and Mawgarbees were parading the streets to the sound of rude music, hastening to the outskirts of the city.

Adversity is the truest touchstone of man's fidelity. Upon the first rumour of Mohammed's treachery, the firmest adherents of Aly Bey rallied round him with the zeal and intrepidity of men accustomed to devote their lives with that indifference characteristic of the soldier, whose thoughts are seldom employed on the casualties of the morrow.

As I stood near the Bab-karamaidan, which leads from the great square of Roumelie, in front of the castle, admiring the moving crowds before me, the shouts of assembled troops suddenly rose in a wild burst of acclamation, occasioned by the appearance of Aly Bey in person, accompanied by his anakhtar aga,⁵ and surrounded by a multitude of beys and Mamlouks. Scheick Ali and Scheick Khrim, two of the sons of Scheick Daher, rode by his side.

Conspicuous among this splendid group was seen the form of Aly Bey, distinguished alike for its manly beauty

and noble bearing. The first glance which I caught of his bold and unconstrained figure told me at once, though I had never seen him before, that I beheld him who, for his daring and intrepidity, had been surnamed Dgin Aly.⁶ His undaunted soul, depressed by the treachery of a son, nevertheless rose superior to the misfortunes which encompassed him. His large blue eye, full of fire, communicated that animation and confidence to all, which his own heart but slightly felt. His frank and generous manner, while it admitted all to an equal participation of favour, possessed that commanding dignity which checked familiarity. I felt that I could follow such a man to the cannon's mouth: but my destiny was already marked out—I was one of those fated to rise upon his fallen fortunes.

Aly, placing himself at the head of his Mamlouks, and acknowledging their salutations by a slight motion of the body, led the way towards the suburbs. Here he delivered the command of the army to Ismael Bey, who was also accompanied by Murad, Ibrahim, and eight other beys: this done, he returned to the city.

This spectacle would have been exciting to me at any other time—intensely so, had I been one of the actors; but I now turned away, chagrined and disappointed, cursing my destiny, and heaping every epithet of abuse upon the merchant's lukewarmness. I had now lost every opportunity of signalizing myself; for there was but little doubt that the affair would terminate with a single battle, even if the partisans of Mohammed were hardy enough to hazard an engagement.

Burning with vexation, I turned my steps towards my abode, resolved to throw off all dependance upon a man capable of serving me, but who appeared little inclined to exert his influence in my behalf. My resolution was not a little strengthened, when I reflected that it was possible for me to promote my own interest without his assistance.

It was under the excitement of such feelings that I entered the apartments assigned to me. I was considering in what manner I might accomplish my object, when

an attendant came to inform me that the merchant requested my presence immediately. My passion vanished instantly ; I rose to follow him, wondering what could be the cause of the summons.

I found Djelayni in his closet. We exchanged the customary civilities, which were only remarkable because they were the reverse of our former meeting. I was cold and imperturbable as pride could make me, while my host put on the air and looks of a man who wished to conciliate, and was about to ask a favour.

I seated myself on a cushion : after a short pause, fixing his hands in his girdle, Djelayni thus addressed me :—

“ You have seen how our present ruler, taking advantage of the confused state of affairs, and the venality and weakness which have long marked the councils of the Porte, threw by the mask, and boldly seized upon the government of Egypt. Such a step could only be achieved amid the vicissitudes of war, and the calamities of pestilence, which devastated the dominions of the Porte at that period. The same ruinous system of policy, the same relaxation of discipline, extended to this country, and were the occasion, together with more remote causes, of that revolution which placed Aly Bey in possession of actual power. It was reserved for him to improve upon the line of policy adopted by our former rulers. Alternately assisting his friends and his foes, he dexterously contrived to destroy the most noxious ; the remainder soon became too weak and divided to hold out against him. He thus got the reins of power in his own hands. Think you such a state of things as this will last ? Is there any likelihood that the Porte will suffer this bulut capan⁷ to reap the fruits of his own daring, and of their imbecility ? ”

Djelayni paused for a moment. At the outset of his speech I had affected a surprise at the bold and unreserved declaration of his opinions, and I showed it. As his sentiments became more apparent, my surprise became real, and I concealed it. He continued—

“ You may perceive my reasons for not recommend

ing you to the notice of Aly Bey. Shortly they will appear still more satisfactory. Join Aly if you think proper, and you will be ruined : take my advice, follow the fortunes of Mohammed, and you will prosper. I shall now afford you an opportunity of benefiting yourself, at the same time that you will do me an essential service. The Dey of Algiers has given me to understand that you are a person of much courage and prudence—one to whom affairs of a secret nature may be intrusted. I shall be satisfied with your simple word that any communication which I may make known to you shall be kept inviolable—it then remains with yourself to profit by the station which you will hereafter occupy.”

I made the required protestation of fidelity, and the merchant resumed his discourse in a suppressed tone.

“Listen. There are many daring spirits, the remains of Ibrahim the Tcherkassian, actively at work in this city—desperately bent on the destruction of Aly Bey. Mohammed is the fountain from whence this opposition springs. It is determined—nay, it is irrevocably fixed that he shall be scheick-el-belled. He will not only have the voice of the principal beys, but secure the concurrence of the Porte. A few days will put an end to Aly Bey’s power : his life is in the hands of Allah. He stands on the brink of a precipice. Even his own minister, Mallem Reiske, is well disposed towards us. Aly therefore has no refuge but with his old ally, Scheick Daher, the Pacha of Akka. The blow shortly to be struck will paralyze all, because it is one utterly unexpected, and not to be provided against. Mohammed knows not of the good fortune that awaits him : it falls to my lot to be the first to communicate it. It is for this purpose that I require your services. This packet you will deliver into his hands. It contains intelligence which must be declared to him alone. He will then judge of its expediency, and reward the bearer according to the magnitude of the intelligence. From information which I have received, you will find Mohammed encamped between Dgizeh and the pyramids. As you accomplish *this*, so shall be your reward.”

Here Djelayni left off speaking ; rising, he desired me to follow him. " Time presses," he said, " and you have far to go. I will myself see you off."

We passed through several rooms, proceeded down a passage, and crossed a small court which led into a back street. Here we stopped, and the merchant again addressed me.

" You see yonder sais⁸ at the end of the street ?"

I nodded assent.

" Hasten then," he added, giving me the packet, " and mount. Present this signet to the slave, and he will deliver the animal to you. Go, and success attend you."

We parted ; I walked towards the sais, mounted the horse, and hastened in the direction of Fostat. The muezzeems were ascending the minarets, preparing to summon the faithful to prayers at el-magreb ;⁹ I therefore gave my horse the stirrup, and soon reached the banks of the Nile.

The extraordinary communications which had been confided to me by Djelayni were no less gratifying to me than important to those principally interested. It was evident some great design was in agitation : every word which the merchant uttered announced it. But his speech, though it hinted much that was going on, was involved in doubt and mystery, more perplexing than the fable of the Sphinx. I had penetration enough to perceive that it regarded Ismael Bey.

Yet I was not a little dissatisfied when I considered that I was in a manner turned over to a bey whose ruin seemed about to be accomplished. What could the hundreds of Mohammed effect against the thousands of Aly ? The reflection was not very agreeable ; but then I recalled to my mind the prophetic words of Djelayni.

" For once," I said, musing, to myself, " I will take the advice of another. It carries an appearance of sincerity, which cannot be doubted. To-morrow all uncertainty will end. There is now no neutrality for me—I must rise or fall with the destinies of Mohammed."

I came up with the army, under the command of

Ismael, before I reached Fostat. It was some time before I managed to get clear of the vast multitude, composed of Mamlouks, Janizaries, Arabs, Egyptians, and Mawgarbees. Having reached Fostat, I crossed the Nile to Dgizeh, and hastened towards the pyramids, where I found Mohammed encamped on the plains which encircle them.

I went straight to his tent, conspicuous above all for its size and the splendour of its decorations, and mentioned the purport of my errand to one of the numerous tchaooshes who stood lounging about the entrance, like so many gilded butterflies. He disappeared, and in a few minutes receiving a summons to enter, I obeyed—and found myself in the presence of Aboodahab.

The first glance of his countenance bespoke cunning and deceit—his real character. Unacquainted with his propensities, strangers would have termed him a mild man ; but under this unassuming exterior lurked a heart replete with all the dark and vindictive passions of human nature. His smile was the forerunner of evil—his laugh the harbinger of death. His dependants dreaded his anger less than they feared his gayety ; the safety of heads rose and fell proportionably with those manifestations of temper. His avarice was boundless : where the question of gain was concerned, he stopped at no means, he shrank from no cruelty, to attain his ends ; but, he had many qualities which endeared him to the soldiers : he was liberal, courageous, and enterprising—ever ready to acknowledge and reward the merits of a brave man. He was to be my patron ; and I already began to view the dark side of his character with the accommodating feeling of self-interest.

I was now desired by one of his attendants to advance. I approached ; kneeling on the edge of the carpet on which he sat, I presented the packet, in which the merchant had enclosed the letter from the Dey of Algiers. No emotion was perceptible in his countenance while he perused the letters, though he examined their contents with a seriousness which seemed to demand the utmost *consideration*. He read the merchant's letter several

times ; at length he raised his eyes from the paper, and ordered every one except myself to leave the room. When his attendants had withdrawn he made me sit down, and thus addressed me :—

“ This letter gives me to understand that you are a person in whom I may place implicit confidence. The merchant Djelayni has spoken very favourably of you, and says, that if there be any business in which circum-spection and secrecy are necessary, you are able to conduct it with the ability required. Such a man I stand in need of. I put great confidence in the recommendations of the merchant, and it is my intention to make use of you. If you serve me with fidelity, your reward shall be great. Suffice it for the present that you take your station among my personal attendants. Have I spoken right ?”

I bowed low, saying that such a favour was the height of my ambition. He then resumed his address.

“ Those who, from their office, should serve me, would with equal fidelity serve my enemies if they were better paid : besides, they do not possess that sort of understanding I require. You are a man who has travelled—one who has seen much of the world and its business, and it is natural to expect that something may come out of your hands. If you will devote yourself to me, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall amply reward your services.”

“ Your highness,” I observed, “ will find me a d’hul malldrhatt.”¹⁰

“ Such a man I require,” he rejoined ; “ you are a gem of the first water, in my estimation. You are not exactly of the right cast to be placed among my Mam-louks ; your wishes, however, shall be accomplished in due time : wait patiently—I shall have much more profitable work for you, than listlessly passing your time in decking your person, or strengthening the glances of your eyes with kohl. Enough—when the time comes, I will let you know more of my wishes.”

He now inquired concerning the army of Ismael Bey, of its numbers, its appearance, how many beys accom-

panied him, and the disposition of the troops ; which questions I answered as I thought would advance me in his favour.

He then presented me with his signet, and clapping his hands, ordered an attendant to conduct me to his kehaya, who would find me a tent, and afford me the usual accommodation.

I quitted my chief for this purpose, and walked out to find the tent of the latter. Abdallah was his name. I presented the signet of Mohammed : he surveyed me a few minutes before he attempted the important operation of opening a conversation. At length, manifesting a great deal of self-complacency, and with more kindness than I expected, he told me I might for the present, if I pleased, take up my quarters with him. I assented to the proposal with considerable satisfaction, and we soon retired for the night, mutually pleased with each other's company.

I was not quite satisfied with what Mohammed had promised to do for me. My greatest ambition was to be enrolled among his troops—in fact, to become one of his Mamlouks ; a distinction which conferred much authority and power on the possessor of such a title, besides opening a road to future eminence. But I soon became sensible that this was an office which would require much perseverance on my part to attain. The known jealousy exercised by those haughty dependants was almost an effectual bar to any advancement in that quarter ; I therefore gave up the hope for a time, but sedulously nourished the wish that circumstances would turn up to place me on a footing with them.

I lay down for the night, deeply pondering on the course events were likely to take. The obscure hints of Djelayni were somewhat divested of their mysterious import, and rendered more clear. Though not absolutely in possession of the intelligence which was soon to confound Aly Bey and his adherents, I enjoyed the satisfaction of being master of a secret which was to affect such important interests.

CHAPTER VII.

THE following day was rendered remarkable by the extraordinary and unforeseen events which occurred.

Early in the morning, to the astonishment of every one, the kehaya of Ismael Bey arrived at the camp. He had an audience of Mohammed. This was of long duration ; many were the groups formed in front of the various tents, many the opinions hazarded on the result of the kehaya's extraordinary visit. This was not allowed to transpire, though sundry gentry, whose turbulent dispositions beat high with the hope of an approaching contest, expressed themselves that the affair would pass off without an action. In the first instance their suspicions had been excited by my appearance, and the secrecy of my interview with their leader : many were the inuendoes and apparently careless remarks thrown out by several with whom I came in contact, to draw me out. I managed to withstand the temptation to blab, and by a rigid silence checked their inquiries, though I could not control their curiosity.

The kehaya at length quitted the camp : the celerity of his departure, however, had not ceased to operate on the minds of the troops when an unusual bustle was observed about the tent of Mohammed. Tchaooshes were flying in all directions, giving and receiving orders to the various divisions in the camp. Horses, gaudily caparisoned, were brought forth, neighing and snuffing the morning breeze, seemingly as conscious as their masters that a crisis was at hand. Mamlouks, on their fierce barbs, were scouring the sandy plain, riding to different posts to give an order or to receive a command. The rude strains of martial music came gently upon the ear, at first mellowed by distance, then swelling with the breeze upon our excited senses.

Mohammed now came from his tent, mounted his horse, and was quickly surrounded by his principal attendants, whom he seemed to hold in conversation. He waved his hand : silence was restored. He addressed those around him with calm but resolute determination of manner. At the conclusion, a tumultuous shout was raised, and various messengers were despatched to the different beys in command, with a communication which seemed to make a visible impression upon all.

Before the excitement caused by this communication had subsided, a vast body of horsemen was seen emerging from behind a grove of trees in the direction of Dgizah, advancing in a straight line for the camp. Ismael Bey led the van. Wonder and astonishment were at its height. Men looked fiercely at each other, and grasped their weapons. The very horses pawed with impatience ; but the countenance and bearing of Abood-ahab were calm and reserved. His eye betokened neither surprise nor pleasure. The multitude of troops came pouring over the plain, nor ceased till the ground was covered with a living mass of human beings.

The secret was soon known. It was what few had surmised, but the many now wondered at. Ismael, seduced by the promises of Mohammed, but dreading more his future vengeance and power, had deserted the standard of Aly, and joined that of Mohammed. I now blessed the prudent counsel of the merchant, and with a light heart mixed with the multitude, solely intent upon canvassing the result of so unforeseen an event.

Mohammed, Ismael, Ibrahim, and Murad Beys now retired into the tent of the former to hold a conference : the aspect of affairs was discussed with the importance and solemnity which the occasion required, and it was finally resolved to lose no time in marching upon Cairo. In the mean time it was desirable to gain all the information possible respecting the movements and resources of the opposite party. After certain discussions had been entered into, the divan broke up, the beys repaired to their several tents, and the troops dispersed.

I was now summoned to the tent of Mohammed.

The messenger hurried me along as if his life were depending on my alacrity. Though a solemn and staid-looking personage at most times, on this occasion he took hold of my arm, and actually forced me into a good round trot, which, however it might suit his ideas of punctuality, did not altogether agree with my notions of ease and propriety. At length, we reached the tent of Aboodahab.

“Mahmoud,” he said, with something of haste, but decision, when his attendants had retired, “you must instantly return to Cairo. The news of to-day will have preceded your arrival, and I fully expect the city will be free from the presence of our opponents: unless, indeed, they have the hardihood to shut themselves up in the castle, and withstand the horrors of a siege, which must eventually end in their destruction.

“Listen then. Much as I value the advice, and prize the generous ardour of the merchant Djelayni, I have never been so great an admirer of human nature as to think it possible for man to act solely and independently upon the simple principle of truth and justice: and I thank Allah that I never permitted myself to be deceived by that arch rogue, Mallem Reiske, nor was led to confide to him the nature of those projects which led to my present elevation. I well know that the minister has been playing a double game with us—that while in reality he was the friend of Aly Bey, he ingratiated himself into our favour in the hope of gaining our confidence. I do not require his advice, but I do require the treasure which I am given to understand his master has lodged in his hands, as receiver of the miri.¹ I stand in need of money, and it must be procured by means best adapted to ensure its possession. But enough—it must be obtained by force or contrivance. If you can lay hold of Mallem Reiske alone it may be as well at present; the possession of his wealth must be an after consideration. Such is my wish—do you feel disposed to undertake it?”

“Command me, your highness,” I said, “to fetch him from the regions below, and I will bring him before you.”

Mohammed then entered into more minute particulars

as to where I should find the minister. He ordered me to take a few of the kehaya's followers with me as far as Dgizeh, where I might leave them in case of emergency. Before my departure, he drew from his girdle a purse filled with gold, and a ring from his finger—the latter my eye had rested on, and coveted, on account of its brilliancy. He presented them to me with many expressions of regard, and directed me to proceed immediately on my mission.

I was too much elated with my good fortune to give the affair a thought beyond the common occurrence of a journey, and I walked from the tent, taking care in my passage thence to display the well-stocked purse at my girdle, and the glittering jewel on my finger. Surprise, envy, and spite flushed by turns the countenances of the Mamlouks: I inwardly enjoyed their confusion and dismay, passing them with the abstracted air of one who is unconscious of a soul being near, though surrounded by a crowd.

I took with me half a dozen of the troop to which an order from my chief had directed me. These daring youths obeyed rather sulkily, conceiving themselves degraded in being placed under my command. I took no notice of their insolence, but mounting the horse which the merchant had presented to me, gave the word to proceed, and bounded away at a rapid pace. I took the lead, and kept it till we reached Dgizeh, although my companions essayed all their skill in horsemanship, putting their steeds to their highest mettle to come up with me. I led them a rough ride of some dozen miles, confident my horse would hold out, and assured they dared not leave me. When we reached Dgizeh, where I quit-
ted them, they were a little more conciliatory in their manners: having no wish to continue at strife, I encouraged the feeling, and bended accordingly.

For the first time since I left the camp, the danger of this enterprise occurred to me. Nevertheless, the advantages which would arise, if it were prosecuted to a successful issue, far outweighed every personal consideration, and I determined, at all hazards, to exert my inge-

nity to secure the person, if not the treasure, of the minister. How this was to be effected remained a matter of great perplexity.

I entered Cairo, being closely questioned by a guard patrolling the streets as to the cause of my appearance; I instantly replied that I had despatches of importance for the merchant Djelayni. The eagle eyes of the uali,² accompanied by the bash aga,³ surveyed me with a scrutiny which I did not altogether relish. The former demanded whence I came, and from whom, and requested to see my despatches. This was a puzzling question, and a proceeding for which I was not prepared; but I told him with coolness, assuming a steady countenance, that I was not at liberty to show them even to Aly Bey himself.

"That will not do," exclaimed the uali; "you must go with me before the bey, and let him decide."

"With all my heart," I said; "but if, by this delay, any mischief should arise, as my despatches are of importance to the state, you will take the responsibility on your own hands."

"Even so," replied the uali; and I thought I observed a grin of incredulity on his countenance. Placing himself by my side, we proceeded towards the castle, for Aly Bey had left his palace in the Usbequie.

I must confess I felt myself in a critical situation. As we proceeded, I looked round in the hope of something turning up to put an end to this dilemma. At length it came, in the person of the merchant himself. We had scarcely entered the square of the Roumelie, when we encountered a body of tchouadars,⁴ preceding some great personage. In the midst of the assemblage I recognised Djelayni, accompanied by Yusuf the haznadar,⁵ and Abdourrahman selictar aga,⁶ both attached to the house of Aly Bey.

I no sooner perceived the merchant than I cried out, turning to the uali, "Behold the merchant Djelayni! I

is man, present-

“In the name of Allah ! whose dog are you ?” I cried aloud. “Is the fellow mad, that he dares interrupt me in the performance of my duty to the state ?”

Here I raised my voice loud enough to be heard by the train which accompanied the merchant. An immediate halt took place, for we rather interrupted the route of the cavalcade. The chief officer of the merchant’s household desired his attendants to disperse us. A dozen swords instantly flashed before our eyes ; when I explained the circumstances in which I was placed, and the attendants fell back.

A passage was opened to the merchant ; I was led before him, and received with every mark of respect. He whispered a few words in my ear, and giving me a significant glance, commanded me to fall in the rear ; and the cavalcade proceeded on its way. We soon cleared the square of the Roumelie, and reached the merchant’s palace.

Once placed within its precincts, I felt myself secure from further molestation. I joined myself to a group composing the household of Djelayni, among whom I perceived the attendant who had rendered me a few acts of civility during my residence under the merchant’s roof. I drew him on one side, slipped a few piastres into his hand, and told him to receive them as a small pledge of my future friendship. He thanked me ; and soon made me acquainted with the course of events since my departure.

The junction of the two armies was a thunderstroke to Aly Bey, who, in the first moments of irresolution, resolved to shut himself up in the citadel with the remnant of his troops and his brave Mamlouks, and be buried in its ruins, rather than submit to his treacherous son-in-law. But wiser councils withheld him from adopting this impolitic resolution. The sons of Daher, Scheick Ali, and Scheick Khrim, who sincerely loved him, conjured him to fly with them to Akka, the principality of their sire. He felt the prudence of this advice, and eventually profited by it. But the treason of the only two *men* whom he had ever trusted, and on whom he had so

many claims, preyed upon his heart: he shuddered at the very name of Aboodahab, and his blood boiled at the recollection of the perfidy of Ismael. He yielded to the most gloomy melancholy, and expected consolation only in death.

“Waaffa Allah! waaffah Allah!” he exclaimed, and began to consider how he should complete his journey, having resolved to quit the castle that same night.

The troops were hastily assembled. Hassan, Tentaoui, Raooshouan, Abdourrahman, Sogier, and Mustapha, together with eight other beys, joined his standard with their Mamlouks, resolved to share his future fortunes. He collected his treasures, which were enormous, placed them on the backs of thirty camels, and finally sent to demand of Mallem Reiske the money in his possession; but that sapient rogue was not to be found. He had fled, no one knew whither; the treasure had disappeared with him, and to find him at such a critical juncture was impossible.

Such was the information which I gleaned respecting the movements of Aly. The flight of Reiske disappointed me, presenting but a sorry beginning to those glittering visions which I had pictured to myself. I determined, therefore, to spare no means to discover the retreat of the wily minister.

At sunset, Aly Bey bade farewell for ever to the city of Mesr, and commenced his march towards Syria. His departure was beheld with feelings of deep regret by the inhabitants, who, dreading the tyrannical character of Mohammed, bewailed Aly's misfortunes, and prayed for his speedy return. He had been as a father to them; and though he had oftentimes acted severely, when the interests of the state demanded a sacrifice, his rigour was nevertheless tinged with clemency, in their estimation, when viewed with the eye of impartiality. I could not but admire—would that I were able to imitate but the least of—the virtues which adorned his mighty name; but fate had decreed that I should be the follower of a demon, only as it were for the purpose of presenting

me with the darker side of human nature, in order that I might loathe it, and imitate its opposite.

Night set in, and a profound stillness reigned throughout the streets of Cairo. The city seemed deserted, for even the nightly guard ceased to take its accustomed round; everything was hushed into a deep and dreary silence. I had just untwisted my turban, previous to lying down on my mattress for the night, when I heard a quick step approach my room. My old attendant entered, and summoned me to the closet of Djelayni. The latter now presented me with some despatches, telling me to hasten with them to the camp. Before I left, however, he did not fail to increase the good opinion I had of him, by assuring me of his future favour and protection. His present intentions were displayed in a more substantial manner, and I left him with the firm conviction on my mind, that he was the most independent and generous Turk in Cairo.

I immediately mounted my horse and set off. On reaching Djizeh, I knocked up my Mamlouks, who had retired for the night. We reached the camp in about an hour; I delivered my despatches, and retired.

Before daybreak the following morning, Mohammed, accompanied by Ismael and his principal beys, was on his way to Cairo. The army was left to proceed at its leisure. The two chiefs took with them about a thousand Mamlouks. Such was the rapid pace at which they travelled, that scarcely a tenth part of the cavalcade which left the camp was present at their entrance into Cairo. I was among the number, being one of the first to hail with shouts of triumph their progress through the city.

No sounds of welcome met them on their way—no crouching slaves interrupted their march—all was desolate; scarcely a human being was seen; the bazaars were closed, the business of the day suspended, and consternation seemed to have exhausted the city of its inhabitants.

The arrival of the troops, however—their peaceable *behaviour*—together with the absence of anything like

pillage and slaughter, drew the inhabitants from their houses. The streets were quickly thronged, and rendered almost impassable from the multitudes drawn together. And if the people did occasionally betray inquietude and distrust, at least they appeared to be contented and obedient.

The flight of Aly Bey realized Mohammed's warmest ideas of ambition : he had only to gain the concurrence of the Porte to render his power effectual. He therefore despatched a bey to Constantinople, with the fullest intelligence, accompanied by presents of the most costly description, to those whom it was his interest to conciliate.

During this interval I had not failed to pursue my inquiries after Mallem Reiske. I employed a couple of stout fellows—fit instruments for any kind of villany—to keep watch, and seize the first person whom they found loitering about the minister's house. As I expected, so it turned out.

About a week after the departure of Aly Bey, my men laid hold of a poor miserable-looking wretch, whom they discovered asking charity at the minister's gate. Observing certain signs passing between the slaves and the mendicant, they forthwith seized upon the latter, and brought him before me, notwithstanding his cries of terror.

I dismissed the men, and proceeded to examine the culprit. He was a little, spare, peering old man, with a head like a toad, apparently about threescore years and ten, and covered with filth and tatters—the natural colour of his face not to be distinguished. I began to think my men had brought me one of the professed beggars of the city, instead of the person I was in want of. But there was something in the countenance of the prisoner which excited my suspicions. His manner was disturbed by some powerful emotion, his frame shook, and his eyes quailed before mine, when they met. I failed not to mark his trepidation, and proceeded accordingly.

"Well, friend," I said, after a somewhat lengthened pause, "how came you into trouble?"

"I know not for what purpose I am brought here," he replied, in a husky trembling voice; "'tis sporting with the troubled in heart to use me thus."

"You seem worn out with adversity," I remarked.

"Ay, sir," he said, gaining a little confidence, "I am used to adversity. I was once rich and powerful; but what the raging waters of the deep spared me, the Arabs of the desert despoiled me of."

"Your's is a melancholy story, friend, but you hope for better days; you have friends in this city, no doubt, who can give you an honest name, and know you to be a good citizen."

"I have not a friend in the world, nor have I a single medin⁸ to purchase wherewithal to satisfy the wants of nature."

"You are the most wretched of the children of Allah," I observed.

"I have learned to endure adversity, and am familiar with scenes of wretchedness."

"Truly," I said, "your story interests me. I cannot behold age, bowed down by infirmity and want, the sport of ridicule and power. Rest a while in these rooms; a few days will restore your exhausted strength. If I can serve you, by naming you to Mohammed Bey, you may rely upon my interest in your behalf."

I thought I observed a shudder steal over the frame of the old man as I concluded; his countenance underwent a change, more perceptible in the expression of his eye, which assumed a wildness, influenced by some inward terror. I marked his agitation of manner; my suspicions had all along been aroused, but I avoided alarming him, by repeating my offers of friendship, and requesting him to continue my guest a few days. His agitation increased, and he replied, with a faltering voice, "I pray you allow me to depart. I am but a poor old man, worn out by age and poverty, unworthy your regard."

"No," I said, confirmed in my suspicions, and resolved

in my own mind as to my mode of proceeding, "I cannot think of letting you leave me thus, without the hospitality due to an unfortunate stranger. Come, sit down; rest yourself a while." I clapped my hands, and ordered attendants to bring coffee and pipes.

All this time he had been standing before me, his head hanging on his breast, evidently intent on concealing himself from observation. Whether he heard me request him to sit down, or not, he did not trouble himself to comply: bowing low, he returned me many thanks for my kind wishes in his behalf, and moved towards the door with a more nimble step than I had given him credit for.

"Stay," I cried, but he only retreated the faster. "Stay," I repeated still louder. I might as well have spoken to the wind. The old rogue, relying upon my seeming liberality, gained the other end of the room, and had his hand on the door, when I seized my pistols which lay beside me: levelling them at him, I commanded him to return, and swore that if he did not I would send a brace of bullets through his filthy carcass. This had the desired effect; his hand dropped from the door, and he stood before me the image of cowardly terror and despair.

"Sit down," I said, pointing to a carpet placed opposite mine: he obeyed, trembling. "Now then," I added, fixing my eyes full upon his haggard countenance, the natural cunning of which had given place to alarm and anxiety of mind—"now then we will proceed to business. Do you know anything of Mallem Reiske?"

I thought the old man would sink on the floor at the mention of that name. His tremor increased, and his breathing became oppressive from the struggle to assume a placid exterior. My suspicions were doubly strengthened, and I observed, "Your agitation has betrayed you. Mallem Reiske should employ men of stronger nerves than you, on enterprises of this nature. Tell me—for I am convinced you know—where is the minister?"

The old man shook his head mournfully, heaved a deep sigh, and replied, "You are mistaken; I know nothing

of the person of whom you speak ; how then can I declare his place of concealment ? I pray you allow me to depart, and I will bless you for your kindness."

"It cannot be," I said, about to rise ; "we must to Mohammed Bey : his decisions are soon arrived at by a process peculiarly his own. Your head stands but a poor chance if you go before him with the story you have told me."

Hereupon I rose, and bade the prisoner precede me. He started up, rushed towards me, suddenly threw himself on his knees, conjuring me, by every method of persuasion and supplication, to let him go. I was deaf alike to feeling and to pity, and told him, that if he did not instantly comply, I should call in a guard, who would not stand upon the same ceremony as myself. I moved towards the door for this purpose ; he flew after me to arrest my progress. Irritated at his continued obstinacy, I grasped his despicable figure as I would a child, resolved to carry him into the street. In the struggle his turban flew off, and a sound as of something heavy accompanied its fall. I seized it, tore open the filthy shawl with which it was enveloped, and the precious metal of mammon met my astonished eyes in all its glittering variety, pouring from its ample folds in a continued stream.

"So," I observed, tauntingly, when my wonder had somewhat subsided, "what the raging waters of the deep spared you, the Arabs of the desert despoiled you of. The story was well told, my friend, and admirably acted ; but, I thank Allah, you were wrong in one essential point—truth." Saying which, I picked up the pieces of money which lay scattered on the floor, and deposited them about my own person.

"But surely," I continued, "the possessor of so much wealth does not carry it all in one place. This girdle is sufficiently ample in its dimensions for the disposal of some nice little pickings. Let me see." Saying this I took out my dagger and ripped open the inner lining. The old man endeavoured to resist, but I menaced him with the weapon, and he attempted no further opposition.

“By Allah ! my friend, I honour thee most sincerely for this display of thy wealth,” I said, on discovering a vast quantity of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, with which the girdle was lined ; “I reverence thee most profoundly ;” and I made him a salaam with mock obsequiousness.

Prudence, however, suggested to me not to touch the gems. I hastily seized the trembling wretch, who had remained passive all the while under my hands, and making my way into the courtyard, placed him between a few of my attendants, and we hastened to the palace of Mohammed.

I went straight to the audience-chamber, where I found Aboodahab, surrounded by his Mamlouks and usual attendants. I entered with an unconstrained air, confident of the triumphant issue of the adventure, sending back those glances of fierce disdain and haughty bearing assumed by the former on my entrance. My leader was pleased to greet me with a look of regard, and he did not fail to notice the spite and envy on the countenances of his Mamlouks. There was no occasion to speak twice ; indeed, he seldom or never took that trouble ; if immediate obedience followed not a hint once given, he made short work of it to ensure that object.

“Well, Mahmoud,” said my chief, as I appeared before him, “what ! a prisoner ? but of the wrong stamp I fear. You could not have raked the ashes of the baths and found an object more abject. But let me hear your story.”

“May your prosperity increase !” I replied ; “the brightest metals are not the most costly, nor do the most gorgeous flowers possess the sweetest fragrance ; thus it is with this miserable object. Though presenting the outward appearance of the most wretched being in your highness’s dominions, I will take upon me to affirm that he will be found to possess the rarest gems which adorn the nations of the earth !”

Aboodahab smiled incredulously at my earnest manner, but desired me to proceed to the end of my story. I related to him the circumstances attending the capture

of the old man, omitting only my appropriation of the treasure found in his turban, and proved my assertions by ripping open the girdle, which, even to my surprise, contained a source of wealth I little expected to witness. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and a profusion of other precious stones, excited our astonishment, not only by their rarity and costliness, but the ingenuity with which they had been concealed. The production of the enormous treasure spread a gleam of satisfaction even over the countenance of Mohammed, who contemplated it with eyes of avidity, and expressed his admiration by frequent ejaculations of "Allah!"

When our wonder had somewhat abated, Aboodahab commanded the prisoner to be brought forward. The latter shrank from the interview with a feeling of dread. He had watched our proceedings with a calmness of demeanour bordering on apathy; but when I placed him in full view of the bey, he relapsed into his former terror, his chest heaved convulsively, and he seemed as if he were about to sink upon the floor from the violence of his agony.

I thought the gaze with which Aboodahab examined his countenance would never terminate. His keen eye rested upon him with a kind of fascination, and seemed to pierce the inmost recesses of his heart. There were few who could withstand that glance; no disguise, however fantastically arranged or meanly disposed, was proof against its searching influence. There was something in it so withering and demonlike on the present occasion, that I began to think the old man, despicable as he appeared, was not the being he represented himself.

A deep silence, rendered more impressive from its protracted duration, had been observed for the space of some minutes. I watched the countenance of Aboodahab: it was calm—shrouded in that imperturbable gravity, with which he knew so well how to veil his most turbulent thoughts. At length his eye relaxed its gaze, *a smile of triumph* played almost imperceptibly on his *lips*, and he burst out into that hellish laughter which, at

times, made even the fiercest of his dependants quail before him.

Wondering at this explosion of mad but expressive hilarity, we stood silently waiting the issue of the scene.

“Mahmoud,” at length cried our chief, when he had given vent to his triumphant merriment, “how is this? Is it possible thy simplicity could so far delude thy senses? Why, ’tis the arch rogue himself!—my ancient enemy!—Mallem Reiske!”

Surprise and incredulity were visible on the countenances of all. I pressed forward with the rest to take a nearer glance of the features of Aly’s minister. The poor wretch, exhausted by the accumulated agonies raging in his bosom, fell prostrate before the person of Aboodahab, licking the floor in token of his servility.

“Worm!” exclaimed his relentless enemy, “dost thou live in my presence? Hast thou forgotten how thou didst cross my purposes in former times, when thou wast the favourite and I the slave? If thy memory fails, my vengeance, which has never slumbered, shall declare it to thee!” He handled his dagger, and eyed him with the ferocity of the tiger.

Reiske absolutely shrieked with terror, redoubling his frantic exclamations for life, which only seemed to render Aboodahab more vindictive, and to excite his passions with tenfold fury. He rose from his cushion with a look which would have withered the stoutest heart: the trembling wretch sprang from the floor with the bound of youth—ran round the room, vainly endeavouring to seek an outlet—flew towards me, clung to my knees, entreating me to interpose in his behalf; I hurled him from me with a feeling of disgust, and he lay upon the floor, suffering, in life, all, and more than all, the horrors of a thousand deaths.

Mohammed approached and seized him by the neck. A shriek of mingled horror and despair burst from his victim—the next moment the dagger of the bey had entered his heart. He fell; a few struggles and he was dead. Some slaves were called, who carried away the

body ; the blood was wiped up, and Mohammed retired to his harem.

Unexpectedly as the affair had turned out, my patron was pleased to ascribe it to my ingenuity and perseverance, and I profited by it accordingly. Subsequently I learned some particulars connected with the flight of the minister. On the news of Ismael's desertion, he quitted Cairo, taking the route of the desert. Here he wandered about, subsisting on the charity of the Arabs, imagining that in a short time he would be forgotten. An eager desire, however, to dispose of his house and effects, drew him again to the capital, where he arrived in the garb of a mendicant, as already related.

I was the more gratified at the issue of the adventure, because, if it did not entirely allay, it stilled for a time those manifestations of dislike and envy which the Mamlouks of Aboodahab entertained against me. It raised me in the opinion of my chief, who deemed me capable of being employed in undertakings requiring judgment and sagacity : observing also that I was one of those not accustomed to stick at trifles, I so far ingratiated myself into his confidence, that I became an indispensable agent in the prosecution of those schemes which characterized his sway.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME time had elapsed since the accession of Mohammed to the post of scheick-el-belled, when one morning I received a summons to attend him at his palace in the Usbequie. I instantly repaired thither, and found him awaiting my appearance. Desiring his Mamlouks to leave the room, after a few moments' pause, he thus addressed me :—

“Time, as you have perceived, necessarily brings about strange things, and, upon occasion, makes fools of

us all : there are many events in embryo, which may be reasonably speculated upon, but cannot be reduced to a certainty. I consider myself so firmly established that nothing short of the interposition of the angel of death can remove me. I view the future exertions of Aly Bey with indifference. His day is gone—his power quenched : and it is only by an alliance with Russia (which he seeks) that he can hope to re-establish himself. But this is a far distant prospect.

“ I have not sought the sovereignty of Egypt with the view of enjoying its dignities, unaccompanied by those precious gifts which are the reward of the adventurous. Power and distinction are fine sounding words, and honours and titles exalt men above the level of their fellow-creatures. Gold—and gold alone—is now the object of my ambition. The knaves of this city are no doubt blessing me for the protection, from slaughter and pillage, extended to them on my entrance here—hugging themselves in the possession of their enormous gains and fancied security : I have permitted the safety of persons and of property thus far to continue. It is time to commence operations. Domestic privacy must be invaded, conspiracies hatched, traitors denounced, rebellions fomented. I only require a daring spirit, heedless of all distinctions of right and wrong, callous to every feeling of human nature, active, bold, courageous, and capable of betraying his friend if his master’s interest demand the sacrifice. What say you ? Do you think yourself able to execute my commands, or do you shrink from such an employment of the more subtle elements of man’s nature ?”

I answered briefly by saying that I was too happy in fulfilling his commands—that his simplest wishes were to me as the law of the Koran—that I did not think it possible for his highness to intrust me with any duty, however abhorrent to humanity, or destructive of my own species, which I would not fulfil to the very letter.

Mohammed then gave me a list of those persons whom he had doomed to pay the penalty either of a real or *supposed* attachment to the house of Aly Bey.

“I give you full power to act as you think proper: only be mindful that you do not exercise your trade with unbecoming tenderness. Your future prosperity depends upon strict adherence to these orders.”

Here Mohammed rose from his cushion, which being the signal for my departure, I took my leave. Left to my own reflections, my thoughts reverted to the extraordinary nature of the service upon which I was now employed: how to turn it to my own advantage became the first consideration. It was no difficult matter to do this, but caution was necessary. The least suspicion in my intended peculations would inevitably end in ruin. One thing gratified my vanity—I was now somebody—the acknowledged and confidential servant of the first man in the empire, and I determined to manifest it upon the first occasion.

Among the names which Mohammed had given me was that of one Zonana, a Jew, who had been the principal officer of the customs under Aly Bey. He lived in the Jews' quarter, and was accounted by his tribe to possess immense wealth. I could not have found a better object to work upon if I had ransacked the city over. The Israelite was a little old man, strongly impregnated with the characteristics of his race. He was a mild, smooth-spoken personage, who had often successfully disarmed suspicion, and averted the arm of power, by a sort of desperate cunning, which, however, availed him little on the present occasion.

One day, preceded by a mokhadam, and followed by a few of the kawasses of Aboodahab, whom he had ordered me to take as a personal appendage, I mounted my horse and proceeded at a slow pace towards the quarter of the Jews. How my heart exulted as I went on my way, to observe the haste of some and the terror of others, who, too dilatory in moving out of the path of my attendants, received on their bodies unmerciful testimonials of offended dignity, flying on each side of the street, too happy in escaping a severer infliction.

My heart swelled with pride and vanity—my imagination dwelt on the honours which awaited me, and

I already seemed to enjoy the dignities of a bey in embryo.

My progress through the Israelites' quarter caused no small degree of alarm among that acute and sensitive body. I went on without deigning to cast my eyes to the right or to the left, till my attendants stopped before a dark and sombre-looking building, surrounded by a high wall. I entered the courtyard; having been assisted by my men to dismount, my chief attendant demanded of one or two astonished domestics who appeared on the threshold, whether Zonana were at home. Confused and terrified at the unusual assemblage, one said yes—another no—at the same time bowing almost to the ground. I took no notice of their alarm, but stepping into the house, ordered them to conduct me to their master.

I seated myself in one of the rooms, and sticking my hands in my girdle, relapsed into that most pleasing of all Turkish occupations, apparently thinking without reflection. As to Zonana, who made his appearance in a few minutes, I took no more notice of him than if he were a dog, though I could perceive him simpering and acting several little extravagances, in order to excite my notice, and induce me to open my mission.

At length I commenced the conversation with a few hyperbolical expressions of much solemnity, and concluded by asking how he felt in health. Empty professions and compliments were uttered by my host with amazing volubility. The weather, the news, public and domestic, and other common topics, were bandied about from one to the other, till every subject was drained to its last drop: we then came to a pause. Thus I kept the mind of my victim on the thorns of doubt and anxiety.

“It hath ever appeared to me,” I said, at length, prefacing my speech with a solemnity of manner becoming my station, “that a man who can neither serve his friends nor injure his enemies, is of little use in society.”

Zonana bowed profoundly at the remark, and I continued—

“Such a man, if he possess the means of succouring the one, and revenging himself on the other, need not fear those casualties which constantly attend human life in this vast city. Riches, my friend, are but a curse to those who fail to make a proper use of them; and revenge, though generally sweet, is most bitter when unaccompanied with the power to gratify it.”

There was another pause, which Zonana filled up with bestowing sundry eulogiums on my extensive knowledge and profound wisdom.

“It is a miserable reflection,” I continued, “when we consider that man is here subject to the caprice of every one in power—that his honest gains, accumulated by the hard hand of labour and self-denial, are held as a temporary gift. Doubtless you yourself have felt the misery of acquiring wealth only to enrich the treasury of tyrants.”

Zonana shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and with a heavy sigh tacitly admitted the justice of my remarks, though he could not help betraying considerable surprise at my unreserved opinions.

“You served under Aly Bey,” I observed, watching narrowly the countenance of my victim.

Zonana hesitated a moment; but observing my eye fixed upon him, replied, that he had enjoyed that distinguished honour, but had experienced (and his present poverty was a convincing proof of his sincerity) those manifold oppressions, the inevitable consequences of wealth acquired in office.

“And yet it was thought,” I said, “by every one who knew the pacific, and even the fatherly, administration of Aly Bey, that his dependants did not neglect those opportunities, which are always to be met with in a government constituted like this—that their wealth, however accumulated, was never subject to those casualties which usually occur under the sway of more severe rulers.”

“You are misinformed,” he replied; “Aly Bey was *too great* an economist of the nation’s wealth to countenance those exactions, which custom rendered endura-

ble ; and he never neglected to examine, with his own eye, the abuses which affected his subjects' prosperity."

"Aly Bey," I observed, "was a generous and valiant master, and I make no doubt his servants profited by his condescension."

"His wisdom was equal to his power," Zonana rejoined, "and his generosity was only exceeded by his justice and clemency."

"And yet I blame him for so hasty a desertion of this city, which, I make bold to say, would have fought for him to the last."

"We cannot control the stars—it was fated—his hour was come, and he only fulfilled his destiny."

"What think you of our present ruler?" I demanded, abruptly. "Is he not a man calculated to adorn the high station in which his good fortune has placed him?"

"Time will develop his capabilities," replied Zonana, cautiously. "May prosperity attend all his house!"

"What may we not expect from a wisdom which could conceive—a daring that could execute—the project which has placed him upon the throne of the sultans?"

"Great is his wisdom, and wonderful his daring," rejoined the Israelite, eying me with a mixture of doubt and anxiety.

"What riches then he likewise commands! The Father of Gold envies not his wealthiest subjects: content with his vast and boundless treasures, he seeks not to despoil them of their hard-earned gains, but rejoices to see his people blessed with the fruits of their labour, and content with their condition."

"His reward will be proportionate hereafter."

"His reward!" I exclaimed, bursting into a fit of laughter, which made my host start in his seat—"what reward does Aboodahab look for?"

"That of doing a good action."

I curled my lip with silent contempt, and said "Listen, my friend. Have you not heard it hinted, that this seeming clemency—this insidious calm—is but the forerunner of a storm, which will soon devastate Egypt?"

Zonana looked amazed. "And is this even so?" at length he cried.

"Think you that it is in the nature of man," I continued, "to throw away a treasure within his grasp? Think you that it is in the nature of Aboodahab to relinquish the splendid prospects before him? You are mistaken. The time is come when you, and all, must pay for exemption from penalties and confiscation—even for the pleasure of living. Remember! the roar of the lion is frightful, but his rage is more terrible when he shows his teeth."

My host shuddered as I concluded, but endeavoured to shake off his alarm by an appearance of tranquillity which he did not feel.

I deemed the time was come when I might make the grand attack. I had endeavoured, all along, to keep the mind of my victim in a state of suspense, as to the real motive of my visit. I had so far succeeded, that he had not the remotest suspicion of the nature of my office. A slight expression of doubt and inquietude would now and then agitate the muscles of his face, on the mention of Mohammed's name: otherwise, his demeanour was calm.

"You are anxious," I said, after a pause of some duration, "to learn the cause of the present interview."

Upon his hearing this, the Israelite pricked up his ears, and bowing profoundly, expressed his readiness to receive my commands.

"Little do you imagine, my friend, how nearly this visit concerns yourself."

"Holy Father Abraham!" he exclaimed, terrified at the seriousness of my voice and manner.

"To be brief with you," I continued, "there are certain lands, of which I hold the deeds; upon those lands I require the loan of a certain sum of money. Exigencies of a peculiar nature demand it; I make the application to you, not only out of the great regard I have for you, but to show you that the money will not be unprofitably laid out. In requital for this favour, I will *disclose* to your ear alone a secret, the knowledge of *which* will be the means of extricating you and your

house from a calamity that threatens to involve you all in irreparable ruin."

"It is impossible," he said, vainly endeavouring to conceal his alarm, "that all this can relate to me. What is there about my person, or style of living, that can have raised suspicion, or given offence? I scarcely possess wherewithal to support the few dependants—companions of my former prosperity—who, notwithstanding the calamities which have assailed me, still cling to me with affection and hope."

"Hear me!" I exclaimed, with a degree of earnestness which made my host quake with dread. "You are denounced! Unless the money be placed in my hands before I quit this mansion, the setting sun will not shine on the house of Zonana—it will have perished!"

"You are pleased to sport with my misery, good sir," replied the Israelite, with a fawning adulation. "How is it possible that I can find the money, who am a weak and impoverished Jew, whose means were exhausted by the myrmidons of Aly Bey (curses on their souls!)"

"Why, man," I cried, "your parsimony has ever been proverbial, and your treasures must be enormous. Reflect a while—sacrifice a small portion to save the greater; and beware how you excite the lion's wrath."

It would be needless and tiresome to relate further the detail of our conference. I succeeded in exacting from Zonana a sum of money sufficiently large for my own purposes, for which I undertook to give him ample security. I disposed of the treasure about my person, and promising to produce the hogget¹ of the lands in a day or two, proceeded to follow up the scheme which I had in view.

"Now then," I said, addressing the Israelite with a mysterious air, "hear me. If you value your life, and what I perceive is dearer, your wealth, this night you must quit Cairo: your former connection with Aly Bey is alone sufficient to ruin you."

"Your language is mysterious," he said, "but your manner bespeaks you a being of a generous nature. Could I be persuaded of its truth?"

“Know then, unbelieving man,” I exclaimed, interrupting him, “that I am the friend, the confidential friend, of our present ruler. Behold this signet!” He gazed with feelings of trepidation on the bauble. “Do you require more convincing proofs of my sincerity?”

“Enough, enough,” he replied. “I guessed your errand to be of a different nature. May the God of Abraham reward you for your consideration! As a small pledge of my esteem, receive this ring; and when you look upon it, succour, if you can, the persecuted nation of Israel. As to the money which I have advanced you, let it remain on the lands. You can take the title deeds to my friend Yacoob, who lives opposite.”

I received the gift, which was a splendid diamond ring, encircled with emeralds; lauding his generosity, I rose to take my leave, intimating the necessity for his quitting the city immediately. He promised compliance, and hoped I would afford him some protection till he got clear of Cairo.

“Upon consideration,” I said, a lucky thought striking me, “I will leave you a couple of my attendants. Their presence will be a sufficient safeguard wherever you go. Their favour may be easily gained.” Hereupon, wishing each other prosperity, we parted.

I drew aside two of my kawasses, deep and cunning rogues, fit for any desperate employment. I briefly stated to them my wishes respecting the Jew, and ordered them to see them put in force to the very letter. I then mounted my horse, and took my departure to enact a fresh scene.

Among the fated number on my list was another Jew, by name Veniamin, a merchant whose dealings were very extensive among the beys and Mamlouks. A few days previous I had gone to his shop in the *kaisariyyah*,² stating that I wanted certain articles, both for myself and the establishment which I had now set up. The order was pretty considerable, but the means of payment distant; consequently I could not get one-third of what I required; Veniamin declaring he did not possess such articles, though I knew perfectly well the knave *had them* at that very moment.

Upon entering his shop, I found it filled with Mam-louks attached to Mohammed and Murad Beys, whose extravagant orders were not a little perplexing to the Israelite ; his looks and his objections, however, were of no avail. The goods were wanted—money was not to be had—and it would have been dangerous to deny them credit. One or two of these gentlemen had just been promoted to the office of kiaschef in a distant province ; and for a large assortment of goods, gave an order payable in twelve months, which, most probably, was never paid. Some of them swore by Allah they would have the goods, whatever price the Israelite chose to put upon them, and took them away, desiring him, with an expressive grin, to send for the money at his convenience. Others bargained for this thing and that thing, till the price originally set upon the article by the Jew was reduced to a third ; they then threw down the money, and the rascal was happy if he managed to pocket it, however trifling the sum. But Veniamin generally knew his customers, and, with a sort of prophetic sagacity, could almost at once foretel their wants ; his usual plan therefore was, when he doubted, and, indeed, oftentimes knew there would be no payment at all, to say he did not possess such goods ; taking care to remind his hot-headed customers that his neighbour Aram, and his cousin Isaak, were plentifully supplied with them.

It was not without a considerable degree of importance that I entered the shop of Veniamin. The responsibility of my office had puffed up my pride, and I walked forward, keeping my head exalted far above its natural elevation. My turban unluckily striking the beam over the door, flew some distance behind me, and my ears were immediately assailed by the uncontrollable laughter of my opponents. Merely desiring one of my kawasses to replace my turban, I stalked by them with a look that fully expressed my resentment, and with a swaggering gait, which gave them to understand I did not care for their insolence.

It was now my turn to triumph. In the midst of *their dealings* I accosted the Jew on whom I meant

to pour the whole weight of my wrath. Veniamin scarcely knew how to act, or whom to address. First he turned to the Mamlouks, then to me, deprecating their anger, imploring their patience, and endeavouring by nods, winks, and sidewind expressions, to make me understand that I had better call again; the gentlemen, his friends, were very choleric and pertinacious, and he foresaw nothing but ill-will, if not something worse, arising between us.

I smiled contemptuously upon the fawning wretch, and commanded him to expedite his business: then taking out my watch, I told him if he were not ready to wait upon me in the course of five minutes from that time, I would take him neck and heels before the bey, when his head would answer for his disobedience. Here I whispered a few words in his ear, which acted like magic. I then threw myself on a sofa at the end of the shop, and waited with evident satisfaction the departure of the Mamlouks. Mortification and envy were displayed by turns in their darkened countenances. They eyed me with the ferocity of caged tigers; gnashing their teeth on me, devoting me to Eblis and the flames of gehennam, they quitted the place.

They had scarcely left, when Veniamin, with simpering smiles and bending gait, implored my pardon a hundred times over, entreating me to name my wants, the smallest of which, he said, he should feel the utmost pleasure in supplying. I desired him to let me have the goods which I had ordered.

"Ah! how fortunate it is, noble sir," he said, "that you called to-day. I have hunted the city over to procure the stuffs you wanted, and it was only this morning, as a great favour, that I could purchase them—at a considerable advance in price, however. But I shall only make the regular charge. Can I serve you with anything else?"

I knew the present opportunity was not to be thrown away; accordingly, as fast as I intimated my wish for certain articles, the things were provided with the greatest despatch and good-will, and I verily believe I

might have gone on ordering, and Veniamin would have obeyed, until the shop had been emptied. As a finale to the business, he presented me with a superb pair of pistols mounted in gold, which, after carelessly examining, I threw among the other things. I then loaded a couple of porters with the goods, who walked away groaning under their burden.

“And now,” said the Israelite, “let not the payment trouble you, noble sir ; take your own time.”

“Hark’ee, knave !” I cried, assuming a fierce air ; “if you expect to receive a medin for the rubbish which you have forced upon me, you will be mistaken. You ought to be thankful that I did not clear your shop. But hold : I have another account to settle with you ; as you value your head, obey it. Listen. The scheick-el-belled has directed me to say that you have been much in his thoughts of late ; he wants money ; your wealth is known ; a supply must be raised, and you are one of those upon whom the distinguished honour of raising this supply has been conferred.”

Veniamin stood like one thunderstruck : at length, recovering himself, he swore by everything sacred that he had not fifty sequins in the whole world beyond the value of the goods in his shop, and hoped I would be satisfied with what I had taken : he never dreamed of payment ; it was far from his thoughts. If ever he should ask for remuneration may the curses of Egypt alight on him and his house !

“Guehl Yaoor !—come, dog,” I said to him in a loud voice, beckoning to my mokhadam and the kawasses who stood at the doorway, at whose appearance he trembled with terror—“Guehl Yaoor ! produce the money—twenty purses—or your life shall pay the forfeit.”

“Twenty purses !” exclaimed Veniamin ; “you are deceived in the estimation you have formed of my wealth. I am miserably poor compared with many of my brethren. Now, there is my neighbour—”

“Ay, ay,” I replied, interrupting him, “his turn will come next. Come, see to it quickly ; my orders are

of that nature that I would not disobey them to save my own father."

Veniamin protested, with reiterated oaths, that he could not produce the money. Twenty purses! it was utterly beyond his means. His whole stock would scarcely fetch that sum, and he must perish for want if the demand were persisted in.

Hereupon I gave my kawasses the wink, one of whom produced a bowstring, the sight of which acted like a talisman on my victim. He raved, tore his beard, rent his clothes, and beseeched me to reduce the amount. I was inflexible: my heart was as a piece of rock; the more vehement his explanations the more insensible I became.

"It is useless to waste any more time, Cazem," I cried, addressing one of my men, "do your duty."

In the twinkling of an eye, Veniamin was fixed in the giant grasp of these ruthless fellows, and the fatal instrument placed round his neck. When he felt the gradual contraction of the string, a scream of agonizing despair burst from him, which was heard all over the bazaar. He attempted to break away, but my men laid him sprawling on the floor; a few minutes more would have left him food for worms, had he not promptly made a sign that he would comply with my demands. I ordered him to be loosed; time was allowed him to recover his breath, and he went away with an aching heart and woful countenance to fetch the money.

He returned in a short time loaded with the treasure. The gold was counted out to the last piastre; and while Veniamin was enjoying a fit of meditation, with his eyes bent listlessly upon the floor, the image of hopelessness, I quitted the shop, delighted at my success, and returned home.

I was seated in my house in the cool of the evening, when a sudden tumult in the courtyard aroused me. Going to the window, I perceived a train of twelve *camels*, accompanied by several slaves, the rear of the *cavalcade* being brought up by the kawasses whom I

had left with Zonana. My heart bounded with transport, I flew down stairs to the entrance, and could almost have embraced the rogues for the clever manner in which they had executed my commands. It was a useless display of arbitrary power; but the extraordinary nature of my services required extraordinary proceedings, and I deemed that I could not more effectually strike terror into the minds of any future victims, than by a little parade similar to that which I have just described.

The kawasses informed me that Zonana had not yet left his house. They had undertaken to see the camels clear of the city; and under pretence of avoiding certain parts, they directed the attendants to drive them towards my house. I immediately desired the latter to return to their master, and tell him, that if he wanted any further information respecting his goods, he was to apply at the palace of Mohammed.

These honest fellows refused to quit the place, and proceeded to turn the camels' heads; but my men laying about them with their staves, the Jew's attendants quickly relinquished the contest. We then hastened to the Usbeque, and I proceeded to lay before my patron the fruits of my day's labour. He not only showed his gratification by the twinkling of his small gray eyes, but expressed his approbation in the most unbounded terms. He then ordered the treasure to be carried to his harem.

The fate of the wretched Zonana was quickly decided. After I left the palace he made his appearance, and demanded an audience. He rushed into the presence of Mohammed like a madman; for the intelligence of his loss, and the consequent excitement, had turned his brain. The camels were loaded with his all; and vast it was. But, who ever heard of restitution? The idea was preposterous, and none but a madman would have demanded it.

Zonana was promised that an inquiry should be made. Aboodahab could scarcely deny the man he had just ruined that trifling satisfaction. It was a hopeless one.

so the Israelite seemed to think, for he became more violent in his outcries for justice.

Aboodahab's fierce and fiendish nature could never brook opposition; no matter from whom, whether it were a bey, a slave, or one of his own or adopted children, he soon put a stop to the display of anything in the shape of it. He made a sign to his attendants: Zonana was forced from the room, hurried down a flight of steps, and, as soon as he reached the bottom, his head rolled into the court below.

CHAPTER IX.

THE dexterity with which I had managed to fulfil my patron's instructions was productive of emolument; the more daring and resolute my conduct became, the more I rose into favour. When I had levied a few more contributions, my office became known. I was the dread of the whole city, particularly among the higher classes. I stalked abroad like the demon of desolation, my attendants were viewed as the satellites of Eblis, and I enjoyed (for *then* it was enjoyment) the distinction of being hated as a fiend, and execrated as the most consummate rascal in Cairo.

At length I became so notorious, that I was compelled, not through shame or a feeling of false delicacy, to go abroad in disguise; and I often sprang upon a terrified wretch when the idea of my presence was furthest from his mind.

Each successive day was marked by confiscations and bloodshed. In some instances I made short work of it, a mere hint being sufficient to answer the purpose. At other times, as in the case of Zonana, I would delight in keeping my victim for days on the rack of suspense, more *dreadful* than the reality; and when the poor infatuated *wretch* was consoling himself with having secured my

protection by the enormous fees which I exacted for myself, I brought him to the very brink of ruin by seizing the whole of his possessions.

In proportion as I rose into favour with my patron, the hatred of the Mamlouks increased, and they regarded me continually with feelings of jealousy and distrust. With the exception of Abdallah, the kehaya of Mohammed, there were few among these haughty spirits with whom I cared to associate. The most intimate of my companions was Osman Toolondgee¹—Georgia was his country. He was a youth of a generous disposition: his gentle and unassuming manners won all hearts. I admired and loved him—wherefore I know not, further than that he was my antithesis in every amiable quality of the mind.

“Mahmoud,” he said to me one day, “I have observed the increasing partiality with which our chief regards thee; may it continue. Osman can never wish it to be otherwise: but I perceive a storm gathering around thee, which may one day burst in a manner I fear to contemplate.”

“What means this warning, Osman?”

“Has not Mahmoud read, in the dark looks and ill-repressed sneers of the Mamlouks, that he is a stranger among them? Let him not despise the warnings of his friend.”

“I have observed their jealousy at times,” I replied, carelessly, “but feel not the less secure. My favour rests on a foundation which defies their malice. They envy me the possession of qualities of which they never even dreamed.”

“No, Mahmoud! it is for those very qualities they despise thee; qualities which, if rightly directed, would ennoble thee, and dignify human nature. But they care not for such as these. Taught from childhood the exercises of the camp, to endure with fortitude the heat of the climate, the thirst of the desert, and the contingencies of a varied and hardy existence, they acquire a constitution of iron, and a spirit of reckless daring. Gradually rising from the simple attend-

ant to the post of kiaschef, they purchase their own Mamlouks, who become their companions and instruments. Arrived at the dignity of bey, they cease not to regard themselves as the dependants of their first master. Seldom have any but purchased slaves become members of this haughty and powerful band. Even the offspring of Mohammed himself cannot be raised to this envied station. What think you, then? Are not the prospects which you entertain, of being placed on a footing with them, as futile as they are hopeless?"

"Hopeless they may be," I replied; "but seldom do I form a design which I have not perseverance to execute."

"May the fulfilment of thy hopes be unattended with the result which I fear will follow!"

"Thy apprehensions are ill-founded, my friend," I observed.

He shook his head and continued, "It is well for thee—and I thank Allah, Osman has not yet seen the day—that our chief did not place thee among his Mamlouks. Pursuing a middle course, he saved thy life, and disarmed their resentment. Hadst thou been accepted, thou wouldst not have survived the day of thy admission."

"Come what may," I said, on parting from my friend, "I am resolved to attempt it, Osman. Thy love is fruitful in conceiving difficulties of which my ambition renders me unmindful. Believe me, you shall yet live to see Mahmoud advanced to the highest dignities."

My patron had put forth a decree, stating that whoever was found infringing the fast of the Rhamadan should be punished severely. This was a source of considerable profit to me; and I made many snug little pickings among those gentry whose appetite and passions could not withstand the test of abstinence in that season of mortification.

One day I observed an old Turk, whose suspicious movements opposite a certain house attracted my

notice. Suddenly I lost sight of him, but managed to catch a glimpse of his beenish, as he entered the house of Dimitracki, a Greek. The business of this man ostensibly was that of a baker, but this was only a specious cover for the little irregularities which it enabled him to carry on.

In the shop window were usually exhibited sundry delicacies, in the shape of spiced custards, fruit tarts, and other kinds of confectionary, together with the more substantial kiebobs, the steam from which issued from the shop door in fumes sufficient to excite the appetite of the most rigid Moslemin. The exposure of these several dainties was no doubt very perplexing to an empty stomach—to one doomed to fast from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same—and it was therefore not to be wondered at, if there should be found delinquents who preferred the gratification of their carnal appetites to the salvation of their souls.

Under this impression I entered Dimitracki's shop. The old Turk, however, was not to be seen. I was not surprised at this. Dimitracki had just come from the back part of the house as I entered and seated myself on a sofa.

Though disguised, I thought the knave had a suspicion that I was not what I represented myself to be—for I told him I had travelled far, and was faint and weary—I therefore begged of him to let me have some refreshment to recruit my exhausted strength.

He shrugged his shoulders, saying he should lay himself open to a very heavy penalty if he violated the law. He did not know whom to trust, there was so many spies about: there was one man in particular—neither stone walls, nor bolts, nor bars were proof against his searching eye. The Virgin knew he would not do such a thing for all the wealth in Egypt.

“Come, come,” I said, “you have nothing to fear from me: supply my wants, and you shall be liberally rewarded.”

Dimitracki again shrugged his shoulders, and gave a solemn shake of his head.

"Such things are frequently done," I continued; "why should you be less obliging than others?"

"Because I respect the laws, noble sir. Ah! if every one kept himself out of hot water like myself, there would be fewer sore feet, and more full purses."

"Well, I must own that you are a pattern of inflexible severity: I admire your firmness, but detest the system."

"I act only in obedience to the commands of my superiors," said the pious-looking rogue.

"Since I cannot obtain your consent, suppose you just go about your business for a short time—leave the shop—go anywhere, so you turn your back upon me, and I will take care to help myself."

"For the love of Heaven! do not commit such a profane action!—consider, my master—sooner would I break my head than break my fast."

"You are a sad disciplinarian, friend Dimitracki," I said, laughing; "but it is very annoying to sit in full view of all those dainties, and be prohibited tasting them. It is like the joys of paradise opened to the view of the damned. I assure you, I feel the flesh beginning to rebel vehemently against the spirit. I cannot withstand the temptation much longer: you are very hardhearted, friend."

"Ah! noble sir, it is not my wish to be harsh. You know that you have the power to consume whatever you please: but what if the mohtesib² were to come by at the time! would he not swear, though your noble self should contradict him, that I had supplied you? I tremble at the bare idea."

"Be it even as you think best: but ha! how exhilarating—how refreshing is the smell of that tobacco!" I exclaimed, snuffing up the fumes which came from a room somewhere at the farther end of the shop.

"Tobacco!" repeated Dimitracki, with seeming carelessness.

"Ay—is it not delicious? Oh!" I cried again, scenting the perfume, "how I envy the possessor of that luxury."

"I don't smell it, noble sir."

"Not smell it, friend?—why there!" I said, giving another sniff, and pointing at a wreath of blue smoke which was slowly undulating towards the shop door—"look! smell! 'tis enough to make one violate every law in the divine Koran. Oh! how delicious!"

"You mistake," said Dimitracki, his countenance changing, and his manner becoming suspicious, "'tis something burning."

"Ay—tobacco," I cried, interrupting him.

"Perhaps it is one of my fellows—I will rate the scoundrel for it sharply, when you are gone," he said, evidently wishing to get rid of me, but not daring to tell me so plainly.

"Give him the lash," I cried; "how dare the infidel smoke, when his betters are obliged to forego such indulgences? Bring him hither, and by our holy Prophet, I will teach him better manners."

Dimitracki became alarmed, and entreated me not to punish him this time—he would himself see it done effectually—he was a dog unworthy of my notice.

"Bring him here—bring him here," I said, motioning Dimitracki away with a look sufficiently expressive to ensure obedience.

I knew the rascal lied all the time; I also knew, or rather suspected, that there were other persons in the house than ourselves and his servants. I was determined to be convinced before I quitted the place. In a few minutes Dimitracki returned, accompanied by the culprit, who was a short, thickset, bandy-legged Greek, with a face as white as the flour he was in the habit of mixing.

"So," I said, assuming a severe manner—"you indulge in the luxury of smoking when even the children of Allah dare not gratify such a taste."

"Yes, noble sir, he has confessed it," said Dimitracki, eagerly.

"Let him speak for himself. Now, dog! tell me, and speak truth—have you been smoking?"

"Yes, noble sir, I have," the fellow replied, in a beseeching tone of voice.

"Ay, I caught him in the fact," again interrupted his master—"he deserves severe punishment. Allow me to administer it, I will not spare him."

"See that it is done," I said. "Take him away, and I will await your return."

"Come," cried Dimitracki, "come, you scoundrel. By the holy Virgin! I will tear the flesh from your bones for this insolence."

The culprit was led into the courtyard at the back of the house, and I heard his master bid him prepare for the lash. I stepped to the shop door, beckoned to my men, who were standing a little way down the street, and giving them orders not to let any one quit the place, went down the passage leading to the courtyard. The smell of tobacco became quite strong, and my suspicions were strengthened.

There were a few cracks in the panels of the wall: I applied my eye to one of them, through which I not only had a view of a small room, but likewise perceived half a dozen Turks seated on the floor, smoking their tchibooques, and sipping the forbidden beverage with looks of the utmost complacency. The remains of a feast were lying before them on several little trays. I had seen sufficient.

Meanwhile, Dimitracki was engaged applying the lash to his servant. The fellow roared like a bull, and I proceeded into the court to stay his punishment, as my wrath was now directed against his master. Judge of my astonishment, though I could scarcely refrain from laughter, when I saw Dimitracki belabouring one of his own sacks of flour—his servant standing by, screaming most lustily, and capering about as if he were suffering all the horrors of the infliction. The fellow acted his part to the life, begged and prayed for mercy, promising to behave better for the future, with all the apparent sincerity of real torture. At the bottom of the court stood a couple of his companions, grinning from ear to ear, enjoying the scene with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction.

"Mashallah! bravo! well done, Dimitracki!" I exclaimed, showing myself—"Mashallah! it is well done."

Hearing my voice, he turned round, and would have been glad if the earth had opened at his feet to receive him, and hide his confusion and terror.

"You are a faithful servant, and shall be rewarded," I said, addressing him.

Dimitracki was struck dumb. Regaining his natural impudence, however, he came up to me, cringing and fawning like a dog that has been beaten.

"Stand back," I cried, sternly, "I shall deal with you presently." I then called his servant.

"I am sorry you have suffered so much, friend"—the fellow could not help grinning amid his terror. "Come nearer. Now you mean to say that you have been smoking?" He looked hesitatingly at his master.

"No equivocation—no lying—answer me yea or nay."

"Yea."

"Why how you lie," I cried; "you cannot deceive me. Let me smell your breath—open your mouth—you smell of garlic, friend, but no pipe has passed your lips to-day. Come this way, Dimitracki; and you, knave, follow me."

"You see those people," I said, when I entered the shop, "they are the agents of the man you so much feared. Neither stone walls, nor bolts, nor bars can withstand his searching glance. Now introduce me to the gentlemen within. I shall be sorry to disturb their enjoyments, but must have a few words with them."

"What gentlemen, noble sir?" Dimitracki asked, with well-affected surprise, but evident alarm, and his voice trembled—"you are pleased to be merry."

"Hark'ee, knave! The scheick-el-belled passed a law forbidding any indulgence during the fast of the Rhamadan. In defiance of this law, you have admitted several of the faithful into your house, to gratify their appetites with food and drink."

"Good sir, noble sir! think you I would admit any one, when even I denied your highness so poor a satisfaction?"

“Ay, because you suspected who I was. Now show me the way into that room, or I shall speedily make one.”

“Holy Virgin! I am ruined—fool, dolt, idiot that I am. Oh, noble sir, have mercy on me!” he cried, dropping on his knees, and kissing the ground at my feet.

“Ay,” I said, **“such mercy as you had on the sack of flour just now.”**

I then turned to my men, and having closed all the doors, ordered them to force a passage into the room where my victims were seated. This was soon done—the slight panels readily gave way, disclosing to our view six Turks, who, notwithstanding the uproar we had occasioned, sat quietly smoking their pipes, and did not even offer to rise when we came in upon them.

“Gentlemen,” I said, on entering, **“I am sorry to disturb your amusement—but you are aware there is a heavy penalty imposed upon those who break the law during the month of our holy and blessed Rhamadan. I am appointed by the scheick-el-belled (may his house prosper!) to correct those abuses. Behold the signet of Mohammed—let no one breathe a word of defiance—I have said.”**

“Bismillah! in the name of God—so be it!” they one and all exclaimed, and then recommenced smoking.

“My duty is very simple,” I went on to say, after a pause. **“If you question my authority, we will go before his highness the bey. The fine is two hundred sequins for each—’tis a mere trifle to such men as you. Provided you are not in a condition to pay, an order on your harems will be sufficient—are you satisfied?”**

“Allah kereem! God is merciful—Allah akbar! God is great,” they exclaimed, **“let it be even so.”** All of them immediately wrote an order for the required sum, and took their departure. I then summoned Dimitracki and his servant before me; they came, pale and trembling.

“Well, knaves—are you disposed to pay the penalty of one hundred sequins?”

“Ah, noble sir, I have not twenty sequins in the whole world—let me entreat you—”

"I shall make short work of it," I said, interrupting him. "Cazem, take them before the bey, and await my coming."

"For the love of Heaven!" Dimitracki cried, frightened out of his wits, "forgive me: will fifty sequins do?"

"I would not bute a para to save thy worthless life."

"Holy Mother! what shall I do?" he exclaimed, in a voice which would have pierced any but a heart of stone, wringing his hands in an agony of despair, and throwing himself at my feet—"I shall be ruined. Oh, master! forgive—forgive me!"

I made a sign to my men to advance. One of them produced a bowstring, which had the desired effect. Dimitracki stopped his howling, jumped up in a twinkling, went away with wonderful alacrity, and returned in a short time with the amount.

"Now," I said, when this was settled—"now, Cazem, as a slight remuneration for the trick which he played me just now, up with the rascal's heels, and let us see whether there will be more feeling in him than in a sack of flour."

Dimitracki fell on his knees, essaying every means of entreaty. I was obdurate. Hunger certainly blunts the finer feelings—it always made me remorseless during the Rhamadan. Dimitracki received the infliction with horrible yells, nor would I suffer my men to leave off till the blood began to flow pretty copiously. His servant had the same allowance. The rogue roared like a lion, and, if possible, enacted the scene with far greater vigour than he did over the sack of flour.

Not yet satisfied with the punishment which I had inflicted, I nailed both of them by the ears to the posts of the shop door, there to remain till the setting sun, a mark of my arbitrary power and vengeance.

Dimitracki was not the only person to whom I paid my respects during the Rhamadan. I employed my men to watch the several houses pointed out to me as being suspicious; at the end of the month, on adding up the several fines, I found that I had reaped a golden harvest

for my chief, while my own profits amounted to a considerable sum.

But it was not in imposing fines, and confiscating property, that I was altogether employed. The lust of gold in Aboodahab was only exceeded by his thirst for blood. Several Turks, whose attachment to the house of Aly Bey had been notorious, were summoned before him, and publicly accused of misdemeanours of which they were entirely innocent. I was oftentimes their accuser, and the only witness against them. They were either sentenced to die or to pay a heavy fine: I then had the culprit conducted to my own house. If he proved liberal, I mitigated the horrors of his confinement: on the contrary, if he turned out to be intractable, and a niggard of his bounty, I had him despatched either by poison or the bowstring; seized his possessions as forfeited to the state, in the disposing of which I had many opportunities of realizing a handsome profit.

The capital was a scene of bustle for some days, owing to the arrival of Ezed Akhmed, the pacha of the Porte. Dismissed by Aly Bey, on the latter throwing off his allegiance to the sultan, Ezed retired to Constantinople, and became superintendent of the mint. He was a character much respected for his penetration and judgment, even by the turbulent spirits of Egypt. He was received by Aboodahab with vast parade and distinction. Much ceremony was observed on the occasion, and feasts and spectacles of an extraordinary nature marked the event. The festivities were renewed the following day, when a mosque, founded by Mohammed, and worthy of the Father of Gold, was begun. This terminated the rejoicings, and the pacha then took up his quarters in the castle.

The hatred of Mohammed was chiefly directed against the janizaries. This feeling was mutual. Mohammed's desertion and consequent overthrow of his adopted father, Aly Bey, only increased their animosity. Selima, the aga of the band, was a chief of resolute and fearless character; one who watched with a jealous eye the immunities and privileges of their order. He had great interest

under the care of three camel drivers, whom I hired. I then took up my quarters at another inn, in which the principal merchants from various countries generally resided—representing myself as a general merchant from Constantinople, lately arrived from Syria, and proceeding to Cairo.

I would have defied even the most intimate of my companions to detect the notorious Mahmoud, under the semblance of the stout, jolly-looking merchant Hajji Hissar, the name which I now assumed. My metamorphosis was so complete, that on my arrival at Bulak I detained one of the inspectors of the customs, who was an acquaintance of mine, full half an hour in conversation, and even proceeded to narrate the melancholy occasion of my own death, at the same time pronouncing a few panegyrics on my memory. My stained face, long black beard, corpulent stomach, and heavy, slow gait, were full proof against the penetration of my otherwise acute friend.

On my arrival at Cairo, I took up my lodging at a tavern near the barracks of the janizaries, which I selected on account of its being much frequented by members of that band.

Having deposited my merchandise in a small shop which I hired in one of the principal bazaars, I was employed the greater part of the morning attending to the sale of my goods. In the evening, I retired to the tavern, where I sat for hours, smoking and sipping my sherbet or Moka; indulging in some pleasant revery, disturbed by an occasional exclamation of "Allah," uttered by one of the company.

I had purchased two brace of pistols at Alexandria, which were of English manufacture: they fetched a good price, as they are highly prized by the Turks. I usually carried a brace of them in my belt: being rather curious in their make and workmanship, they were examined by the company at the tavern, and many encomiums bestowed upon their beauty. One day, Murad, the colonel of a troop of janizaries, came in while the pistols were undergoing a critical examination. He begged to

be allowed to look at them : after admiring to his heart's content, he offered to purchase them, and asked the price ; I answered by saying they were not for sale. The next morning I sent them to his lodging, with a request that he would keep them in token of our future friendship.

I did not show myself at the inn for a day or two. When I made my appearance I found Murad, who had been every day in attendance to see me, anxiously expecting my return. He was profuse in his thanks for the present, and we soon became the best of friends. When we parted in the evening, he invited me to his lodging, begging that I would make it my home during my stay at Cairo.

The sudden manner of my supposed death at Alexandria became quickly rumoured about Cairo. It was amusing to hear people utter an "Allah kereem" on the event ; while others, more bold in their expressions, failed not to invoke a curse upon my memory. I marked out some of these gentlemen for future vengeance, and took care to inflict it, in due season, with unmerciful severity.

It had occupied me nearly a fortnight to form an acquaintance with Murad : we often met at the tavern, afterward we adjourned to his lodging, and were joined by Sulieman, the kehaya of the band. On these occasions I managed to turn the conversation on the subject of Mohammed's government, and the probability of Aly Bey's return—observing, in a mysterious manner, that the period was not far distant when such events might occur. My companions were reserved on those topics, and cautious in their replies ; though the unextinguishable hatred which they, in common with their brethren in arms, bore towards Mohammed, broke forth at times in ill-repressed ejaculations.

One day, when I was at the lodging of Murad, I took occasion to remark upon the severity with which Mohammed had lately behaved to an eminent merchant in Cairo—one of those who had been, like Djelayni, favourable

to his cause, and partly the means of his elevation. The affair was the talk of the whole city.

Murad assented to my remarks with a significant glance, and seemed half inclined to say something. The name of Mohammed was never mentioned in his presence but it produced a shudder of abhorrence. His manner was agitated, and his eyes gleamed with an expression of wrath, which bespoke the intensity of his feelings.

“You may no doubt feel some little surprise,” I continued, after a pause, perceiving his excitement, “that I, a mere stranger in Cairo, should manifest such animosity towards Mohammed Bey; but listen to my words, and you shall then judge between him and me. It is now two years since my father and I travelled together over Syria and Palestine as diamond merchants. In the course of our journey we came to Yaffa, a town which Mohammed had just reduced and taken. As travelling in such unsettled times was dangerous, we took up our quarters in the place, till a less turbulent period. On the night of our arrival an attack was made upon the place by a band of Safadians, retainers of the Scheick Daher. The party consisted of a mere rabble, and consequently failed in the attempt. Mohammed imagined there were other hands concerned than those which actually made the attack. Whether he surmised the thing, or only spread it abroad to give colour to his designs, I know not. Several merchants, among whom was my father, were arrested that night: happening to be away at the time, I escaped.

“The next day they were adjudged to pay an enormous sum of gold to save their heads. As chief of these unfortunate merchants appeared my father—a man of an independent and courageous character, and not at all daunted by the situation in which he stood. He mildly besought Mohammed to consider the sentence, and not ruin a company of respectable merchants by his rigour. The bey told him with a fierce manner to hold his peace, and to pay the fine, or swore by his beard that it would be worse for him. Undismayed even by this threat, my father remonstrated on the harshness of the proceeding,

and told Mohammed, in a mild but determined voice; that, however the rest might submit to the exaction, he was resolved to withstand it. The bey's wrath hereupon broke out into the most passionate exclamations.

"They were taken back to their prison; but the following morning they all paid the fine, except my father, and were liberated. Regardless of my own safety, learning the condition on which my parent's life would be spared, I packed up a certain quantity of diamonds, and hurried to the bey. When I reached the castle, I was questioned as to my business. I replied that I came to see my father. I was only laughed at, and one of the attendants observed it would be a difficult matter to find him. Struck by the remark, I asked what he meant; when he told me, in few words, that my father had died the previous night. I subsequently learned that his life had been terminated by the bowstring. I instantly quitted Yaffa with thoughts of vengeance in my head, and have sworn an oath—by Allah and our holy Prophet have I sworn it—to be revenged on the murderer of my parent."

Here I concluded my fictitious narrative, which failed not to elicit several remarks of indignation from my companion: his countenance became flushed with unusual excitement, and he gradually sank into a fit of deep musing. Perceiving the bait took, I seized his hand, and assuming a deep and mysterious tone of voice and manner, said, "Can I place dependance in you?"

"Sayon," he replied, grasping my hand with a convulsive pressure, "I could listen to you for hours on such a theme. Whatever you may have to communicate, I pledge you my word, which has ever been inviolable, that it shall be held sacred."

I must now mention a circumstance which has been hitherto omitted, in order not to interrupt the threa of my narrative. Previous to my voyage to Alexandria, I was aware of a secret correspondence being carried on between Aly Bey and the officers of the janizaries, but had not been able to procure any decided proof of the connection, though my emissaries were constantly on the

alert for that purpose. I knew, also, that various messengers had been despatched by parties inimical to Mohammed, soliciting Aly Bey's return. About a week before I went to Alexandria, I procured several letters, impressed with the signets of the principal men in Cairo, directed to Aly Bey, who was in Syria, inviting him to make an attempt to regain the post of scheick-el-belled. These letters I despatched by my chief attendant, Cazem, a clever rogue in such affairs.

Cazem happened to fall in with Hassan Bey, to whom he communicated his message, at the same time delivering the despatches. He was taken before Aly Bey, by whom he was questioned respecting the posture of affairs, and the future prospects of Egypt. Cazem replied with much discretion, repeating what my letters intimated, that a party sufficiently strong might be raised through the agency of the janizaries to overthrow the government of Mohammed. Aly, ever unsuspecting in his nature, was completely deceived; he returned answers to all the letters, and directed three in particular to the aga of the janizaries, Sulieman the kehaya, and Murad the colonel.

Cazem returned to Cairo just about the time when I had formed an acquaintance with Murad. I had sufficiently instructed him where to find me, in case I should not be at home. Hearing of my supposed death, he scarcely knew what to think, or how to act; but being a shrewd fellow, said nothing, and hastened to the inn where I had told him I should lodge. I happened to be there when he came in, and beckoning to him to follow me out, we walked to a secluded spot, where I discovered myself, and he gave me the letters which I expected.

I then commanded him, as he valued his head, not to breathe a syllable of what he had done. There was no need to caution him—silence was his only virtue. I desired him to return to my house, look to the concerns of my establishment, keep everything in proper order, and come to me the instant he received a message to that effect.

Possessed of these letters, I now proceeded to work upon my victim.

"I have something to reveal, at length," I said, "which intimately concerns you and the brave troops which you command. In my late journey through Syria, I had some dealings with Aly Bey, who, on hearing that I was about to proceed to Cairo, requested an interview with me. I need hardly say that in me he found a man willing to serve him. Confiding in my fidelity, he intrusted several letters to my keeping, directed to persons in this city. Among the number was one directed to Selim, the chief of your band, and two addressed to Sulieman, the kehaya, and yourself. My reasons for not presenting them before, are simply because I would not compromise the cause of Aly Bey, until convinced that you were devoted to his interests. I am now satisfied."

Saying this, I drew the letters from underneath my vest, and handed them to Murad. He read that directed to himself, with emotions of astonishment and delight glowing in his countenance; he then fell on my neck, embracing, and calling me his brother, and swore to entertain a lasting affection for me.

"What think you of the position of affairs?" I said. "The scheick-el-belled is daily growing more hateful to the people: his fines, his exactions, the horrible sacrifice of human life occasioned by his bloodthirsty satellites, have even reached Stamboul; and he is detested by the partisans of the brave Aly, who still have a powerful party in the divan, attached to his interests, and desirous to see him replaced."

"His friends are equally numerous in Cairo," observed Murad, cautiously, "anxious to see him assume the reigns of government, and able to place him there. Do not imagine that I doubt your motives, but I cannot at present reveal the nature of our designs, without the sanction of others. You will excuse my circumspection in times like these. To-morrow I shall expect to see you here: in the mean time I will deliver these letters to my superiors, who will attend to their contents."

Murad rose, we embraced each other, and renewing our vows of unalterable friendship, I returned to the inn.

So far everything had turned out in a manner to realize my most ardent wishes: it now became a difficult matter how I should implicate the aga and his officers. I meditated long upon this, and the only plan which appeared to promise success was the following:—

Provided I could prevail upon the aga and his principal officers to write letters to Aly Bey, which would effectually place them in the power of Mohammed, under some pretence of personal animosity, I was to receive an order from the latter to quit the city upon pain of death. This communication would soon become known: I should then merely hint, as a matter of course, that as my future route would lie through Palestine and Syria, I would be the bearer of any despatch which the aga and his officers might wish to send. If they acceded to my proposal, I was to be seized when I got a few miles from the city, brought back, imprisoned, and the letters taken from me. The rest was an easy matter.

On the morrow I went to the lodging of Murad. He said he placed great dependance on my integrity, and proposed that I should immediately accompany him to the residence of the aga. I agreed to go with him, and we set off for the barracks.

On our arrival, we were conducted into a large room, at the back of the aga's house. We found him attended by his principal officers, awaiting our appearance. After the usual salutations, we seated ourselves on the divan, which extended round the room, and a solemn pause of some duration ensued.

It was at length broken by the aga's desiring one of his officers to produce the letters which I had brought. They were read aloud by a kind of secretary, and when he had finished, the aga proceeded to deliver himself of his opinion concerning them, which I shall not trouble myself to repeat. He then called upon Sulieman his kehaya, and each of his officers, separately, to give their opinions; which proceeding was gone through with much solemnity, though they varied

little from their chief either in sentiment or observation.

“But what says our friend Hajji Hissar?” cried the aga; “no doubt he has something to say upon so interesting a subject.”

Thus called upon, I proceeded to address them as follows: “My friends, I have listened with much attention to your discourse, which accords with every wish of a heart devoted to that cause which you have sworn to support. Our objects are the same, our motives different. You have a public wrong, I have a private injury, to revenge. Let us unite effectually to attain the ends we have in view, and by the sword of the blessed Prophet, success will crown our efforts. Now, if I may presume to offer a word of advice to those who are capable of being my instructors, I would say, let there be letters written to Aly Bey by your officers, expressing a desire to forward his plans, and declaring yourselves ready to strike the first blow. Such a communication will revive his hopes, and impart a vigour to his proceedings. He knows your generous ardour in his behalf, but knows not your impatience to assist him, and one word to this effect will enable him to raise an army sufficiently powerful to overwhelm the tyrant Mohammed with irremediable defeat and ruin.”

My brief address had the desired effect. They one and all concurred in the necessity of sending such a communication, and much time was spent in deliberating on its character, its terms, and the figurative mode of its expression. After a great deal of discussion, the despatch was written, and all of them subscribed their names to it as wellwishers to the cause.

This important business over, the means, the ends, the various ramifications connected with their future proceedings, were separately weighed, examined, and discussed; but they agreed that nothing could be done until they received an answer to their despatch. I expressed a hope that they would be cautious whom *they* selected to be the bearer of it, and the aga said he

would see to that himself. We now all rose, as it was getting late, and I quitted the barracks.

— Early in the morning, about the time when Mohammed was to be seen, I despatched a letter to him by a man whom I picked up on one of the bridges, detailing the whole affair, showing him also in what manner I meant to proceed. I concluded by urging him to send a tchaoosh to the inn, with a command for me to quit the city immediately. Having done this, I waited in a state of feverish suspense the arrival of the messenger, as every moment was of the utmost importance.

I was sitting in the public room of the tavern, when a tchaoosh made his appearance at the door, and demanded of the master of the house if there was a merchant of the name of Hajji Hissar residing there. My host turned round, and pointed me out as the person inquired for. Whereupon the tchaoosh, drawing near me, exclaimed aloud—

“Hear me, Hajji Hissar, and obey my words. It is commanded by the scheick-el-belled that you leave the city of Mesr before sunset, and do not again appear within its walls, upon pain of instant death. Upon your head be it! I have said—it is the will of Mohammed.”

Having delivered himself of this brief address, he quitted the tavern, leaving my host, and several others who were present, overcome with terror and alarm at his visit, and the awful nature of his communication.

My host, who had been uncommonly solicitous for my custom, now as eagerly wished to get rid of me, imagining a hundred horrible things against me, and plainly telling me, as I left to get my merchandise together, that it was a scandalous thing to bring disgrace and ruin upon a quiet, harmless person like himself. I did not stay to hear half the fellow had to say, but summoning my camel drivers, bade them hasten to the bazaar, pack up my goods, and await my further orders.

After a little delay, I proceeded to the lodging of

Murad. He had heard the news already, for there happened to be an attendant of his in the tavern at the very moment the tchaoosh entered. Bad news soon spreads, and this man carried the tidings to his master, making them appear much more dismal than in reality they were. Murad immediately surmised that all was known ; I calmed his apprehensions, however, by my appearance, and the cheerful air which I assumed, saying that no doubt Mohammed recollected the event at Yaffa with my father, and as he was never known to forgive an injury, I ascribed the present proceeding to this cause.

“It matters little,” I said, “in what quarter of the world I reside ; all places are alike to me. I shall now return into Syria, trusting that on my next visit to Egypt I shall come as an avenger in the victorious army of Aly Bey.”

“And will your future wanderings be directed through Syria ?” demanded Murad.

“Even so,” I replied. “If I can render you or your friends any service by communicating with Aly Bey, deign but to let me know your wishes, and I will endeavour to fulfil them.”

“God be praised !” exclaimed Murad. “Our chief is undetermined whom he may intrust with the charge of our despatch.”

“Let not your hearts be perplexed concerning this,” I said, interrupting him, anxious to get the letter into my possession ; “confide it to my keeping. I need scarcely observe how delighted the brave Aly will be to receive such a communication through my means.”

Murad jumped at the proposal, and hurried away to the aga for the letter, leaving me to wait his return. In a short time he came back, accompanied by his chief, who expressed much uneasiness and concern at the order which I had received to quit the city. He trusted that no suspicion was entertained of my proceedings. I satisfied him on that point. After some little time was spent in conversing on the route I meant to take, and the period that would elapse before

I should meet with Aly Bey, he drew the despatch from his bosom, and placed it in my hands, requesting me at the same time to be mindful of their interests when I came before the bey, and detail to him their wishes and expectations: all which I promised to fulfil with the most scrupulous fidelity. We then embraced each other, interchanging many expressions of tenderness and regard, and separated.

I immediately despatched a few lines to Mohammed, stating that I had fully succeeded, and that, in three hours, I should be on my journey across the desert. I then summoned my slaves, who got my camels together, and we left the city.

I entered the desert: the sun was sinking fast in a sea of glory, the intolerable heat of the day giving place to the dewy eve. Charmed by the scene, and elated by my success, I threw the reins on my horse's neck, and listened a while to the songs of my camel drivers.

"Black are thy locks, Ayesha, and polished as the raven's wing.

"When shall I see thee again, sweet light of my soul? lovelier than the rose of Shiraz, more modest than the lily when bending beneath the weight of her dews.

"I will tell of thy beauties to the passing breeze, and pour out my complaints to the lonely desert.

"When I see thy home again, welcome will be thy steps to my view, as light to the eye of darkness. I will then deck my camel's head with branches of the palm tree for joy."

I had journeyed a few miles from Cairo, when I perceived several horsemen following us at a rapid pace. They soon came up, and forming a circle round us, commanded us to halt. The chief of the band, which consisted of Mamlouks, now advanced, and demanded my name, which I gave; he said that he had orders to take me back a prisoner to Cairo. I told him he must be mistaken, and endeavoured to remonstrate.

“Your obstinacy,” he observed, “will only bring you into trouble.”

“Allah kereem !” I exclaimed, “you are the strongest—I must obey ;” and I submitted.

The chief of the Mamlouks then desired one of his people to search me. My person and clothes were carefully examined. Upon lifting my turban from my head, and opening the lining, the fatal despatch was discovered. It was handed to the chief, who said, eying the direction with a careless glance, “It is enough—now let us return.” I turned my horse’s head with the rest, and we set off at a gallop for Cairo. My men with the camels were allowed to return at their leisure.

On reaching the city, I was conducted to the castle : here I was confined in a chamber overlooking the square of Roumelie, where stood the mosque of Sultan Hassan far beneath me. From this elevated spot I enjoyed a splendid view of the Nile, the pyramids, the red deserts of Libya, and the greater part of the ancient city of the kaliffs, its vast birkets and canals now almost overflowing from the inundation of the Nile.

The following morning I was conducted by a strong guard of Mamlouks to the palace of Mohammed. As we went through the city, I perceived there was great excitement among the people, several of the principal streets, particularly near the quarter of the Djamé el Hazer, being lined with troops of Mamlouks and soldiers.

Tumult and consternation prevailed in all quarters. The aga and his officers had been arrested, and Mohammed and his principal beys had spent much time in deliberating on the proceedings to be commenced against them. The letter taken from me was produced in evidence : on its being read aloud to the members of the council, and the aga scorning, with a noble devotedness, to deny the principal signature, judgment was instantly pronounced upon them. They were all, except the aga, conducted to the citadel, and privately strangled one after the other, dying like so many heroes.

As it would only be adding fuel to flame to detain *aga* a prisoner in Cairo, he was immediately

under a strong guard to Alexandria, and placed on board a vessel bound for Constantinople. Through the intervention of his friends, he was confined in the fortress of Yassar, on the Bosphorus, but strangled by order of the Porte on the discovery of a conspiracy some months afterward at Cairo.

These particulars I learned during my short imprisonment; I also learned that Ibrahim Bey had strenuously insisted on my being confronted with the aga and his companions; but Mohammed opposed this, observing, the letter alone was a confirmation of their designs, without any additional proof.

I was now taken before Mohammed, who reprimanded me severely for daring to carry despatches to his enemies: I was then adjudged to pay a heavy fine, and ordered not to show myself in any part of his dominions again on pain of death. The former of these conditions being complied with, I was set at liberty, and quitted Cairo for Alexandria, many good people wondering at the clemency which had been shown me.

The triumph of Mohammed was complete. He had, through my instrumentality, struck a blow which effectually subdued, for a time, the haughty spirit of the janizaries. Another aga and fresh officers were appointed, and though, to all appearance, their power was destroyed, they nevertheless cherished in their hearts a spirit of deep revenge, which manifested itself, on various occasions, in acts of sedition and tumult.

Some little time after these events had taken place, I returned to Cairo, having disposed of my merchandise at various markets, to the best advantage, and discarded my disguise. My appearance occasioned no little consternation among the members of my household. Many were actually frightened, looking upon me in no other light than as the ghost of my former self. I did not take the trouble to undeceive them, but attiring myself in suitable apparel, hastened to appear before Mohammed.

rooms to his audience-
ers did not notice me,
ct of wonder to most

of them; many of my old acquaintances crowded round me, to satisfy themselves that I was really flesh and blood. I replied to their numerous inquiries, by saying that I had certainly been drowned, but through the blessing of Allah was restored to life, and hoped long to enjoy myself in their society. My answers only served to heighten their perplexity; they drew back, regarding me with feelings which savoured very much of doubt and suspicion. I scarcely noticed them, but went to present myself before Mohammed.

I found him surrounded by his Mamlouks. Advancing boldly towards him, and throwing myself at his feet, I cried aloud, "Behold your servant Mahmoud!"

"Mahmoud!" exclaimed Aboodahab, starting with well affected surprise, and his Mamlouks pressed forward with looks of mingled astonishment and alarm, to satisfy themselves that I was actually the person I represented myself to be. "Mahmoud!" he repeated, "how is this? They told me you had perished at sea."

"And so I might, your highness," I replied, "if it had not pleased Allah to save me. Just as we set sail from Alexandria, I had the misfortune to fall overboard. I was stunned—but soon recovering myself, called aloud for help; whether the captain did not hear me, or purposely left me to perish, I know not—the vessel went on her way with a good breeze, and I was left struggling in the waters. At this moment perceiving another ship coming out of the harbour, I exerted all my strength, and made towards her. My cries were heard—I was taken on board, and having related to the captain how I was situated, he said, if it were possible to overtake our vessel, he would put me on board. This hope, however, was vain: for, in the night a strong breeze sprang up, and the next morning we saw nothing of her. I was then too far from land to return. The excitement threw me into a fever, which lasted many days; at length, on our arrival at Candia, the captain, perceiving that my disorder increased, landed me on the island. I remained there till my recovery, when I took ship for Alexandria;

arrived here to-day, and, to my amazement, find myself supposed to be dead by all my acquaintances."

"Allah! Allah!" exclaimed Mohammed, lifting up his hands, as I concluded my plausible narrative, "you have had a wonderful escape. But you require rest—go and take it, and come to me on the morrow. No doubt, your friends in Mesr will be glad to hear of your miraculous return to life." Saying this, he smiled in a significant manner, which I perfectly comprehended.

I quitted the palace, returned to my own house, and was engaged the remainder of the day in looking to my affairs, and arranging some little matters connected with my own household.

CHAPTER XI.

My unexpected appearance and wonderful preservation were the subject of much conversation, and many opinions were hazarded upon the causes which led to my absence. It was amusing, at times, to hear some of those to whom I had become an object of envy blurt out their malice in half-broken sentences. They suspected something, but knew not what; they looked at me and wondered, but at the same time feared. There was a mystery about me, which all their penetration could not fathom; and my jocular way of avoiding explanation only tended to strengthen their ill-will and increase their doubts.

The only person who afforded me uneasiness was Ibrahim Bey. Though he had yielded to the sentence pronounced on the janizaries, he was a decided supporter of their interests; it was in matters of this kind that he and Mohammed seldom agreed. Had he been aware that I was the chief instrument in that affair, he might have done me much injury. But I was safe while Aboodahab lived. I had little fear that the secret

would ever become known: the aga and his officers being out of the way, there was little chance of detection from any other quarter.

The following day I presented myself before Mohammed. On my entrance he desired every one to leave the room, and bade me seat myself at his side. He then embraced me affectionately, and having condescended to listen to a recital of the schemes which I had put into practice to bring about the destruction of his enemies, commended my dexterity and courage in terms of unbounded panegyric, declaring that my prudence and foresight were equal to all the wisdom of Egypt—that I was his soul, his life, his oracle, and the apple of his eye.

“By the beard of Mohammed!” he cried, “thy worth is beyond all price, and I know not how I can sufficiently recompense thee. For the present accept this, Friend Mahmoud”—he placed in my hands an order on his harem for a large sum of money—“receive it as a trifling reward of thy perseverance, and do not fail to come to me when it is gone.”

“May your shadow never be less! May your house prosper, and that of your enemies perish!” I said, humbly receiving the order, which I kissed, put to my forehead, and then placed in my bosom—at the same time returning him many thanks for his munificent present.

“Enough,” said Mohammed; “now give me thy attention, for I shall need thy services in an affair that will require a great sacrifice of feeling on thy part. Thy devotion has hitherto surpassed my expectations, but I fear thy sympathy will be awakened, when thou art made acquainted with the nature of my wishes.”

He paused a moment, and then proceeded to address me: “The services which thou hast rendered me, the fines, the confiscations which thou hast brought into my treasury, have been highly beneficial: the blood of several of my ancient enemies, adherents of the house of Aly Bey, has in some measure atoned for past offences, and satisfied my vengeance. But in all governments, however happily commenced, and prosperously carried

on, there will ever be some discontented spirits, who are either dissatisfied with their share of the spoils, or display an envious jealousy, because they are not always called upon to give their advice. I felt that I owed a debt of gratitude to some few people who were instrumental to my elevation; but though they forwarded my success, they were far from being the sole cause of it. That was chiefly owing to my own boldness and dexterity. I have rewarded them to the best of my abilities, and repaid them to the utmost.

“Not satisfied with my generosity on this point, they must be meddling with affairs deeply interesting to my welfare, and have dared to remonstrate with me on the expediency of my fines and confiscations, and because I beheaded one upstart who had taken an active part in my success. I could have overlooked their insolence in this respect; but on my arresting the janizaries, their sympathy and patriotism burst forth in one continued stream, and they severally besought me to spare their lives. I told them that neither myself nor my government could exist a month if I acceded to their wish. They entreated and flattered me by turns; ay, and one man had the hardihood to tell me to my face, even amid the assembled divan, and in the presence of my slaves, that if I acted so unwisely, it would be the means of my own downfall, and the ruin of my house—Allah! that I live, and the dog yet breathes.”

Aboodahab paused—the darkness of a rising tempest was gathering on his brow, and he laughed—that laugh which caused most hearts to quake with dread—while he swore a solemn—a dreadful oath, that the life of the daring individual should answer for his boldness. Another pause ensued, during which I sat with my eyes fixed upon the floor, not daring to disturb the fiendish tenour of his thoughts.

If, at any one time, I could have felt disgust at the proceedings of my powerful chief, and the course of life which it had been my lot to follow for some months past—if, at any one time, I could have called back to my senseless and hardened heart a fraction of that gener-

ous ardour which characterized my boyish days, I might now have experienced all the remorse such feelings were calculated to awaken. But no ! familiarity with scenes of blood had blunted my sensibility—the power to inflict injury had confirmed me in the trade, and I felt how true it was that much of the deformity of crime wears off by frequent intercourse and habit.

Confidential and important as many of Mohammed's communications had been, I was not prepared for that which he now disclosed to me ; and if I showed neither surprise nor unwillingness at the proposal, I could not entirely suppress an inward shudder of horror, when he announced that the merchant Djelayni was the person he meant.

“What sayst thou, Mahmoud?” demanded Aboodahab ; “is the task beyond thy strength—must I employ other hands to execute my commands?”

“No, your highness,” I replied, roused by the latter question, which implied my dismissal if I refused ; “I am resolved to fulfil your instructions to the letter.”

“Thou art a ready pupil,” he said, smiling, “and I know not which to admire most, thy docility or talent. I have set my heart upon this. I want no impertinent advisers in my counsels, and, by our holy Prophet ! will not live to endure the contempt of any man. But it is not this daring alone—I suspect the merchant wears a double face ; he would have us eat dirt, and then laugh at our credulity. I have information that he and others are devising means to restore Aly Bey. Such attempts do not alarm me ; but I shall make his treason an excuse for his destruction.”

Mohammed then condescended to enter into several particulars connected with my own affairs. He inquired concerning the house I lived in—of the establishment I kept, and whether I did not think of taking to myself a wife.

“I feel myself so wedded to the interests of my chief,” I replied, the thoughts of other days rising to my mind, “that I cannot find time to attend to affairs of that nature.”

“We must take some account of thy prosperity, Mahmoud,” he said, “though thou art much better provided for than thou wouldst be in being placed among my Mamlouks. Thy welfare has long been in my thoughts, for thou art one after my own heart—I will now manifest it to thee by my actions. The mansion of my selictar is vacant by his death. I present it to thee : it is one more suitable to the station which thou wilt soon occupy. Take this order, and carry it to my bazirghian,¹ who will supply thee with the things requisite for furnishing it.”

I then quitted the palace, and returned home. But when I sat down in the solitude of my chamber, the proposal which had been made to me recurred with a feeling of horror to my heart. Could I be found so base as to destroy my old—my first benefactor? Could I be the instrument of bringing my faithful friend to a violent and sudden death? Yet I was aware that I must accustom my mind to the contemplation of the most heartless acts, or forfeit the protection of Aboodahab, and place my life at his mercy. Long—long did I meditate upon the subject. Had I been commanded to shorten the days of half the population of Cairo, I could not have felt such repugnance as I now did at the thought of that horrible deed which I was thus unexpectedly called upon to execute.

Days and nights my mind was harassed by the thoughts which suggested themselves, and my soul sickened as they arose within me. What could I do but mount my horse, and gallop into the desert to allay the tumult raging in my bosom? I crossed the Nile, passed through Dgizeh, left the pyramids behind me, and dashed into the desert, my barb flying with a speed that alone kept pace with my feelings. Unrestrained by bit—requiring not the stimulus of stirrup, her pace was equal to the course of the whirlwind, and my sensations exciting, almost to phrensy, on passing through the air at such incredible speed.

What can equal the fleetness of those winged steeds, the descendants of the famous breed of the Prophet—the

Boraks² of the earth ? What can equal the delight, the tumultuous joy, as, seated on them, you fly like the mountain eagle, making time and space appear insignificant ? it is an enjoyment worth a million of the dull and cloying pleasures of this life. The mare which I now rode was presented to me by the merchant Djelayni ; her breed was pure, and her pedigree hung round her neck. On—on she flew, her delicate and sinewy limbs spurning the red-hot sands, with a rapidity of motion almost imperceptible to human eyes. I took a sweep of some leagues without even checking my career, and then returned to Cairo, relieved by the exercise.

During my absence a messenger had been from the merchant Djelayni, requesting an interview with me, at my earliest convenience. Though I had frequently visited him and partaken of his bounty, I felt some surprise on hearing this, and taxed my ingenuity to discover what could be the meaning of a summons so unlooked-for. On my arrival at the merchant's mansion, I was shown into his presence.

“ My son,” he said, in his usual kind and affectionate manner, “ you are welcome. It is so long since you paid me a visit, that I had almost begun to think that you had forgotten your old friend, the merchant Djelayni. The duties of your station, no doubt, engross much of your time and attention, though I could wish you occupied one more congenial with your disposition and talents ; but we are bound to obey, and must not dare to question the actions of those in authority. Yet I cannot but express much concern, that I should have witnessed proceedings—harsh and tyrannical I must call them—which neither a sense of justice nor the interests of the state demanded. An old man like myself may be allowed to express his opinion freely, and to manifest some little temper, at what he considers a violation of right. But I am wandering from the subject for which I required your presence. Listen then, my son ; for soon I hope to address you in reality by that title.”

Here Djelayni paused a moment, as if to collect his *thoughts* ; and I must confess that a strange kind of

feeling came over me upon hearing the latter part of his discourse. My surprise was not a little increased when he proceeded to address me as follows :—

“I have hitherto thought you a person capable of doing great things, and predicted that you would rise to eminence. You are now in a country where many temptations will be held out to you to acquire the favour of those whom you serve ; but I would have you beware how you lend yourself to the designs of others, till you have well consulted your heart, whether you can accomplish them with benefit to yourself, and the warnings of your conscience. I wish to see you happy and prosperous by means which will bear reflection hereafter. Now listen to my words. My daughter Eminé, whom I hold as dear as my own existence, has informed me that she has fixed her regard upon you, and desires me to say that her future happiness is centred in your acquiescence to the proposal which I am about to make. I have long observed her downcast looks, her melancholy demeanour—have long endeavoured to ascertain the cause. At length the unwilling secret was wrung from her bosom. The rumour of your death was the occasion of that disclosure. I will not state to you all that passed when that event was made known to her : let it suffice—she loves you—and that you have my approbation. You have heard my wishes ; now let me know your determination.”

I can hardly describe my feelings ; I was confounded at his generosity : reflecting upon the cruel deed which I had sworn to accomplish, my heart smote me with anguish, and I trembled at the thought of my treachery and ingratitude. These ideas passed rapidly through my mind, almost denying me the power of utterance. But I regained my composure, and replied by saying that I was deeply honoured by his notice ; I felt myself unworthy of so much regard ; and if he would allow me a day or two to resolve the matter, I would let him know the result.

Though my answer might not have satisfied many men, Djelayni was apparently pleased, and said, “Be

assured, my son, that your consent will be looked for with much anxiety. It will restore the perishing health of my child, and relieve my own heart from a load of despondency." I took my departure, with many expressions of tenderness on his part, and of gratitude upon mine.

On quitting the merchant, my thoughts reverted to his proposal with feelings of astonishment. I had no taste for marriage. The thought of my union with Estafania, connected with its hideous details, would often recur to me, steeling my heart to every sentiment of humanity, rendering me oftentimes vindictive and cruel to man, and indifferent to woman's attractions. Though I was well aware that such a connection would bring wealth in abundance into my coffers, and honours and titles might possibly follow, yet still it was opposed to that life of freedom and activity which I had chosen, and which brought excitement to my mind in matters where men of colder temperament would have been passionless.

I still remembered the emotions of delight which I felt on beholding the transcendent beauty of the fair Eminé, and also recollected the scene which followed, with the menace she pronounced upon my disobedience to her commands. This, however, was but the love of a Turkish woman, and of little moment. I disliked the thoughts of marriage; I could now come, and could go, as I wished; besides, I foresaw that there would be events of a stirring nature before long, and to settle down into the ease and comforts of a married life was contrary to my notions of freedom and independence. I therefore resolved to decline the offer of the merchant. Nevertheless, I deemed it would be advisable to name the thing to Mohammed before I saw him again.

At any other time, I might have caught at the proposal with eagerness; but other and more congenial pursuits now engrossed my mind, though I could not *but* feel a slight degree of vanity, when I reflected on *the strength* of that passion which could keep alive the

hopes of the lovely widow even through the lapse of more than two years. If anything could have won me, it was this indubitable proof of pure and passionate affection.

As I was returning home, I fell in with Osman Toolondgee. He rode up to me: upon his saying that he wanted a word or two with me, we turned our horses' heads towards the city gates.

"Mahmoud," at length he said, when we had got without the walls, "thou knowest my love for thee; words cannot convince thee of the truth of that affection which is engraven on my heart."

"I am not unmindful of thy regard, Osman," I replied; "would I were able to return it with equal warmth—but I am poor in such feelings. Yet, believe me, such love as Mahmoud can offer, Osman alone possesses. There is one sacred spot—the bright star of better days to come—still left in this heart, cherished and invigorated by the recollection of Osman's kindness."

"Thy words are like water to the thirsty pilgrim," he said; "but listen to me, for I have something to communicate which affects thy safety. Thou knowest well the deep, the inextinguishable hatred which has been entertained against thee since the time when our chief selected and placed thee in a station requiring capabilities of no ordinary stamp. Hitherto thy path has been strewed with honours and rewards; thou standest well in the opinion of Aboodahab; and art advancing, as if on the wings of the morning, to the goal of thy ambition. But thy road is beset with many difficulties which thou drest not of; evil stalks around thee, and a mine is ready to burst at thy feet."

"Open violence I fear not," I cried, "and am prepared for the worst which treachery may attempt. If I fall, my chief will not suffer me to perish unavenged."

"Nay, Mahmoud, thou knowest not our ruler, to think so well of him. The lives of his adopted children are dearer to him than the safety of a stranger."

Alive, thou mayst defy their power, but thy name will be forgotten with thy end. But may Osman perish ere he sees the friend of his heart fall by the hand of treachery."

"I am unworthy of thy regard, Osman," I said; "I repose my life in thy sincerity."

"Hadst thou heard the shout of triumph," he continued, "hadst thou witnessed the extravagant joy, the boisterous mirth, with which the announcement of thy death was received by thy enemies, thou wouldst think more of Osman's fears and thy own preservation. Thy return, so utterly unexpected and surprising, by disappointing their hopes has renewed their animosity with tenfold violence."

"I defy their power," I cried, with a laugh of scorn, "as I despise their malice."

"One word from Mohammed will have the effect of doing more for thy safety than all thy own daring may achieve or hope to accomplish. Let him know the peril which affects thy life, and I will answer for it that the pride of thy enemies shall be humbled in the dust; for I declare it to thee, upon the word of one whose truth was never yet questioned, thou art doomed to fall by their hands. How, or when, it will happen, Allah alone can foresee: thy death has been agreed upon, and they are not the men to shrink from a purpose once resolved on. I am not trusted with their secrets; they know my friendship for thee; but a mutual friend, drawn into the scheme from motives of curiosity and a wish to serve thee, gave me the particulars. Go not abroad after dark: remember, the hunger of the wolf increaseth with the fall of night."

"I thank thee for this proof of thy love, Osman, and will profit by what thou hast told me. But fear not for me: there is a destiny attending me, and it will be accomplished in spite of all these Mamlouks and their idle boastings. But should the day come in which thy fears may be verified, the last thought of Mahmoud shall be *to think of Osman's kindness; his last expiring breath to invoke a blessing on Osman's house. Farewell.*"

The information communicated to me by my friend did not long engross my mind. On my return home, I was made acquainted with a circumstance which called into action all my energies.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE Mohammed was seeking, by underhand means, to excite sedition among the richer class of Turks, whose destruction filled his coffers, and gratified his appetite for blood—even while he deemed that submission to his will and dread of his sway influenced the minds of all ranks—a conspiracy sprang up of more than ordinary daring, conceived by heads, and fostered by spirits, regardless of the peril which attended it, and reckless of the means by which they acquired their ends.

A desperate band of Turks caballed together, binding themselves by a solemn obligation, subscribed with their names written in blood, to slay the scheick-el-belled, and restore Aly Bey to power. The conspiracy had been contrived during my absence from Cairo, and was thought to have originated with the aga of the janizaries and his officers. Their death delayed the execution of the scheme for a time, only, however, to inspire its members with increased animosity against the scheick-el-belled.

I had received one or two hints of what was going on. The uali himself, assisted by his numerous emissaries, had daily been on the alert for the same purpose, but without effect. The persons of several of the conspirators were well known to us, and their houses watched day and night; and though they were followed from one end of the city to the other—though disguises and every means were resorted to to detect their proceedings, our efforts were unavailing. It was reserved

for me to unfold the mystery which hung over the affair, and I was not less perplexed than confounded at the singular development of the plot.

One of the conspirators pointed out to me, Yusuf Hakki, had held an office of trust under Aly Bey. I knew the man well; he was needy and desperate; the fall of his master had effected his own ruin, and that of many others situated like himself: their hatred increasing daily against the scheick-el-belled, as their means of existence became more limited, they associated with several men of wealth and influence in Cairo, all of them connected, either by past events or opinion, with Aly Bey.

Amid all the vicissitudes and frowns of fortune, Yusuf Hakki was still an admirer of those fleeting joys, the gratification of which both constitution and habit had rendered almost absolutely necessary with him. A strict Mussulman almost in every sense of the word, he nevertheless found it impossible to keep inviolable one command of the Prophet, which thousands of his sect have broken before him. He was an ardent admirer of brandy and muscadell, and his affection for rum was equalled only by the love which he bore for woman. Such were his failings. He was fearless in spirit, reckless of danger in any shape, and now, having nothing to lose, he looked upon life as burdensome, if unaccompanied by its enjoyments.

My plan was soon formed. I resolved to work upon his foibles. For this purpose, I sought out one of those stray but isolated characters which the Mamlouks too often leave to perish in obscurity; or if they chance to mingle in the more select portions of society, are only tolerated according as their boldness and dexterity in intrigue become conspicuous.

Once the flower, the favourite of her master, the lovely Howa¹ chained the affections of the haughty Mamlouk Khaleel in the silken bonds of love; but Egyptian beauty is a perishable commodity, and Mamlouk constancy still less to be depended on. Howa was discarded to make way for fresher beauties. Cruelty at

length made her temper vindictive, and vice rendered her shameless. In her I found a ready instrument—one well adapted for the purpose which I had in view.

I instantly set her to work. Aware of Yusuf's propensities, she was to throw herself in his way, and by a show of affection excite his passions—play off upon him all those arts and endearments, in the practice of which she was so well skilled, to elicit the secret of the conspiracy. She was also to exhibit an ostentatious display of wealth, with which I took care to supply her, and gratify his avarice by costly presents. Thus counselled, she commenced operations.

The bait took. Rash and unthinking—eager for adventure, when it opened to him a prospect for indulgence—Yusuf rushed blindly into the snare, yielding up his soul to the song of the charmer which betrayed him. After several interviews he took her to his home, for he was unmarried, behaving to her with all the affection and tenderness of a husband. By almost imperceptible degrees she won his confidence, expressing a fear, and persisting in it with all the pertinacity of a jealous beauty, that another enjoyed a portion of his love, the sole possession of which, she said, she had every right to expect.

"It is even so, Yusuf," she said; "else why are those hours, which should be devoted to my society, so often passed abroad?"

He feigned that business called him away; but she knew his habits, and denied the assertion to be true. He had friends, he said, who desired his society, and his welfare would not allow him to desert them.

"What friend is equal to the friend of thy heart, Yusuf? Canst thou not find amusement here, and leave thy friends to the enjoyment of their own pleasures?"

"My soul! my life!" he cried, "thou art dearer to me than the universe."

"Ah! Yusuf," she said, giving vent to a passionate burst of tears, "thy words confirm my worst of fears; I see that I am despised."

“By the soul of our blessed Prophet! thou wrongest me, Howa; there may be circumstances which even my love for thee must not make me disregard.”

“Then let Howa die, since Yusuf is unkind.”

“Thy words distract my soul, gentle Howa; but I will satisfy thee shortly that my love is even now unchanged, and, as it shall for ever be, unalterable.”

“Relieve my doubts at once,” she cried, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees—“revive the hopes of the disconsolate Howa, the current of whose soul is dried up by thy seeming neglect.”

“It cannot be, dearest Howa; thou knowest not what thou requirest of me.”

“Since, then,” she cried, rising from the floor, and drawing a small dagger from underneath her robe—“since, then, Howa cannot enjoy thy love, Yusuf, she will never survive the loss of thy confidence.”

She raised the weapon to plunge it into her bosom. Yusuf threw himself upon her; she struggled faintly in his grasp, but was soon overcome, and fainted away in his embrace.

Subdued by this convincing proof of affection, pained at beholding an excess of passionate grief like this, the soul of the too easily excited Yusuf sank languishing beneath its influence in the embrace of the siren, a spectacle of deluded folly and credulity.

At length, when every particular connected with the plot, which the apparent earnestness of Howa for his safety had induced him to lay open, was exacted from him—when every information which could be discovered was conceded to gratify her vanity and her love—when even the appointed hour at which the conspirators were to meet was named by him, and he had left his home to repair to the meeting, then it was that Howa hastened to me, related all that had passed, astonishing me by describing the means whereby he had hitherto eluded my vigilance.

“What is this I hear?” I cried; “’tis some invention of thy overheated brain, Howa, which thou art describing to me.”

"It is even as I have said," she replied; "just before Yusuf quitted his home, to repair to the place appointed for the meeting of his confederates, he divested himself of his apparel, and assumed a female dress. My astonishment was great, but he told me that all of them are similarly dressed when they go abroad. What eye can pierce the yatchmak?—what eye can detect a man under the folds of the feridgee? Thus attired, they walk the streets of Cairo, carry on their practices, laughing to scorn the watchfulness of thy spies. Such is their disguise—such the means whereby they have hitherto defeated thy efforts to discover them."

Without a moment's delay I hurried away to the palace of Mohammed, and related to him all I had found out. After giving vent to one of those bursts of laughter which generally preceded the commission of some deed of blood, he gave me an order to take whatever troops I required: I instantly went to the barracks, and selected fifty men for the enterprise. With this force I directed my steps towards the quarter where the Israelites dwelt, Howa having informed me that the place of meeting was at the house of one Eyoob, a Jew.

The house was quickly surrounded, even before our purpose was suspected. I advanced to the door alone, desiring a score of my men to post themselves on each side. I knocked—a man appeared on the threshold and demanded my business: I replied by seizing him by the throat, and then delivered him over to my men, who rushed in.

The noise of our approach had occasioned a slight alarm among the conspirators. I entered the room where they sat: two or three of them had risen to ascertain the cause of the uproar. The scene now presented to our wondering eyes became associated rather with ideas of merriment than of bloodshed. On a kind of divan, which ran round the apartment, were seated upward of a dozen figures in the garb of women, their persons shrouded in shawls and feridgees, and their countenances concealed by the impenetrable yatchmak. Had I not been prepared for the extraordinary scene by the

disclosures of Howa, I should have considered it all but as an illusion of the fancy.

Scarcely, however, had we entered the room, when these apparently gentle beings suddenly threw off the reserve and timidity of the weaker sex, assuming the daring and fierceness of manhood. Several attempted to draw their swords and pistols to make a desperate resistance; but we sprang forward, affording them no time for opposition, and in less than five minutes after our entrance they were all secured, and marched off through the streets to the citadel—many people wondering, as we went along, at a spectacle so unusual and singular.

The formality of the law and the competency of witnesses were unnecessary in cases like these. No sooner had I communicated the intelligence of their capture to my chief, than a tchaoosh was despatched to the citadel with an order for their instant execution; the Jew Eyoob suffered with them, and their heads were displayed on the various gates of the city.

All ranks were bewildered—consternation pervaded their minds—men looked and wondered, whispered their fears, expecting their own turn to come next, and inwardly invoked a curse on the tyrant. Aboodahab, however, was not yet appeased by the torrents of blood which he had shed; his appetite for slaughter seemed to increase only with its gratification. Could he have fulfilled his desires, he would have wished, like the Roman despot, his subjects had but one head, that he might be enabled to strike it off at a blow.

When this affair was over, I took an opportunity, while I was alone with Mohammed, to mention the designs of my enemies. I represented their malice, described their hatred, and conjured him to dismiss me from his service, since I was become so obnoxious to those around him.

“What!” he cried, passion gleaming in his eyes, and obscuring his brow, “is the voice of this presumptuous caste all-powerful here? By the soul of our blessed *Prophet*! these boasters must be taken some account of.

Go, rest thou in safety, Mahmoud, we will have no more of this."

On my departure, he summoned the fiercest of my enemies into his presence, and read them such a lecture, that I experienced little of their ill-will in future; it vented itself in idle words and glances of fire, of which I took no notice, but which I was not backward to return with interest.

About this period, an event occurred which completely turned my thoughts into another channel, plunging me for a while into a fever of agitation and excitement.

It happened during the massacre at Smyrna, which has been detailed in former pages of this work, that I had been instrumental in saving the lives of two young Greeks—brother and sister—the ill-fated offspring of a countryman who perished on that occasion. Their names were Theodore and Zoe.

I was going out one morning, when an attendant entered and announced a stranger, who was waiting to see me. I desired him to be shown in, and presently a tall, handsome-looking young Greek entered the room.

"Constantine!" he cried, as he advanced towards me with extended arms; but he checked himself, and called me by my right name. I received his embrace, and immediately recognised the boy Theodore; but now so altered in height, shape, and features, just bursting into manhood, that I could scarcely credit my senses. He hung upon my neck, shedding tears of joy, and for a few minutes could not sufficiently command his feelings to give utterance to them. After a time he became more composed, and we sat down, our discourse turning on the events which had happened since we last parted at Smyrna.

"This is a happy meeting," said Theodore, at length, joy beaming in his countenance; "may it be more fortunate than the last!" and his features underwent a sorrowful expression, as the recollection of former days flashed across his mind.

I saw that my change of dress excited his attention,

and that he wished to say something, but refrained from motives of delicacy, and I said, "You no doubt wonder at the alteration in my appearance ; but change of dress does not necessarily imply a change of sentiment and character. Circumstances will often occur to make the wisest—fools : we must all submit when destiny decides. But come, let us not indulge in melancholy reflections—tell me, for I am anxious to know—is your sister Zoe still living ?"

"She is," replied Theodore. "Soon after you left Smyrna, we also quitted it and came here, where I am now established in business. This morning I was in the shop of a Turkish merchant, where the subject of your being drowned, and your unexpected return, were the topic of conversation. Some one happened to know your former history, which he related ; in the course of his narrative he mentioned your name. I am happy to find that so trivial a circumstance has been the means of bringing us together."

Theodore having expressed a wish to learn the events which had happened to me since our last meeting, I related them as concisely as possible.

When I had concluded, he said, "My sister Zoe is about to be married, and I have to request that you will honour the feast with your presence." I thanked him, and inquired who was to be her future husband.

"It is now some months since we became acquainted. Being desirous of entering into some mercantile speculations, an intimacy sprang up between us, and the stranger so far ingratiated himself into my confidence, that I received him into my house. Having seen my sister Zoe on one occasion, he proposed to marry her ; his prospects being fair, with the advice of our friends the match was agreed upon. He is an Italian by birth, and his name Bensolio."

A sudden pang shot through my heart like an arrow. I begged Theodore to give me a description of his person ; he did so ; a vague and dark suspicion came across my mind. "Can it be ?" I said, mentally ; "it must be *he* !" The description answered in every particular ;

but then, the difference of name—this he might have assumed for purposes best known to himself. I could not divest myself of the idea, and resolved to be satisfied before another day had passed over my head. I forbore to mention my suspicions to Theodore: requesting him, therefore, not to name to any one that he had seen me, I promised to meet him on the morrow, and left him to proceed to Mohammed.

The scheick-el-belled was engaged in deep consultation with Ismael, Ibrahim, and Murad Beys, and I had to wait some time. When those beys had taken their departure, I sent in my name with the rest; and it was with no small degree of triumph that I heard myself desired to enter before those who had been hours in attendance. As I made my way through the crowds in the anteroom, fierce looks, lips curled in contempt, or compressed with rage, met my view on all sides; but I passed on with the indifference of one who felt unconscious of any one near him.

“Well, Mahmoud,” said my chief, on my entrance, “what news dost thou bring me?”

“Please your highness,” I replied, “I fear I have been rather remiss in my duty. If you will condescend to listen to your humble slave—”

“Say on,” he said, interrupting me rather hastily, “and let me hear thee.”

“The proposal which you were pleased to make to me a few days back has deeply engrossed my mind. In the midst of my cogitations, I received a message from the merchant Djelayni to repair to his house. It is unnecessary to relate the particulars of our discourse, which ended in the merchant’s making me an offer to marry his daughter. Perplexed at the proposal, I gave him an evasive answer, resolving to name it to you before I proceeded any further in the matter.”

“Then my advice is, accept the offer of the merchant. Dost thou not perceive that it will be the means of forwarding my wishes in a certain affair? Thou wouldst have acted wisely hadst thou acceded to it at once; but thy fault may be easily repaired.”

“It is for your highness to command,” I said, “and for me to obey.” I then quitted the palace.

I resolved, however, not to be the perpetrator of an act so base. Though my late course of life had instilled into my mind passions and sentiments of a dark and frightful character, I still possessed a species of moral restraint which revolted at the commission of an outrage so demonlike and cruel. Had it been any one else—had I any private motive of revenge to gratify, I should not have hesitated to comply. But to have the blood of my aged and truly devoted friend on my head—of him whose goodness of heart was even now striving to forward my advancement—“no!” I exclaimed, mentally, “much blood is on my hands already, they may yet be stained with more, but shall never shed the blood of the virtuous and the aged.”

It was my usual practice every day, when the affairs of my chief did not otherwise prevent, to ride a few leagues from Cairo. Sometimes I went out by Mount Mokattem, at other times by Kyatbai, where the tombs of the Mamlouks are; frequently crossed the Nile to the village of Dgizeh, taking a gallop over the plains towards the pyramids. I was returning from thence the day after my interview with Theodore, when I passed a party of Franks, accompanied by one or two Greeks; a couple of janizaries walked before to protect them from molestation.

They might have proceeded unnoticed, but presently one of the Greeks broke from the party, and came riding up to me—it was Theodore. After the usual salutations, he requested me to join them: saying I should then have an opportunity of seeing the future husband of his sister, and might possibly form my judgment respecting him. A slight feeling of agitation overcame me on hearing this; but I consented to go, and we rode towards the party, among whom I recognised the foreign consuls. They stopped to salute me. Theodore introduced me by name to a few of them, and I returned their compliments in French, which was a language I well understood.

But my eyes were riveted with a kind of fascination upon one man who rode in the centre of the party. Amazement held me a while regardless of the attentions of those around. When perception returned, so violent was my excitement, that I trembled, and could scarcely keep my saddle. A multitude of ideas rushed on my mind; methought I beheld the image of my adorable Estafania; it rose up before me, pointing at the destroyer of all my earthly felicity. I gazed—and gazed—till my momentary uncertainty giving way to the tumultuous passions which arose within me, I cried aloud, “Camoli—villain! behold the husband of Estafania!”

The exclamation astonished all present, exciting the attention of the object of my wrath, I pushed my horse towards him: he recognised me with a fearful cry, and attempted to get among the party, calling upon them to shield him from my vengeance. I leaped from my horse, and rushed upon him with a fury which gave him no hopes of mercy. He avoided me by retreating behind his companions, who stood with a determination of defending him.

“Dogs!” I exclaimed, my rage exploding with tenfold violence at this show of opposition, flourishing my hand-jhar before them, “stand back—upon your lives, stand back.”

Several of them attempted to reason with me—to calm my vehemence, which only inflamed me the more. Theodore ran up to me, grasped my arm, conjuring me to be composed.

“Boy!” I exclaimed, as I hurled him from me, for I was now maddened with fury, “come not between me and my revenge. Had he a hundred lives I would take them.”

I bounded forward with the spring of a tiger, pushing men and horses aside, darted upon the Italian, seized him by his dress, and brought him to the ground. Our struggle was dreadful, such as men alone can feel who strive for the mastery in matters of life and death. It was but momentary; I disengaged my right arm, and, amid his piercing cries of despair and mercy, stabbed

him to the heart. I repeated the blow several times. Satisfied that I had completed my purpose, I rose up, gazing deliberately, but with feelings of bitter triumph, upon his dying struggles. In a few moments he was dead.

I turned round to survey the party of Franks. Horror and consternation were depicted in their countenances, denying them the power of utterance. I smiled contemptuously upon them, seized the bridle of my horse, and was about to mount.

At this moment Theodore's voice sounded in my ears: "Oh, Mahmoud!" cried the generous boy, with feelings of anguish, the tears standing in his eyes; "what have you done? In killing him you have destroyed my sister."

"Theodore!" I said, surveying the youth with tenderness; "I have saved her from the contamination of a villain."

"What mean you?"

"Hear me," I cried, pointing at my victim; "in that senseless body behold the Italian Camoli. 'Tis even so, Theodore—Bensolio was an assumed name. My revenge is complete, and I am now satisfied. You know my history, relate it to these wondering people, and they will no doubt confess that I am justified in what I have done."

I then addressed the janizaries, who had not attempted to interfere, telling them if they wished to hear anything further of me they would find me at the palace of Mohammed Bey. I mounted my steed, and set off at a gallop towards Cairo. The excitement under which I laboured flushed me to a pitch of delirium, and I felt a pleasure, a horrid joy, arise within me, in contemplating the past.

"Estafania!" I exclaimed, as I forced my horse on with the speed of the wind—"Estafania, thou art avenged!" I laughed on thinking how well I had fulfilled my vow, and my mind dwelt upon it for days, revelling in the picture of the dying struggles and screams of my victim.

On my arrival at Cairo, I instantly repaired to the palace of Mohammed. I related to him all—the events of my marriage with Estafania, my happiness, the intrigues and the treachery of Camoli. I then mentioned the unlooked for circumstance of meeting him that day, in company with the foreign consuls, and the revenge which I had taken.

“Make thyself easy, Mahmoud,” said my chief; “hadst thou taken the lives of all those infidels, not a hair of thy head should be touched.”

Satisfied with this, I returned home. However, I heard nothing more of the affair—it was a thing of frequent occurrence, and I thought no more of the matter.

In the evening Theodore paid me a visit. The sight of me brought to his mind the events of the morning, and renewed his sorrow. He wept—but said nothing. I told him, mildly but firmly, that his grief was a reflection upon my conduct; that he ought to be thankful I had freed society of a man who, in securing the affections of his sister, doubtless entertained a worse design than marrying her. I then gave him a more detailed narrative of the artifices which Camoli had employed to ruin my peace of mind, and how he had accomplished it.

“Days and nights,” I continued, “have I meditated on his villany, and my revenge has been fostered with the undying hope of gratifying it. It is now done, and I am satisfied.”

Theodore was compelled to acknowledge that I was right, and felt but too happy when he comprehended the full extent of the degradation which his sister had escaped. He fell upon my neck, saying that he should ever feel the affection of a brother towards me, and hoped I would extend to him the same regard. I embraced him with equal ardour, assuring him that I should always be as a brother to him, and afford him all the protection which it was in my power to command. We then separated.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the mean time, events had taken place in Syria which called forth all the energies of Mohammed. Aly Bey, supported by the Russians, and assisted by the Scheick Daher, had completed the conquest of that country; he now sat down before Gaza, where he resolved to remain until he had collected around him an army powerful enough to make another struggle for the sovereignty of Egypt.

Aly Bey, notwithstanding the severe blow which Mohammed had given the janizaries, and the alarm which pervaded that body, had constantly maintained a correspondence with several officers of the band, who were eager for his return. Our chief, though aware of this, let it pass unnoticed, foreseeing that in the end it would lead to Aly's destruction. Indeed, Mohammed caused several letters to be written, both by eminent people in Cairo, and his own adherents, entreating Aly's return, promising to support him with all their means, and restore him to power. Aly, deceived by these manifestations in his favour, resolved to make a last effort; he quitted Syria, and encamped before Gaza, offering the most liberal rewards to all who would join his standard.

Upon receiving this intelligence, the scheick-el-belled immediately assembled whatever troops could be got together: and bands of Arabs and Mawgarbees came pouring into the city from various quarters. The camp was pitched near the Birket-el-hadj. More than a month, however, elapsed before everything was in readiness for the march. At length, the army left Cairo for the small town of Salaheh, the whole being under the command of Ismael Bey, and there awaited the appearance of Aly Bey.

But the latter was in no disposition for the encounter.

He resolved to delay it until his forces should be sufficiently augmented to enable him to contend with some chance of success. He therefore remained at Gaza, and, both by his proclamations and rewards, drew round him hordes of Mawgarbees, who are always on the alert to enter into the service of the highest bidder. Two of the sons of Daher, Scheick Khrim, Scheick Ali, with his son-in-law, the Scheick Tchelebi, and a body of Safadians and Mootawalis, joined him. Aly was also supported by a troop of Greeks and Russians, the latter having a small train of artillery. The brave Tentaoui, together with Hassan and several other beys, led on a large body of Mamlouks.

This state of affairs continued for some time, and all parties viewed the approaching struggle with the respective feelings which their individual interests prompted. I must own that I looked upon it with as much anxiety as the rest; but was rather disappointed when told by Mohammed, on my application to join the army, that my services would be required at home. The fighting, he said, would not end with the coming battle: he should soon have occasion for my services on far more important enterprises. I found the prediction verified in the end.

During the bustle and commotion of these events the enmity of my chief against the merchant Djelayni had in nowise abated. In those instances where any injury or offence had been offered him, I never knew him to forgive the aggressor. Mallem Reiske was a convincing proof of his unrelenting appetite for revenge.

Oftentimes, when meditating upon the uncertainty of all things, and reviewing those scenes of blood which it had been my lot to behold, and in which I had been the principal actor, my mind dwelt upon the insecurity of my own affairs, suggesting to me that some day or other my own turn might come. Mohammed had lately given me two or three hints respecting the affair which I had taken in hand. I only returned him evasive replies, which, however, were taken no further notice of by

him, than that he hoped I would see his commands executed.

I foresaw that my refusal would draw down upon me the whole weight of his wrath, whereas my acquiescence would bring me honour and riches. I weighed the several advantages resulting from the one, with the misery and horror which would follow the execution of the other, and my heart pointed out the course which I ought to pursue.

"Come what may," I exclaimed, "I will never lend myself to an act of such dark ingratitude. Rather will I suffer all the resentment of Aboodahab—even death itself—than stain my hands by so foul a deed."

Uttering this resolve, I went to pay my promised visit to the merchant, who received me with his usual affability.

"My son," he said, when I had seated myself, "hear my counsel, and listen to the advice of an old man, whose days are drawing towards a close, and whose time is employed in the prosecution of acts of charity and mercy. I have seen many strange things during my life—I have observed the characters of men in various nations, and under various circumstances, but never have I beheld the darker passions of human nature so prominently displayed as in the scheick-el-belled. Many events happened, prior to his elevation, which should have warned me against putting too much confidence in such a man: but I was led to believe that much greater things would be done by him—that he would act uprightly in the administration of the laws, and secure the nation's wealth and prosperity. But I have been deceived. I foresee, for some years to come, nothing but intestine wars and tumult."

Here the old man paused, for his feelings overpowered his utterance. At length he proceeded—

"I cannot view your connection with Mohammed Bey, my son, without feelings of apprehension. It was through my recommendation that you entered his service, and I feel myself bound, now that his proceedings have become so oppressive and bloodthirsty, to reclaim you.

Your marriage with my beloved child will place you beyond the contingencies of fortune, and you will therefore require no additional means of wealth. Live with me, my son—let me for the remainder of my days have the consolation of beholding you and my child enjoying those blessings which it has pleased Allah to bestow upon you.”

On hearing this, my heart swelled with the mingled emotions of grief and anguish, which prevented me from replying. At length, recovering myself, I told him that I should never be able to repay the vast benefits which he was about to heap so unsparingly upon me. I was unworthy of so much regard, and felt his kindness the more sensibly, that it was manifested towards a person so unworthy of it. I acknowledged his munificence with many thanks; still there were circumstances which I thought would prevent me from complying to the full extent of his wishes.

“What circumstances—what objection can there be, my son?”

“You have well described our ruler,” I said, in a suppressed voice, “as the demon of desolation and mischief. Need I say more, when I state that there is one man, once his best, his firmest friend, whose ample means and energies were devoted to secure his chief’s elevation, but whose independent spirit scorned to countenance the acts of a madman; need I say more, when I state that this man is doomed to fall by the hand of treachery?”

“Your words are mysterious,” said Djelayni, with a serious air, “but they convey a frightful meaning to my mind: explain yourself, and let me know the worst.”

“My friend! my benefactor!” I exclaimed, casting myself prostrate before him, “forgive, and drive me from your presence.”

“Mahmoud!” he cried, overpowered with amazement, “what mean you? In the name of Allah, my son, speak out.”

“Think you,” I said, “that you have nerve to listen to me, for I have that to say which will astonish and confound you.”

“Say on, my son,” he replied, calmly, “and conceal nothing from me.”

Here I entered into all the particulars of my conversation with Mohammed respecting the trivial offence which had excited his deadly enmity against himself, and how he suspected him of carrying on a secret correspondence with Aly Bey.

“These things he represented to me,” I continued, “with matchless cunning and ability, calling upon me, as I valued his protection, to obey his commands. And what think you they were? Allah! Allah! my heart is ready to burst with indignation, when I reflect on his monstrous ingratitude. I was called upon—ay, he exacted a promise from me that I would slay you—you, my friend—my benefactor!—to gratify his insatiate thirst for blood!”

Djelayni was struck dumb: the course of nature seemed suddenly to have been arrested, and he looked at me with a species of incredulity and horror: he spoke not—moved not—all his faculties seemed paralyzed. A sudden pang—a convulsion of more than mortal agony, shook his frame; uttering a loud cry, he fell back on the sofa, on which he reclined, apparently dead. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils: he groaned aloud—once I thought he called upon my name. I sprang up, rushed out of the room, and summoned his attendants. They entered—alarm expressed in their looks. I despatched one or two for the hakim.

“Allah! Allah!” hoarsely murmured the dying merchant, his eyes open, with a wildness and uncertainty in their glare, which plainly told us he was lingering on the verge of life.

His wondering slaves knew not what to think: horror-struck and amazed at the spectacle before them, they gazed upon their master, then at me—the pool of blood on the floor exciting their suspicions; but I soon eased their minds by explaining that the merchant had broken a bloodvessel. Here the hakim came in, and confirmed what I said. He told us, after examining him with attention, that there was no hope of saving him.

During the lapse of an hour, Djelayni lay in a kind of stupor, between life and death. Determined to wait the result, I sat by his side, watching him with all the solicitude of a son over a dying father. At length, a tremulous moaning, an indistinct murmuring, broke from his agonized chest. His eyes opened in a dreamy kind of stare, and he exclaimed, "Allah ! Allah ! It is the will of God !—Allah kereem !" Exhausted by the efforts which he had made to utter these words, he again sunk on his mattress.

I spoke to him—I called upon his name, endeavouring to rouse him from the lethargy which had taken hold of him : a faint smile played upon his features—I placed my hand in his, and he grasped it with a feeling of affection.

"Mahmoud !" at length he said, his voice quivering, and his words coming by fits from his husky throat, "it is done—the wish of thy master is accomplished. The hand of death is upon me—I grow faint. Let my child know that I blessed her. My peace be upon you, my son. Azrael ! I come."

He ceased speaking, his eyes closed gently, and he breathed hard. He became gradually weaker ; towards night his spirit gently passed away. I satisfied myself that he was no more, and then quitted the place for my own home.

I threw myself on a couch, my thoughts reverting, with feelings of anguish, to the scene which I had just witnessed, and my heart smote me as being the cause of all. My imprudence had brought that to pass, which all the wealth of Egypt would not have forced me to commit, and I cursed myself for the desolation which I had brought upon the house of Djelayni.

"Aboodahab !" I exclaimed, "thy vengeance will now be satisfied—thou wilt triumph at the destruction which thou hast occasioned, while I, though my love and fidelity wrought the deed, must bear all the horrors of its accomplishment. It is now done. But think not, proud and insatiate bey, that I sympathize with thee. My tongue may have often sneered at—my heart may have

oftentimes exulted in, the miseries of my fellow-creatures, but I have still preserved inviolate the rights of friendship and hospitality."

I rose with the morning sun, but my heart was sad with excess of sorrow, and I remained at home, undecided what course to pursue. At length I went to the palace of Mohammed. The news of the merchant's death had preceded my arrival. It was known that I was with him at the time; it was even hinted by some—as I afterward learned—that I was the cause of it. My blood boiled with fury at the aspersion; but my heart whispered that there was some truth in it.

My interview with Mohammed was short. Affairs of more importance than the death of such a man as Djelayni now occupied his attention. When I told him what had happened—though he had previously been made acquainted with it—he gave me credit for this proof of obedience. I endeavoured, however, to undeceive him: he would not hear me, but dismissing me hastily, as he rose to go abroad to review some troops, told me that I was a cunning rogue, and supposed I did not wish to have the merchant's death laid to my charge, but it undoubtedly was. As he said this, he gave one of his peculiar laughs, and I left him in no enviable state of mind.

"Well," I muttered, on gaining the outside of the palace, "if I must bear the burden of the merchant's death, so let it be; but let no mortal, save thyself, Mohammed, dare to breathe a syllable against me, or my dagger shall punish his temerity."

Events, however, of an important character now engrossed all my attention. Aly Bey, finding himself strong enough for the contest, left Gaza, and advanced upon the town of Salahah, where a battle was fought, which ended in the total overthrow of Ismael Bey, who was compelled to retreat upon Cairo. Had Aly possessed his usual decision, followed up his advantage, and pursued the terror-stricken enemy, he might have retaken the capital without opposition; but he contented himself with the success which he had gained, and took up his quarters in the camp of Ismael.

During two days and nights the defeated troops came pouring into Cairo. The first man who presented himself from the scene of slaughter was one of Ismael's Mamlouks, who galloped into the city, red with the blood of his foes. He dashed through the narrow streets with a rapidity which overthrew everything in his way, and directed his course towards the palace of Mohammed.

The disaster soon became known, the people manifested a consternation fast approaching open tumult, when Mohammed appearing among them, silenced their clamours by a wise and temperate address. But though he stilled the riot for a time, he could not altogether repress their rejoicings, particularly when they learned that it was the intention of Aly Bey to march direct for Cairo.

A divan was immediately summoned, which sat the whole day, devising means for the security of the capital. Mohammed issued a proclamation, stating, that whoever loved his religion and his country, was to take up arms in their defence, it being artfully represented by the scheick-el-belled, that Aly Bey was bringing an army of Russians, to compel the inhabitants to change their religion. Upon hearing this, the people rose up in a state of fury, rushed through the streets, calling for arms, and breathing vengeance on the Yaqors. In the space of three days, Mohammed raised an army of twenty thousand men, which instantly marched for the town of Salah.

But the severest blow which our chief received was the refusal of the janizaries to join his standard. They defied his threats, scorned his entreaties, resolving to a man not to lift a weapon against their old master—so that Mohammed was fain to let them remain in their quarters at Cairo.

Days and nights I had been employed assembling, arming, and disposing the troops which had been raised. When this vast assemblage was reduced to something like discipline and regularity, and quitted the city, I had some little breathing-time.

The ardent wish of my heart—the object, but not the height, of my ambition was now accomplished—I was

placed among the Mamlouks of Aboodadab. My admission met with loud and frequent murmurs from those dissatisfied warriors; my chief, however, carried his point, telling them that his interests required it, and that he hoped to hear of no further opposition to his commands. He accompanied this intimation with looks sufficiently expressive in their meaning, which effectually silenced further remonstrance.

I took my station under the immediate command of Abdallah the kehaya. Unlike his more fiery brethren, he had always evinced a warm affection towards me, by constantly rendering me little services, promoting my welfare, and endeavouring upon all occasions to repress those feelings of enmity which existed against me. I had myself so far succeeded in overcoming the Mamlouks' antipathy, by timely presents and offices of kindness, that I soon had a strong party, resolved to support me in opposition to my more determined enemies. The approaching battle, however, soon put all trivial animosities to flight.

The night before my departure for Salahah, I was returning from the Usbequie to my own house, when, crossing the bridge of Emir Hossein, I felt my sleeve pulled by some one. I turned round, and saw a woman close at my elbow—I demanded her business.

"You know me not," she said, "and yet it is but two short years since we met on this very spot."

"Ha," I cried, scrutinizing her person, "you are the attendant of the lady Eminé."

"You are right," she replied; "sad and dreary have been the hours of your absence. Was it kind to desert her?"

"You are mistaken: I was forcibly dragged from hence."

"What mean you?" demanded the attendant, with much astonishment.

"That on the night I saw the lady Eminé, returning home to my lodging, I was seized by the seratches of Raooshouan Bey, and put on board a vessel bound for Smyrna."

"Allah ! Allah ! this is a strange tale," she cried.

"Strange though it may seem, it is nevertheless true;" and here I related to her a portion of the events which had happened to me up to the period of my arrival in Egypt. She expressed her surprise at the recital, and said that I might still make my peace with her offended mistress, provided I explained all things in a satisfactory manner.

"She is anxious to see you," continued the attendant, "and has commanded me to bring you to her house to-night. Are you willing to go?" I assented, and we instantly set off in that direction.

I had to wait some little time until the fair Eminé was announced to be ready to receive me ; I therefore had leisure to reflect on what I should say. At length I was summoned to her apartment, where I found her reclining on a sofa, anxiously expecting me. So violent were her emotions on beholding me, that she could scarcely command her voice to bid me advance and sit down by her side. The recollection of our former meeting threw a restraint upon both, and we sat for a few moments gazing at each other with feelings which it is impossible to describe.

Suddenly her veil fell, disclosing her lovely countenance to my expecting gaze, more beautiful and resplendent than when I had seen it last. A slight expression of sorrow shaded her features, which only added fresh charms to them. She sighed as she looked upon me ; the fountains of her heart were opened, suffusing her eyes with tears, those eloquent proofs of affection, while her sobs bespoke the depth and vehemence of her emotions. I cast myself on my knees before her, seized her small and delicately formed hand, imprinting a kiss upon it, and conjuring her not to render me wretched by thus giving way to her grief.

"Is it possible," at length she said, as I rose from the floor and seated myself by her side, while my arms encircled her in their embrace—"is it possible thou canst feel for my distress?"

"Ay, my love !" I exclaimed, pressing her fondly to

my heart; "and that which my tongue now declares to thee, believe me, my heart also responds to."

"Oh, Mahmoud! my life! my soul!" she cried, throwing her arms round my head, and gazing upon me passionately, "thou knowest not, canst not know, the torments, hopes, fears—the whirlwinds of wo, passion, and despair—which have torn and distracted this aching heart. Was it right, my love, to leave me?"

"Blame me not, sweet light of my soul! for a neglect which was no fault of mine. Hear me, and you shall judge of my conduct." I then told her how I had been forcibly carried away, and when I had finished, declared that all that I possessed was at her disposal and command.

She threw herself into my embrace, rewarding this confession of my attachment with the tenderest expressions of love.

"What thou hast told me fills me with amazement: I can very well understand the motives which influenced Raoshouan Bey. Oh! how I grieved and lamented when thou didst not return; what agony, what torture I endured during the many long months of thy absence, still cherishing the fond, the ardent hope, that thou wouldst return and bless me by thy presence."

Thus interchanging our vows of love, we passed the greater part of the night: all other thoughts were swallowed up in the endless theme; the morning light began to make its appearance ere we thought of separating. Before I quitted her, however, we had so far brought our imaginations to the level of the common concerns of life, that the marriage feast was fixed to take place as soon as possible after the forthcoming battle.

It required all the exertion of my manhood to withstand the fond inducements of my fair mistress to stay away from the approaching contest; but I told her that, however love for her might beget such a wish, honour, and my duty to my chief, would never allow me to accede to it. The jeers of my companions, I

said, would be more painful to me than the loss of life. She at length gave an unwilling consent, and our parting was marked by those agonizing emotions which almost tore our hearts asunder.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE band of Mamlouks to which I was attached had begun their march before I quitted the house of my mistress : I overtook them a few miles from Cairo, and joined the troop of Abdallah the kehaya. We continued our march the whole day ; towards nightfall we were allowed to snatch a brief repose, lying down by our horses. Long before daybreak we pursued our route, and towards the close of the evening came within sight of Salahah, where the army had just arrived, and was about to encamp.

The greater part of the night was spent in deliberation by our chief and his beys. The following day being Friday, the Mohammedan sabbath, Aboodahab wished to defer the battle, but Ibrahim and Murad, impatient for the contest, called loudly for instant action, and would not listen to anything like delay, and he was at length obliged to yield to their solicitations.

At early dawn we observed the army of Aly Bey, posted near a grove of palm trees, which skirted the town. After an hour or two of deep suspense, a small band of Mamlouks separated from the main body, and came towards us with the speed of the wind. When they had arrived within a quarter of a mile of our position, they suddenly drew up their horses, flourished their yataghans, bidding us come on with shouts of defiance. I looked at the kehaya : his eye was fixed upon the immoveable countenance of our chief, who viewed these braggadocios with as much unconcern as he would have done a parcel of children.

"Is there no one among you," at length he said, "capable of dispersing yonder troop of boys?"

At the word I bounded from my place, followed by Osman and a dozen of my companions, soliciting permission to go and chastise them. The countenances of my enemies darkened at my presumption, though many were secretly pleased at the opportunity which presented itself of getting rid of me, for only a dozen joined me—this was purposely managed—while our adversaries exceeded twenty in number.

"Go, Mahmoud," said my chief, giving me an encouraging look. Upon hearing this, I gave my impatient barb the rein; he darted forward like an arrow from a bow, getting considerably the start of my comrades. I slackened my speed, however, and they soon came up.

In the mean time, the band of Mamlouks, perceiving our advance, turned their horses, as we thought, with the intention of retreating; but, after taking a considerable sweep, suddenly wheeled round again. We had not checked our career, so that the encounter took place with great impetuosity. Upon the discharge of our carbines and pistols, half a dozen saddles were emptied. We returned to the charge with shouts of exultation.

Our swords now began the work of destruction, and the struggle became deadly. I disabled two of the foe with as many successive strokes of my weapon; my companions were equally successful in their efforts. Three of the hostile band, observing the slaughter which I made among them, dashed forward to cut me down. I eluded their charge by causing my well-trained steed to spring aside. He obeyed the motion of my hand with wonderful precision, giving a tremendous bound. As my antagonists passed on, I warded off a cut from the nearest, and rising in my stirrups, cleft his head in two. His companions returned to the charge, uttering cries of vengeance. I kept myself firm, watching their approach. I had enough to do to avoid the repeated blows of those infuriated be-

ings : they beset me with a determination to annihilate me ; and had it not been for the wonderful sagacity and training of the noble animal which I rode, I should have been cut to pieces.

At this moment I was joined by Osman. Observing my exhaustion, perceiving also that my opponents had loaded their pistols, he advanced suddenly behind one of them, and sent a bullet through his brain : his companion instantly wheeled round and fled.

Few of the enemy now remained, and those, perceiving the slaughter of their comrades, immediately took to flight, trusting to the speed of their horses for escape. Satisfied with the triumph we had achieved, we returned to the main body of the army, wounded and exhausted, having sustained the loss of nearly half our little troop.

On our return, Mohammed, calling me before him, embraced me affectionately in sight of the whole army, praised my courage, and bestowed upon me many expressions of regard. Then turning to his Mamlouks, and surveying them with a look of triumph, he ordered me, in a loud voice, to take my place next in command to his kehaya. I went to my post, glowing with feelings of exultation, while the darkened countenances of my enemies betokened the utmost fury. The order was instantly given to advance, and the Mawgarbees in the van moved forward, making the air resound with their war cries.

Our chief had confided the sole direction of the attack to Ibrahim Bey, he himself, with a reserve of a chosen body of Mamlouks, being posted on a small eminence, from whence he could survey the engagement.

The enemy got in motion. On the right, Tentaoui Bey led a formidable band of Mamlouks, the flower of the army, and the chief dependance of his master. On the left, Scheick Ali and Scheick Khrim led on their Arabs ; the centre was composed of bands of Mawgarbees ; the few cannon which they possessed, managed by some Greeks and Russians, played upon us from an eminence near the town. Our troops were disposed

much in the same order, but more than trebled theirs in number and efficiency.

The shock was tremendous: men and horses were overthrown, and trampled to death, while the havoc soon became dreadful, from the close quarters in which we were engaged. Both parties, however, soon became so intermingled, that they were scattered over the plain. Accustomed to fight in small detached bands, many separated from the rest. The kehaya and myself, followed by about two hundred resolute spirits, cut our way through the thickest of the foe, and suddenly found ourselves completely surrounded, the Mamlouks of Tentaoui falling upon us on one side, and in our rear, while a body of Mawgarbees opened a most destructive fire upon us in front. We made a dash at the latter, overthrew a portion, and took ample revenge by the sacrifice of several score.

We then turned to make a charge upon the Mamlouks of Tentaoui, but in the mean time a fresh body of our troops had fought their way to us, distracting the enemy's attention by their war cries, and the precipitate nature of their charge. We now assailed them in the most desperate manner, throwing them into disorder; and had not a reinforcement come to their assistance, which charged us in turn, not a man would have escaped.

In the mean time, our infantry advanced to the attack with a resolution which seemed as if it would carry everything before it. They were, however, received by a brisk fire from the enemy, and repulsed with great loss. After an hour or two of mutual slaughter, throwing away their muskets, and drawing their swords, they renewed the attack with a fury approaching to madness, wielding a yataghan in one hand, and a dagger in the other. All their efforts, however, were unavailing: after a sanguinary contest of more than three hours' duration, they began to waver, and fell back. The Mawgarbees followed up their success, and uttering tremendous shouts, brought the greater part of their comrades to the spot where the conflict raged between the contending Mamlouks.

Abdallah perceiving the retreat of our infantry, imme-

diately ordered me to detach a sufficient body of his followers to resist the Mawgarbees, who were now slaughtering the panic-stricken Arabs. I got together a determined troop, and hastily arranging them for the attack, rushed forward with loud cries of "Allah hu!"

Our chief had witnessed the disorder of the infantry, and despatched a messenger to Ibrahim Bey to succour them. Ibrahim had nearly completed the rout of the sons of Scheick Daher. Scheick Khrim had fallen, pierced with wounds, among a heap of his slaughtered foes, but Scheick Ali still continued the contest with undiminished ardour. Upon learning that the centre of the army had given way, Ibrahim directed Murad to hasten to the spot with a thousand horse. Our attack was simultaneous. As Murad fell upon their left, we charged them on the right, with boldness and decision. The infantry, too, perceiving the relief which had arrived, renewed the struggle with alacrity. The enemy, however, received our united force with a fierceness and intrepidity truly astonishing, threw themselves forward, scorning to yield, and repulsing six different attacks with unflinching steadiness and perseverance.

In the midst of this sanguinary struggle, the Mawgarbees, on the side next Murad Bey, suddenly raised a tremendous shout, and gave over fighting. Loud and confused murmurs were heard among them: the fierce spirits, so lately burning to cut each other's throats, now dropped their arms, and mingled together like brethren in one common cause. We were struck with amazement at the singular scene, but still fought, doubting what all this might mean.

At length we perceived several of the personal Mamlouks of Murad Bey coming hastily through the throng, calling upon us to give over fighting, and to our astonishment were told, that the Mawgarbees, seduced by the gold of Aboodahab, had consented to join his standard. We hailed the intelligence with shouts of triumph, and hastily arranged them for the attack. It was well for our chief that he made the proposal; it came just in time, for it is very certain

we could not have held out another hour against their overwhelming fury.

The battle now raged with fiercer animosity than before ; but it was evident that the enemy, already dispirited by the treachery of the Mawgarbees, was fast sinking under the tremendous attack now made upon them.

The retainers of Scheick Ali, notwithstanding the loss of one of their leaders, still carried on a protracted but useless struggle. They fought with a bravery and devotion which would have decided the success of the day, had their efforts been supported with equal vigour ; but it was impossible to contend against the numbers which now opposed him : the undaunted scheick yielded every inch of ground with a stubbornness of purpose which cost his enemies dearly. At length he resolved to retire, though hemmed in by thousands.

Scheick Ali passed the word for a retreat ; followed by his vassals, he dashed through a host of his enemies, shouting defiance to their repeated exclamations to cut him down. His foes fell before him, opening a passage for his career, and he darted through their fire with an overwhelming impetuosity, as though he possessed a charmed life.

Meanwhile I had joined the Mamlouks under Abdallah. The brave Tentaoui, supported by Hassan and Rao-shouan Beys, long kept the victory doubtful. Ardently devoted to his master, Tentaoui performed prodigies of valour, which drew forth even the admiration of his enemies. Resolved either to conquer or perish, he animated his followers to the charge with loud and frequent shouts of triumph.

Mohammed, however, when he observed the retainers of Scheick Ali giving way, determined to make a last and decisive attack to terminate the struggle, which began to grow long and tedious. He advanced upon Tentaoui with his reserve. This charge of our leader decided the day, and completed the rout. The
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continued the slaughter with unabated activity. Admiration of his heroic daring induced us to offer him quarter, but he scorned our proposal. At length he and his adherents were overpowered by a host, and fell amid a heap of slain, shouting their cries of victory, even as they died.

The battle was now decided, and our victorious troops were in full pursuit after the flying enemy. Murad Bey got together a band of about fifty Mamlouks—I was of the number. Calling upon us to follow him, we immediately set off at full speed for the town, where the camp of Aly Bey was pitched. We overtook several parties of the enemy, retreating upon Gaza. At length we reached the camp, shaping our course for the tent of Aly. Scheick Daher's son had just left him, Aly having refused all entreaties to fly with him to Akka. His beys conjured him to accompany them, but he rejected their offers, telling them to leave him to his fate. They immediately left him and fled.

Scarcely had they quitted him, when we approached, and surrounded the tent. A small body of pages and Mamlouks, about our own number, defended the entrance. We called upon them to surrender: they answered us with shouts of defiance, and fought with a despair which convinced us we had no trifling work to perform. So desperate was the combat, that they were all cut to pieces; Murad, myself, and eight others, alone remaining out of our own troop.

We rushed into the tent, Murad foremost, eager to have the honour of taking captive the once dreaded Aly, whom we expected to find overcome with dismay, and subdued by misfortune; but he had a soul above the paltry concerns of life, and his spirit, yet unconquered, recoiled not at the scene which now presented itself.

As we entered the tent he rose from a couch, where he had calmly sat during the struggle without; seizing a brace of pistols, he fired, and two of our companions fell dead before him. We paused an instant, and then discharged our firearms in return. We saw that he was



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which disabled Murad in the arm ; the other struck a Mamlouk dead at my elbow. Exasperated with rage and fury, we rushed upon him. Despair, however, gave him strength ; he fought like a lion, repelling our attacks with the most undaunted heroism.

At length a Mamlouk entered the tent behind him : Aly turned to face him, and wounded him severely with his sword. Murad now gave him a severe cut on the arm—he dropped on one knee, still endeavouring to contend, but his strength was gone. Bathed in blood, he at length fell upon the ground, where he lay panting and exhausted with the terrible defence he had made.

We gazed upon the fallen hero, overcome with admiration of his undaunted bravery. Murad then advanced and disarmed him. Aly was placed on the couch, and means were immediately resorted to, to stop the bleeding of his wounds. He submitted to our attentions without a struggle, but did not open his lips, either to complain or reproach. Mohammed being informed of his capture, ordered the greatest care to be taken of him, and, when sufficiently recovered, brought on to Cairo, whither he himself repaired, leaving Ibrahim Bey to see to the necessary details consequent upon the victory.

A day or two after the battle, Aly Bey was brought to Cairo in a litter. On his arrival, a divan was summoned by Mohammed, and the intrepid bey carried before it. When the curtains of the litter were withdrawn, which concealed his former master, exposing the pallid and blood-stained figure to view, Aboodahab rushed forward, crying most bitterly, and exhibiting all the signs of a penitent remorse. He embraced him with hypocritical affection, offered him consolation, and told him to hope for better days. He then turned round to some of his followers, among whom were the kehaya and myself, reproaching us severely for using him in so barbarous a manner.

Aly looked contemptuously upon his slave ; but neither the latter's apparent kindness of manner, nor his crafty words, could draw from him a word of reply. He preserved a profound and scornful silence, conscious that

whatever he might say could not restore to him his honours, but would only afford his enemies occasion to triumph at the fruitlessness of his remonstrances.

He was taken to the citadel, where every attention was offered him, but on the following day he died of the numerous wounds he had received. He was buried soon after in the most magnificent manner, and though the Porte had ordered his head to be sent to Constantinople, Mohammed refused to allow or hear of such a proceeding.

The treasure discovered in the camp of Aly Bey was enormous—the greater portion consisting of the tribute which he had received during the last four years of his administration. Shortly after his death, Mohammed forwarded this by a vessel to Stamboul, with intelligence of Aly's death, at the same time soliciting permission of the Porte to make war on Scheick Daher. Jealous of the latter's proceedings, Aboodahab could not remain in peace to behold him in possession of the principal towns in Syria. He therefore, relying on the consent of the Porte, instantly set about preparing a vast army to put him down.

The remnant of the defeated army retreated towards Syria, or spread itself over the country in small bands, watching for opportunities of plundering the caravans crossing the desert between Cairo and Suez.

Hassan Bey, together with the children of the house of Aly, betook himself to the Saïd, claiming the protection of the powerful Arab Scheick Isman-Aboo-Ali. He also formed an alliance with the Arab Prince of Esné and Negaddé.

Hassan was soon joined by Ismael. This bey, dreading the fast encroaching power of Mohammed, dissatisfied also with his share in the government—for though his perfidy had contributed to the elevation of Mohammed, he had ever been watched with a jealous eye by the scheick-el-belled, particularly since he lost the first battle of Salaheh—gathered his Mamlouks around him on the termination of the struggle. Instead of entering Cairo, he struck into the desert by Mount Mokattem, and joined Hassan at Essouan, near the cataracts. Here they took

up their post, resolving to wait a while the course of events.

Those who had held out, for a time, against Mohammed, now came with fear and trembling into his presence, cast themselves at his feet, beseeching him to overlook their mistaken zeal, and take them under his protection. The scheick-el-belled was apparently satisfied with their submission, but made an example of a few of the most daring, which struck a terror into the rest.

Mohammed, execrated by all parties, was nevertheless feared and dreaded on account of his arbitrary rule. Though no enemy appeared to disturb the tranquillity of his government, he had enough to do at home to restrain within bounds those impetuous spirits which surrounded him, who, dissatisfied with their small portion of power, grumbled, and endeavoured to bully their formidable leader into something like a collision.

At the head of this faction was Murad Bey. His jet-black beard, bronzed countenance, and large eyebrows, forming an arch of ebony over eyes in which flashed the spirit of a fearless soul, presented the *beau ideal* of a Mamlouk warrior. Joined to great intrepidity, he possessed extraordinary strength; capable of enduring the severest hardships, and the most excessive privations, no man, except Aboodahab himself, oftener indulged in greater luxury and effeminacy when the means and opportunity were afforded him. An excellent horseman, dexterous and powerful in handling the cimeter; excelling in all those manly exercises which characterized his companions in arms; cool in action, terrible in onset; with a voice of thunder, he rushed into the battle, while his enemies fell beneath his yataghan like ears of corn beneath the reaper's sickle. Often have I seen him cleave the head of a buffalo with one stroke of his well-tempered blade of Shams,¹ and with an almost imperceptible whirl of his weapon divide a cushion filled with feathers.

The sword was everything with Murad Bey. There was no other way of reasoning, he said, so thoroughly convincing and striking as the sword ; and I have no doubt that he would have given his chief a proof of this remark, by driving him from the city, had he been able to meet with that co-operation from the other beys, which they were fearful of granting.

Several times he was compelled by Mohammed to quit the city, his fiery temper and inconsiderate rashness frequently involving him in some harebrained scheme against the scheick-el-belled. On one occasion, after defying Mohammed in open divan, for some trivial offence which he alleged he had received, accompanied by his Mamlouks, he quitted the city, and encamped near Mount Mokattem. Here he remained for weeks, undecided whether to raise the standard of rebellion, or return to his allegiance. He was soon joined by other discontented spirits, and a plan was adopted to enter the city some night, just before the gates were closed, slay all who were inimical to their interests, and place Murad in the post of scheick-el-belled.

The scheme came to my knowledge, and I communicated it to Mohammed, who took such precautions for the future that it died a natural death. Murad then retired to Djirdjé until his peace was made. Subsequently he discovered, by some means, that I had blabbed the secret, and swore an oath to be revenged on me. I resolved, however, to be on my guard. I seldom or never went out after nightfall, unless well attended, and then not without being armed for an encounter of the kind.

Soon after the battle of Salahé, and when affairs were going on as smoothly as they could in a city where such turbulent factions reigned, I turned my attention to the subject of my marriage. It was not alone the happiness which I promised myself, nor the independence which I should acquire, that urged me to this step ; there were more weighty considerations.

To possess a home, where I could retire from the treachery, the turmoil, and the ingratitude of a court constituted like Mohammed's : to possess a sacred spot—a harem—where I could fly for refuge, defy the power of my enemies, and where I could deposit my treasures from their rapacity had long been the wish of my heart, and of my ambition. As soon, therefore, as the affairs of Mohammed allowed me some leisure to attend to my own concerns, the preliminaries of the marriage were duly settled and arranged by the friends and uaqueels² of both parties, and the akdnameh³ drawn up and signed.

When this important business was concluded, the beautiful Eminé went abroad in state, attended by a numerous company, preceded by music sending forth most discordant sounds, she herself walking under a kind of canopy, closed on all sides by squares of rich stuff.

Having been conducted to the bath, where she went through all the forms and modes practised in the hammams of the Egyptians, several hours were spent in adorning her person with an immense heap of clothing and jewels, the weight of which was sufficient to make the back of any common porter ache for a week ; while she was so muffled up in them, that it was a miracle how she escaped suffocation.

The feast then commenced. The awalis, with their shrill and piercing notes, proceeded to inform the company of the charms and perfections of my accomplished bride. The ghazies came forward, treating us with a voluptuous display of their powers, suitable to the occasion. Towards the conclusion of the entertainment I was summoned to the harem by a string of damsels, at the head of which was the yengue kadin.⁴ One of my slaves having brought my slippers, I quitted my good friends, and was led thither by the women, the whole chorus chanting my own praises, and the marriage epithalamium.

To diversify the everyday occupations of a married life, I made an excursion to the estates of my wife in the province of Minieh, situated near the town of that name, on the Nile, where, besides the land cultivated by her,

she carried on a flourishing manufactory for making bardaks.⁵ My time was occupied pleasantly enough, and my proud heart exulted when I surveyed the possessions of which I was master. I received the petitions and complaints of my fellahs⁶ with affability, redressed grievances, imposed fines, and awarded punishments, as circumstances required.

My uaqueel was a Coobd—and that was saying sufficient—he was a great rogue, and I had no alternative but to retain him in my service. His accounts were composed of so many mysterious characters, that I would defy the most acute intellect to comprehend their meaning. They were perfectly unintelligible to me—to himself they were doubtless a source of great profit. He robbed me, and I was obliged to put up with the loss. To thread the interminable and complex labyrinth of his accounts, would have cost me more time and patience than I had leisure or inclination to bestow.

Before my return to Cairo, I took a ramble into the desert, and paid a visit to the Arab Scheick Aboo Taleb. I staid several days with this old chief, to whom I presented two or three articles of value; in return for which he gave me a most liberal supply of worldly wisdom and advice, which I received with becoming acknowledgments of respect and attention.

On my return, I encamped one night under a grove of palm trees, near a small hamlet. The horses of my men were staked, and properly secured for the night, while I took the precaution of attaching my own beautiful mare Borak, the present of my old friend the merchant Djelayni, by a piece of rope tied round my waist. But, alas! disappointment is ever sure to follow the steps of prosperity. Ere the dawn had broke, my steed was gone; a yard or two of rope being all that was left to tell me that she had once been mine.

It was a matter of astonishment to me how the rogues contrived to get her away without disturbing us. They must have actually carried her over my men, for I lay in the centre, surrounded by them. But what will not Arab ingenuity and cunning effect to attain an object

like this? The mare was valued at a very high price; indeed, her pedigree alone would have sold her. She was a treasure in my estimation, and I valued her the more because she was presented to me by the sire of my lovely wife.

I commenced a pursuit, which lasted the greater part of the day, but could learn nothing of the thieves or the mare. I despatched one of my men to the Scheick Aboo Taleb, with intelligence of my loss, bidding him offer a large reward for her recovery; but I heard nothing of her till some time afterward. One circumstance afforded me hope: my men picked up a dagger near the spot, with the name of Omar scratched on the handle. Thinking this would, at some future time, be the means of discovering the thief, I preserved it.

CHAPTER XV.

I WAS now married for the second time, with every prospect of enjoying some portion of that felicity which even the most wretched of the children of Allah experience. I was in possession of every earthly pleasure it was possible for man to attain. Yet even amid all my apparent gayety of heart and demeanour, there was a restless and perturbed spirit within, which ceased not, day and night, to imbitter my happiest moments, and to harass my soul with the terrors of despair.

By degrees I endeavoured to quiet this dreadful monitor with the intoxicating drugs of the country, and my mind was relieved, for a time, of its accustomed fantasies: but this seeming calm was of short duration: the expedient only added fresh aliment to the disquieting thoughts which tormented me. Time, and violent exercise, however, removed the oppression, in some measure, from my mind.

I now gave myself up to the allurements of pleasure,

and insensibly sunk under the enervating influence of the climate. Seated in my kiosk, which overlooked the kaidj, I enjoyed a delicious repose, yielding to the voluptuous languor which stole over my senses; two young slaves, fresh as the morning rose, standing one on each side, with large fans of feathers, cooling the air I was breathing. Two more, tender in years, and lovely as houris, sat at my feet, rubbing them gently with the palms of their hands. A page then entered, bringing in my amber-tipped tchibouque, studded with gems of all hues, and coffee on a silver tray, presenting me beforehand with sweetmeats, consisting of a conserve of rose-leaves, acidulated with lemons and other confections, at the same time sprinkling my hands with orange and lemon water. My soul was absorbed in elysium, and time passed on as lightly with me as though it would be sunshine for ever, and its duration infinite.

At length I was roused from this dreamy kind of existence, which I had indulged in for some months past, by an event which placed my life in the most imminent peril.

I have before stated that I had drawn upon me the anger and hatred of Murad Bey, by disclosing to Mohammed the conspiracy which he had formed against him. Such passions were seldom doomed to slumber in the breasts of men like him, nor was it likely that my offence would be unnoticed on the part of his followers, without some secret or open manifestation of their ill-will. I was well prepared for something of the sort.

But my evil genius, ever fruitful in devising means to draw me into trouble—jealous even of the shortlived period of my happy days, was now hovering over my path, ready to fasten its fangs upon my soul, and dash the cup of my fondest anticipations to the earth.

One day I had been a few miles from Cairo, upon business intrusted to me by Mohammed; on my return I had occasion to pass through the Birket-el-fl, a square in which the houses of the higher class of people are situated. Just as I entered the birket at one end, a long train of Mamlouks galloped in at the other. They had

been taking their usual exercise without the city walls, in throwing the djerreed, and shooting at the jar.

As we approached each other, I recognised the band of Murad, headed by the frowning chief himself. Feeling no disposition to come into collision with such formidable odds, I stopped my horse, and waited until the train entered the courtyard of a mansion, where Murad was about to pay a visit. I then went on my way, and had just cleared the entrance, when out galloped two of his Mamlouks.

In one of them I recognised Selim Saricktchee,¹ in the other Akhmed Imbricktchee;² the former notorious for his insolence and quarrelsome disposition, and the latter celebrated for the number of people whom he had slain in all parts of Cairo. He was quite the hero of the city: it mattered little to him who or what the individual was that had given offence, either to himself or to his leader: if the latter had ordered him to fetch the head of Mohammed himself, he would not have hesitated to obey the command, though he perished in the attempt. Such were the two youths who now rushed out at the gate of the building.

Unwilling to afford them even the slightest pretext for contention, I gave my men the word to keep close and follow me. Such turbulent spirits, however, were not to be disappointed in the execution of a scheme once decided upon. They pushed on their steeds, calling upon us, in an insolent tone, to clear the road and dismount while they passed. Deeply as I wished to avoid giving any occasion of offence, I certainly felt all the vindictive passions of my nature rise within me, upon hearing this humiliating order repeated in a louder voice than before: however, I rode on without noticing it.

Presently, I heard one of them say, "Run them down;" and no sooner was the design expressed, than it was attempted to be put into execution. Their horses, well trained to all manner of manœuvres, rushed forward at the well-known cry of their riders, upsetting two of my *men*, who were hurled from their saddles by the impet-

uosity of the contact. The others immediately drew up on one side, and I wheeled round to face the perpetrators of the outrage.

I resolved not to let their insolence pass unnoticed, whatever might be the consequence, and remonstrated with them on the cruelty of their proceedings. They laughed the louder, saying they only regretted they had not served me in a similar manner; at the same time insinuating something about somebody's mother.³

"It is an easy matter," I said, assuming a fierce tone and manner, while my blood boiled—"it is an easy matter to play the braggart, when there are so many at hand to back you in your insolence."

"Hear the dog," cried Akhmed, "how he prates."

"Dog!" I exclaimed; "if I am a dog, you are less than dogs."

A loud laugh was the only way by which they deigned to notice my expressions of wrath. As I was about to depart, I told them they might thank my forbearance that I had not chastised their insolence. Another, and a louder, burst of merriment followed, Selim telling me, the next time I wanted to poison a merchant, to be sure and pick out my chief for the experiment. On hearing this, I again turned round, and demanded the meaning of what he said.

"Does not the dog hear?" he cried; "go to the tomb of the merchant Djelayni, and then ask thyself what punishment does he deserve who has slain his friend and benefactor?"

"Liar!" I exclaimed, transported with excess of fury which I could not control—"deep and measureless liar! thou hast a tongue for insolence, but thy courage dares not maintain thy words"—and I drew my sword, defying him to the combat.

"Ha!" cried Akhmed, "the dog draws upon us."

Saying which, his horse made a tremendous bound towards me, at the same time he whipped out his yata-ghan, raised himself in his stirrups, and made a cut at my head, which, had it taken effect, would have cleft me to the saddle. Fortunately I received it upon my

weapon, which broke its force, shivering both blades to atoms.

We grappled each other fiercely; while our steeds fought with all the wildness and fury of their nature. A moment we continued our deadly struggle—it was but for a moment. Akhmed's dagger and my pistol were drawn at the same time; and he exerted all his strength to plunge his weapon into my side. I saw his object—quick as lightning I sent a bullet through his brain, and he fell headlong from his horse upon the ground.

All this was but the work of an instant. The deed accomplished, I gazed upon the ghastly countenance of my foe with feelings of stupor, when I was roused by the piercing cry of Selim.

He rushed forward, rage and fury distorting his countenance, and fired a pistol at me; the ball grazed my cheek, inflicting a slight wound. I drew my remaining pistol from my belt, and was about to discharge it, when suddenly between twenty and thirty Mamlouks came pouring through the gates of the palace, uttering shouts of vengeance. I saw my danger—I knew I should be cut to pieces if I remained. Clapping my sharp stirrups into the flanks of my steed, I instantly directed my course towards the bridge of Emir Hossein.

The Mamlouks followed at a rapid pace, discharging their carbines after me, a ball from one of which wounded me severely in the leg. I passed a troop of hadjis on the bridge, and dashed through the terror-stricken pilgrims, oversetting and trampling every one in my rapid career—gained the other side of the bridge, threaded the narrow streets which led to the Usbequie, reached the palace of Mohammed, and leaped from my horse. Darting up the steps, I rushed into the presence of my chief, and threw myself, exhausted and breathless, at his feet.

Amazement for a while prevented Ahoodahab from inquiring the reason of my sudden appearance, though my disordered manner and blood-stained face and garments convinced him that I had been engaged in a deadly struggle. When I had recovered my breathing, I has-

tily told him I had been set upon by the Mamlouks of Murad Bey—that I had resented their insolence, and, in endeavouring to defend my own life, had unfortunately killed the imbriktchee.

Upon hearing this, Mohammed's countenance lowered, and assumed a seriousness of expression which portended me no good. I deemed I read my doom, and the downfall of all my glittering dreams of ambition, in the sinister glance of his eye. He preserved a steady and fearful silence, which struck me to the heart with more dread than all the bitter revilings of his wrath could have done. I dared not interrupt the course of his thoughts—I knew his temper too well in such moments of doubt and uncertainty.

I gazed upon his countenance with feelings of intense anxiety; he was silent and immoveable. I could divine his thoughts—I had done him some service, and might still be useful to him; but these were poor considerations, when weighed against the certainty of offending so powerful a chief as Murad. Yet I verily believe he had a great affection for me, or he would have instantly driven me from his presence, devoting me as a peace-offering to the tender mercies of my enemies.

Already were the tumultuous cries of my pursuers heard, even in the chambers of Mohammed. They had entered the inner court, and were rushing into the presence of our chief, calling loudly for my blood. When Aboodahab heard their cries, he started from his apathy, his eyes flashing fire, and cried aloud, "What! even in our courts? No! Murad, this shall never be."

He instantly summoned his kehaya. "Abdallah," said his chief, when he came in, "take a few of your people and disperse those noisy braggarts. If they will not leave our courts, seize, strike, kill, and destroy them. By the soul of our blessed Prophet!" he continued, as the kehaya left the room to put his commands into execution—and his eyes flashed around on his assembled Mamlouks with the glare of an excited tiger—"the raging of these presumptuous boys will extend to our own person, and they will soon dare to invade the sanctuary of our harem."

Let them beware in time, lest their insolence bring down upon them the vengeance they deserve."

He paused a moment, and then addressed me : " Rise, Mahmoud !" I rose, standing in an attitude of submission, with my hands before me.

" Thou hast committed a deed which merits death. No past services, no favour of mine, would have shielded thee from the vengeance awaiting thee : but to be insulted in our palace—to be braved in the centre of our court—even to have the sanctuary of our harem threatened, will never force me to abuse the rights of hospitality, nor compel me to grant a just revenge. Had Murad Bey sent me a proper message, demanding blood for blood, by the beard of Mohammed ! I would not have stood in the way of his wishes. But let him, or any of his presumptuous caste, dare to touch a hair of thy head, and I swear never to rest until I have exterminated them from the face of the earth. Go—rest in safety ; and see," he continued, addressing the kehaya, who now re-entered the room, and informed him that he had dispersed my pursuers—" see that a proper guard conducts him in safety to his dwelling."

I acknowledged this proof of my patron's generosity with a profound obeisance ; I quitted the palace, accompanied by a number of the kehaya's troop, and reached my own house unmolested. I gave orders to have every place properly secured, and then retired to my harem, to pour into the bosom of the fond and faithful partner of my life the outbreakings of a heart surcharged with the mingled feelings of rage, pride, and vexation.

I had stood on a precipice : and though snatched by a powerful and friendly hand from its very brink, I nevertheless experienced all that uncertainty of preservation which resulted from my narrow escape. I was too well aware of the deadly enmity of Murad to think that he would overlook the injury which I had done him. Two months wore away, and I was almost a prisoner in my own house, occasionally going to the palace of Mohammed by day, but not daring to show myself in any other quarter of the city.

At length the hour of my liberation came. Some concessions granted by Mohammed to his haughty adherent brought about a kind of reconciliation. Murad was softened, but not appeased—and he granted a forced and unwilling pardon of the past. It was wrung from his proud heart by means little calculated to ensure sincerity ; and I should as readily have placed myself in the den of a tiger, as put his generosity or forbearance to the test.

Some time after Mohammed had rendered me this service, I was, one day, summoned to attend him.

“ Mahmoud,” he said, “ I have at length so far compromised the affair which hung over thy head, that thou mayst now show thyself abroad with safety. Nevertheless, as it is difficult to say into what excesses men’s passions may lead them, it will be expedient for thee to leave the city for a while. Thy presence will only keep alive the enmity which exists against thee—thy absence will consign the affair to oblivion. Now, listen to me. A few days ago my salaher informed me that the Arabs of the tribe of the Abbaddeh have dared to carry off the greater portion of my horses, annually turned out in the deserts of Thebes. They must be recovered, and the rogues hung for the theft. I have ordered fifty of my Mamlouks, and a like number of a troop of horse, to attend thee on the expedition. I have another affair in hand for thee. The Kiaschef of Kous has been represented to me as leaguering with Ismael and Hassan Beys. He has failed, for the last twelve months, to remit the usual tribute to the bey at Sioot. I have long distrusted him, and foresee, that when he has accumulated sufficient to answer his purposes, he will decamp to the rebel beys: but, by my beard ! I swear to reward his treachery. Now hear my orders—employ no violence, but get possession of his person ; and let no hint of thy purpose transpire until thy plans are matured. This done, let him be sent in chains to Cairo. To afford thee some show of authority where thou art going, I nominate thee mohasseel⁴ of the province and town of Kieneh. In two

days I expect thee to take thy departure. Here are despatches, which thou wilt peruse at thy leisure."

At the appointed time I was ready to proceed on my journey. I parted from the lovely Eminé with much concern—it was but for a season, and she became reconciled to the separation. I took leave of Osman and several of my Caïreen friends: some regretted my departure, while others wished me at the devil. The latter feeling was mutual on both sides.

I collected my Mamlouks, together with a body of horse, directing the latter to proceed by easy stages to the seat of my government. I embarked on board a maash, as the wound in my leg would not admit of my taking much exercise. A few choice spirits of my troop were my companions—the remainder following in another maash—and our orgies did not possess the less relish and variety because they were conducted on board.

Our first resting-place was at Minieh, where the estates of my wife were situated. Here we replenished our stock of provisions—my companions levying a few trifling contributions, by way of loan, on the richest of the inhabitants. At Sioot we staid a day with its governor, Ibrahim, who received the tribute of the different kiaschefs higher up the Nile. While remaining here, we were visited by the Scheick Ibn Uassel, who entertained the whole of my followers with true Arabian hospitality. We next proceeded to Dgirdge, where I paid my respects to Sulieman Bey, who afforded me much information respecting my future proceedings with the Arabs for the recovery of Mohammed's horses.

From thence I made an excursion to Farschoot, and remained a day with my old friend Daouvisch, whom I had frequently seen at Cairo. He was the son of Scheick Amram, formerly the intimate friend of Aly Bey, and son-in-law of Scheick Isman Abu Ali, the powerful chief of Esné and Negaddé, with whom Ismael and Hassan Beys had formed an alliance.

I spent a few pleasant hours in his company. Daouvisch was a fat, jolly young fellow; I hardly know whether his ardent love of the fair sex, or his passion for

strong liquors, predominated, in a disposition naturally sanguine : but it is very certain they were not exceeded by his abhorrence to water, except for purposes of cleanliness. He was very courteous and friendly, and while we exchanged our vows of friendship, we mutually exchanged our presents, and then proceeded on our voyage to Dendera.

CHAPTER XVI.

Just as we passed the island of Darieh, our boat ran aground on the shallows of el Bab, or the port, and while my men were getting her off, a person came on board, whom my people called the mad Derwish Ullah. Feeling a curiosity to know something about him, I invited him into our cabin, and placed some brandy before him, which he had sense enough not to refuse, but drained glass after glass, enlivening the conversation with several particulars of his former life.

“My father,” he said, after draining a large glass of brandy, “was the celebrated Ibn Fazl, who made some noise, years ago, by his zeal in the cause of our holy religion. It would be expected that from such a stock some profitable shoots might have sprung : but, of his five sons, of which I was the youngest, I shall only observe that we were all liars, all cheats, all rogues. I yielded to none of them in those qualities. On the death of my parent, his agent came from the country to Cairo, called us together to make a division of the property ; but, on our way to the place of appointment, I represented to my brethren that he among us who performed the most skilful act of knavery should be entitled to the greatest share. Confident of their own powers, they yielded to my suggestion, and the agent set out on his return home with the money.

“I instantly went to work. Accompanied by another

of my associates, we hastened out of Cairo ; well knowing the road which the agent would take, we disguised ourselves, waylaid his path, bound him hand and foot, seized the treasure, and laughed at my sapient kinsmen. I did not stay longer in the city than to get together what little property I had, aware that brotherly love is a very questionable sort of thing in such matters ; so steering my course for the town of Tinto, in the middle of the Delta, I visited the tomb of a celebrated disciple of Imaum Schafi,¹ among a crowd of many thousands of people who flocked thither annually. Commerce, which often seeks to profit by religious zeal, has established a fair at that season : the almé, the ghazie, the fire eaters, the snake charmers, were collected together—everybody repaired thither. The town then combines everything which can contribute to the gratification of the pilgrim ; and the scheick of the mosque of Akhmed and Beidooit gathers a plentiful harvest, by taxing the devotion of some, and the pleasures of all.

“I staid long enough to take a liking for the saint, and to become a derwish of the order. I perceived that knavery was an indigenous plant among them, fruitful and flourishing ; the skill which I possessed being far surpassed by their ingenuity. I resolved to outdo them all, and quitting Tinta, returned to Cairo, to commence my new calling. Rogues are always encouraged by dupes, and I found that the living saints were generally more venerated by the Caïreen women than the dead ; I practised upon their credulity, and reaped a golden harvest. I walked the streets, preaching contempt of riches, asking alms with insolence, and constantly proclaimed the destruction of the world. My enthusiasm drew around me many followers—prejudice will always have more influence over men than fear, more power than despotism ; I therefore proceeded to show my infallibility by miracles, which my disciples were not slow to verify and promulgate. Such was my fanaticism, that to afford the people a proof of my divinity, I offered to throw myself from the highest minaret of the mosque of Sultan Hassan : but one of my disciples prevented me, fearing, he

said, that my enthusiasm might break my neck. What if it did? my purse was filled the more by this display of my elevated ideas. How could the world exist if there were not knaves as well as honest people to keep it moving? fools would be miserable, if they had not some novelty to fly to, to relieve the dulness of life.

“Disappointed in my grand attempt at the mosque, I essayed another. Upon the day when the Kalidj was opened,² I announced to the people of Cairo that I would, through the blessing of the Prophet, pass over the Nile standing on a mat. The populace poured out by thousands to witness the miracle. I had a rival: I resolved that he should not triumph, for he had contrived a mat most artfully prepared, and calculated to ensure him success; I therefore engaged one of those expert divers³ who were about on that day, paying him liberally for the task which he was to perform. Just after my rival had started on his mat, when he was in the centre of the stream, my friend the diver slipped in from the bank unperceived, swam under the mat, and cut a hole in it with a knife. I had the satisfaction of seeing the fellow sink, amid the jeers and shouts of the multitude; he went to the bottom—rose again—then sank for ever—for no one attempted to go to his assistance.

“My own turn now arrived; enthusiast as I was, I placed myself on the mat, confident of success. But when I got a few yards from the shore I suddenly disappeared, and went to the bottom: I came up again, the shouts and screams of the multitude ringing in my ears, and the fools who came to see the operation of the miracle would have left me to perish, had not one of my disciples plunged into the stream and rescued me.

“My enthusiasm was cured, my popularity destroyed. I left Cairo, and have been going the round of the provinces for some years, where I still find fools in abundance. People call me mad—do ye think I am?”

Here the derwish looked at us with a hideous stare, which plainly convinced us there was much truth in the assertion. The brandy which he had taken excited his brain: not being desirous of witnessing any proof of his

insanity, we put him on shore, to exercise his calling, and vent his fury upon some fellahs whom we saw labouring in the fields.

In the evening, we came in sight of Kieneh, the place of my future residence. The appearance of the place pleased me, seated on an eminence, and laid out in gardens, luxuriously planted with orange and date groves, and abounding in melons. There was a considerable trade attached to it, being the rendezvous of the caravans from various parts of the great desert, going to Cosire, on the Red Sea. Gazing upon its fruitful soil, and ruminating upon the advantages which my station now afforded me, my ambition was gratified by the prospect, and my heart swelled with emotions of satisfaction and pride.

A short distance from the town, I was met by a numerous assemblage of my subjects, composed of all sects—Turks, Arabs, fellahs, Coobds, and Jews, who hailed my appearance with loud acclamations, firing off a few rusty carbines which had been laid by for months; some of them burst with the discharge, occasioning many a broken head. At an audience which I gave next day, these good people had the impudence to ask me for compensation for their wounds, but I told them I would consider their claim when my officers called upon them for the miri.

My time was occupied the whole of the following day in receiving petitions containing their complaints. The cunning rogues prayed so earnestly, representing the failure of their crops, owing to the river not having risen sixteen cubits,⁴ (which I knew to be a lie,) not forgetting the exactions of my predecessor, (here followed a splendid eulogium on my generosity and forbearance,) touching upon the late struggles for power, and concluded by stating that drought, fire, sickness, and a long catalogue of accidents, had so impoverished and reduced them that a stranger would have thought the place the most wretched, and its inhabitants the most poverty-stricken, throughout the land of Egypt. The best way to get rid of a troublesome applicant is to

promise a compliance with his desires, and I told them I should endeavour to put everything to rights, and make them all satisfied—though I had not the remotest intention of fulfilling what I said.

Presents poured in upon me from all quarters. My courtyard teemed with oxen, goats, sheep, and fowls, and stores of corn, oil, and fruit. The generosity of these good people absolutely overflowed, and they vied with each other in showing me such marks of obedience and affection. But there was a secret in all this—the day of taxation was at hand, and in bribing me beforehand, they hoped the exactions which I should impose at that interesting period would not exceed their just amount.

Poor wretches ! I promised not to distress them—but who ever heard of such a promise being kept ? My men would have pronounced me mad, and left me to shift for myself for such unheard-of conduct. I determined to give them no cause for this, though I dismissed my petitioners with a smile on their lips, and a satisfaction in their hearts, which they had not experienced for many a day.

I had not dropped the least hint, not even to my own people, respecting the motives of my coming to Kieneh. One had surmised this, another that—a few had pestered on the subject of my bringing so large a force with me ; but I silenced all inquiry by taking no notice of their observations. Secresy was the only weapon whereby I hoped to accomplish my purpose.

Zulfikar, the Kiaschef of Kous, was a bold and reckless character. Born in Amasia, he was brought to Cairo, and sold to Mohammed Bey for a high sum. Rising rapidly into favour, he was soon appointed Kiaschef. He had been two years in office, and remitted but a scanty tribute to the bey at Sioot. He had put off the evil day from time to time by various frivolous pretexts, intending, on the appearance of any force sent against him, to join Ismael and Hassan at the falls.

These particulars were confided to me by Mallem Poktor, a Coobd, a man well adapted for my purposes. He lived at Kous, and knew the secrets of every one

and everything. His vocation was that common to his race; he kept the accounts of those who, either from idleness or inability, were unable to perform that office for themselves. This man came to Kieneh one day, and having requested an interview with him, I led him into conversation on the affairs of Zulfikar. Under promise of my future protection, and a handsome reward, he promised to assist me in the scheme which I had in view. He likewise told me that my appearance had wellnigh completed Zulfikar's rebellion; but my seeming indifference had lulled him into security. He had sworn never to be taken alive, and it therefore required great caution to circumvent him.

By means of Mallem Poktor, I gained the confidence of Zulfikar. I sent him a handsome present; this he acknowledged by one in return. Various compliments and little civilities passed between us—till at length he was so thoroughly convinced of my sincerity that he invited me to a feast. On the day appointed, I set off for Kous with about twenty of my men. In two hours we reached Abnoub.

Upon my arrival at Kous, I was met at the entrance of the town by Zulfikar and a few of his retainers, and conducted to his house. We entered alone, leaving our people without. After coffee and pipes were duly discussed, Zulfikar proceeded to inquire the news of the capital. I told him, in reply, that Cairo had become so excessively dull and stupid, now that all the fighting was over, that I had grown sick of its monotony, and having solicited Mohammed to give me employment, I owed my appointment to his generosity.

"But," I continued, giving him a significant look, "this kind of existence suits me not. I have always led a life of activity, and now that our ruler has dwindled down into the statesman, and plodding man of business, I feel my station still more irksome. Would that the two sturdy chiefs, who lie encamped on the other side of the Nile, dared to leave their stronghold, and afford us some little diversion."

Zulfikar laughed, and told me I was a sad rebel.

Assuming a serious tone and aspect, he observed, that probably my wishes might be shortly realized.

"Then I float with the stream, Zulfikar," I said.

"What mean you?" he demanded, with an anxious look.

"Time will show," I replied, as if fearful of having said too much.

Here an attendant entered, summoning us to the feast, which was laid out at the back of the house, under a tent on a small plot of grass, surrounded by beds of delicious watermelons, for which this place was famous. Three of Zulfikar's people, and an equal number of my own, sat down with us to the entertainment. Mallem Poktor was also invited. On our way to the feast, he made a motion as if in the act of drinking, and shook his head. Ruminating upon this, I entered the tent.

Much time and attention was bestowed upon the delicacies served up. The ragouts, pilaus, and kiebobs, and the various dishes of confectionary, severally disappeared, but were soon replaced by fresh supplies. At length, when we had made an end of eating, I observed my host give a nod to a tall, black, ill-looking fellow, who stood at his side. I did not relish the sign, nor the look with which it was accompanied—still less did I like the personage to whom it was directed. He left the tent; and in a few minutes returned, bearing on a small tray two small glasses of chrystal filled with date brandy, one of which he placed before me, the other was handed to my host. A sudden idea darted through my brain, and I thought of the warning of Mallem Poktor. "Poison!" I exclaimed, mentally—"ah, villain! thou shalt dearly pay for this."

My heart almost leaped into my mouth—I looked at Zulfikar—his countenance was calm, and his manner undisturbed. He requested me to drink; but I told him, that however my inclination might lead me to infringe the commands of our holy Prophet, an obstinate complaint, nevertheless, compelled me to forego such indulgence. Hereupon I handed the vessel to his favourite page, who stood at his side, desiring him to partake of the liquor.

Notwithstanding a strong effort made by Zulfikar to suppress his emotions, the look of baffled malice which shot across his swart features plainly evinced the disappointment which he felt. The unsuspecting page was about to comply ; but Zulfikar, urging some excuse about his youth and delicate health, ordered the fatal cup to be taken away. Upon removing it, the slave, either from design or accident, let it fall—the glass was broken—and Zulfikar contented himself with chiding the offender for his carelessness.

I was now convinced of his treachery, but resolved to be even with him. Our attendants now left us, and we commenced a conversation which was guarded on both sides. Our hearts burned with a wish to cut each other's throats, but our tongues expressed the mellowed phrases of esteem and courtesy.

Zulfikar endeavoured to draw me out by obscure hints on his own affairs, and the prospects of Hassan and Ismael. I told him that Mohammed was too deeply employed in state affairs, and his approaching expedition into Syria, against the Scheick Daher, to trouble himself with the dissensions of those who were in arms against him ; and as to his own concerns, what cause had he to care for the calumnies of his enemies, when he enjoyed the favour and protection of his master.

“ No, Zulfikar,” I continued, “ Mohammed loves his children too well, and his ranks have been too much thinned by sickness to sacrifice them for a paltry consideration of gain. Their safety is as dear to him as the apple of his eye, else would he have surrendered me, long ere this, to the mercy of my enemies.”

If my apparent sincerity had not all the effect which I desired, that of quieting his alarm, it nevertheless interested his curiosity ; his rash and open nature insensibly yielded under its influence. He offered me his friendship with a frankness of manner which would have won my esteem, but for the recollection of the design which he had harboured against my life. That he suspected my motives, there was not the least doubt ; but the absence of anything like treachery on my part, my unre-

served demeanour and small force threw him off his guard, and disarmed his fears.

The time had now arrived for me to return. Zulfikar told me he should accompany me a few miles on my journey : I accepted the offer, inwardly delighted at the opportunity which presented itself. Before we mounted, and while he was preparing for the ride, I hastily informed my men of the orders which I had received, and desired them, when I should make a certain signal, to approach and secure him.

All things being prepared, we set off. Zulfikar was in high spirits ; I took care to encourage the feeling, by giving him a brief history of my life, following it up with a description of the busy time which I had passed in Cairo, my round of gayeties and personal adventures, to which he listened with apparent delight. I continued to hold him in conversation until we arrived at a convenient place for the execution of my purpose.

Zulfikar had admired my pistols, and boasted of his own skill with those weapons. He had offered to wager me a sum of money that he would bring down a bird at a greater distance than I could. On coming up to a grove of date trees, I slackened my speed, and looked about for an object to fire at.

"See !" I cried, pointing to some birds which were helping themselves to the fruit ; "I'll wager thee fifty sequins, Zulfikar, thou dost not bring down one in two shots : and I'll take the same wager that I do."

"Agreed," he cried, eagerly catching at the bait, and advancing towards the trees. He then elevated his pistol—fired—and missed. The birds fluttered up, but settled down again.

"Ha," I cried, "thy hand trembles, Zulfikar ; beware ! or thou wilt lose thy money."

"Never !" he replied, raising the other pistol ; "thy triumph will be short. Behold !" He fired, and one of the birds fell dead at the foot of the tree.

"Mashallah ! mashallah ! bravo !" we all shouted.

"But ah !" I said, observing the flight of the birds, "the rogues, alarmed at the fate of their companion,

have taken wing, and I must defer my shot till another opportunity. Come on, Zulfikar."

He told me, however, that he was compelled to return, and ordered his men together for that purpose.

It was now that I determined to effect his capture. I was well aware of his bold and daring spirit, as long as he possessed a weapon to contend with. But now, having contrived to extract his sting, as it were, I had little fear for the result.

"Hold!" I said, coming up to him, and giving my men the signal, by placing my hand on my bosom, when they closed gradually around us—"Hold, Zulfikar, I have a little business to settle with thee ere we part. Before I quitted Cairo, the scheick-el-belled commanded me to deliver this despatch to thee. Read—and disobey it at thy peril."

I drew the packet from my bosom, and gave it to him. He received it with a vacant stare of incredulity and alarm: when he had read a few lines, his countenance changed to the hue of death—his frame shook, and he gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of rage and fury.

"Villain!" he cried, casting on me a look which would have annihilated me if it could—"is it thus thou payest thy debts? Ho! there"—he shouted to his men—"there are traitors here." He placed his hand on his belt—"Ha! my pistols unloaded—confusion."

"Ay," I said, coolly drawing a pistol from my belt, and cocking it; "and here is one for thee, Zulfikar, if thou dost not submit quietly. If people will be so silly as to wager their existence upon a trial of skill, they must abide by the consequences of their folly."

Frantic with rage, he drew his yataghan, called his men to the rescue, and darted upon me. As I had received orders to take him alive, I refrained from firing, though I saw that my own safety would be endangered by my forbearance. At the moment of his onset, I discharged my pistol at the head of his horse: the noble animal gave a tremendous bound—plunged, reeled, and fell lifeless on the plain, hurling his rider from the saddle. I instantly leaped from mine, and throwing myself upon

Zulfikar, placed a pistol at his head, commanding him to surrender : he struggled desperately, but, with the assistance of my men, he was at length secured.

All this time his own people had stared with astonishment at the strange and unexpected scene. Upon witnessing his overthrow, they made a show of coming to his assistance, but I called on them to keep back at their peril. I then read aloud the despatch of Mohammed, and commanded them, on pain of his displeasure, to obey my instructions. I ordered half of my troop to follow me to Kieneh, and the remainder to return to Kous, over which I placed one of my own Mamlouks, in quality of kiaschef, charging him to secure the treasure of Zulfikar the instant he reached the town.

Sullen and savage, with eyes of fire, and a countenance darkened with inextinguishable hatred, Zulfikar rose from the ground. I had him properly secured on a horse belonging to one of my men, and placing him in the midst of my troop, we set off for Kieneh, where we arrived at dusk. He was confined in the fort for that night : early in the morning I sent him off under a strong guard to Cairo.

As soon as he was gone, I summoned his chief officer before me, and commanded him to inform me of all he knew respecting the plans of his master. Malek, such was his name, was as communicative as I could wish ; after questioning him for some time, I drew from him the unexpected disclosure, that though the Arabs had been the depredators, Ismael and Hassan, assisted by Zulfikar, had actually planned the robbery of Mohammed's horses, and would eventually reap the fruits of it, as soon as they could raise sufficient men to mount them.

"And where," I demanded of Malek, upon hearing this important discovery—"where are the horses concealed?"

"Near the ridge of mountains which runs east from the falls," replied Malek ; "three days' journey will bring you to the encampment of the scheicks of the tribe of Abbabdeh, who, together with the treacherous tribe of the Bicharis, hold possession of the animals."

"Think you," I said, "that you possess sufficient knowledge of the country to conduct a troop thither?"

"Ay," he replied, "and will answer with my head for your success."

"You speak boldly," I said, "but I will take you at your word. In five days from this we start for the desert: and hear me, let not a syllable of our discourse transpire—you understand."

I immediately despatched messengers to the kiaschefs of Cosire on the Red Sea, and Barjourah, to send me as many men as they could spare. By the time appointed for starting I had mustered a force of upward of a hundred Mamlouks, leaving a sufficient guard at Kieneh during my absence.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day previous to my departure for the desert I was returning from the other side of the Nile, where I had been viewing the ruins of the ancient Tentyris, and had just crossed the river, when one of my attendants came and informed me that two Arab scheicks, of the tribe of Ibn Uassel, were waiting without the town to see me. I turned my horse in that direction; the scheicks were seated under some palm trees, surrounded by their retainers, awaiting my coming.

I soon found out that I was called upon to decide a very common question among them—the ownership of a valuable mare. Such disputes are of frequent occurrence, and produce more animosity than events of a more important character; and it is surprising what privations and hardships the Arab will undergo, what dexterity and boldness he will display, to acquire possession of an animal he has once fixed his eye upon, and whose blood and pedigree are known to be pure.

All endeavours at a settlement having proved ineffec-

tual, my judgment was now appealed to for the purpose of deciding to whom the mare belonged.

I seated myself at the foot of a palm tree, surrounded by my attendants, when, the usual salutations being performed, I summoned the plaintiff, Scheick Ibrahim, to open his case. But as his turn for forensic eloquence was of rather a prolix character, the answer of his opponent, Scheick Hamed, equally long winded and tedious, the evidence also made up of much hard swearing, recrimination, blustering, and vociferation, I shall condense it in as few words as possible.

It appeared that four Arabs of their tribe possessed a valuable mare, and one of the owners had brought her to Scheick Ibrahim for sale. After a good deal of chaffering, the scheick agreed to give, either in money or in value, to the amount of three hundred sequins, which offer was accepted, and a certain day appointed when the animal was to be brought, and the money paid over. In the mean time, Scheick Hamed had struck a bargain with another of the owners, and offered an additional hundred sequins for the mare. Here rested the point in dispute, and they agreed to refer it to my decision.

Both parties were equally loud in their claims, when, commanding silence, I asked them whether they had the money ready to make good the purchase. They instantly produced several bags, containing the stipulated sums, which I ordered to be placed before me.

I then endeavoured to find out which of the scheicks had made the first offer; but as they possessed no watch among them whereby they could determine the exact time, this point was involved in very great doubt and uncertainty.

Scheick Hamed's party, however, being the first to speak, swore that the time was before prayers at el asr.¹ On the contrary, Scheick Ibrahim's party immediately asserted, with triumph, that the precise time when their chief struck the bargain was at el dore.² But here the owner of the mare, who had been with Scheick Hamed, anxious to get him for a purchaser on

account of the additional hundred sequins, asserted that the time was previous to el dore, which he endeavoured to confirm by stating, that the scheick and his family performed their ablutions some time after the agreement was made between them.

Here my attendant, Cazem, who had been mixing with the Arabs, came and whispered a few words in my ear, which filled me with astonishment and delight. I told him to keep an eye upon the pretended owners of the mare, and not to allow them to escape. His communication decided me in a moment what course to adopt.

"Well, my friends," I said, addressing the scheicks, "it appears to me that each of you has a fair claim to the mare; but amid such conflicting statements, it is almost impossible to pronounce a just decision. You, Scheick Ibrahim, have, undoubtedly, made out a good claim; inasmuch as the first offer was made to you, with the consent of all the owners."

"Taib! taib! taib!"³ exclaimed the followers of Ibrahim.

"But how shall I render justice," I continued, "to Scheick Hamed, and the owners of the mare, who are anxious to make as much as they can of her, if I decide in your behalf?"

"Taib! taib! taib!" vociferated the partisans of Scheick Hamed. "It cannot be—it cannot be."

"It therefore appears to me," I concluded, "that the ends of justice will be fully satisfied, if the present contracts are dissolved, and the mare again put up for sale, and awarded to the highest bidder."

"Melieh, melieh,"⁴ shouted the retainers of Scheick Hamed, but the people of Scheick Ibrahim held their peace, and looked discontented.

"Come," I cried, "bring forth the mare; and let me see what she is made of. Provided she pleases me, I shall myself become a bidder—bring her forth."

Here the crowd of retainers on each side gave way; presently, two Arabs came from the rear, leading a noble animal, which required all their united strength to re-

strain from breaking away. I instantly recognised my steed Borak, which had been stolen from me some months before in the desert. I should have known her among a thousand, from the singularity of her appearance. Her colour was pure milk white, with a black star on her forehead.

"Ha," I cried, aloud, when she was sufficiently near, "Borak!"

Hearing her name, and the well known sound of my voice, she darted forward with eyes on fire, dilated nostrils, and ears erect, answering my cry with a loud neigh, pawing the ground so lightly with her feet as if she disdained to touch it, and impressing the beholder with the idea that she was indeed endowed with all the fabled attributes of her divine namesake. The Arabs looked on with astonishment and delight, uttering frequent exclamations of Allah, in admiration of her beauty and fiery spirit.

"Bring her hither," I said, addressing the men who led her; "now let her go; she will stand quietly before me."

The Arabs stared at me with a look of perplexity, earnestly representing to me, that she would start the instant she was at liberty.

"I will answer for that," I said; "let her go. Borak!" I shouted again, accompanying the exclamation with a gesture of my arm, "taâle-haouda."

The mare broke loose from her keepers, throwing them down in her endeavours to get away, looked wildly round, and tossed up her proud head with satisfaction and pleasure. The Arabs attempted to regain her, but I commanded them to desist.

"Why, it is as impossible for you to hold her," I cried, "as it is to chain the hurricane. Behold! I possess a charm sufficiently powerful to tame the wildest steed that ever trod these plains, and make him subservient to my will and pleasure."

Saying this, I rose from the ground, walked up to the mare, and whispered a few words in her ear. Her delight was boundless: she started a little distance from

me, amused herself with a few extravagant capers, and then returned to my side, snorting, and curving her arched neck in all the wantonness of her proud spirit.

"Edgri!" I exclaimed, raising my arm. At the word she bounded away like an arrow from a bow, rushed by the alarmed and astonished spectators, and described a vast circle in the plain before us.

"Behold!" I exclaimed, "observe the nobleness of her motions, the beauties of her shape, her eyes of fire, wide nostrils, camellike neck, and delicate but sinewy limbs. What courage! what grace! what speed!"

"Ah!" sighed the Arabs, "kiff el gazell—kiff el gazell."

"Oh, my antelope!" I cried, "thou art beyond all price."

"I would give all I have to possess her," murmured several of the bystanders, astonished and excited almost to a pitch of furious ardour.

"Taâle haouda," I shouted again, raising my arm.

Gradually narrowing the immense sweep which she had taken, the mare slackened her speed as she approached us, and entering the circle formed by the Arabs, stood before me, erect and motionless, as if carved in stone.

"Noble animal! sensible brute!" I cried, patting her broad chest, and kissing her champing mouth, "what! would they sell thee for a paltry sum of three hundred sequins? 'tis not a fourth of thy value, inestimable Borak! If ever Mahmoud should fulfil the destiny which he has marked out for himself, thy noble remains shall repose under pillars of marble."

All this time the assembled Arabs had gazed alternately upon me and the mare with astonishment, not unmingled with fear. The apparent ease with which I had subdued an animal which two of their men, accustomed to the training and management of horses, had been unable to accomplish, excited all their wonder; and when they saw the mare obey my words and gestures with such admirable celerity and precision, they one and all rose, declaring that nothing but a connection with the

powers of darkness could enable me to exert such a commanding influence and superiority.

In the midst of their reasoning upon this subject, I summoned Cazem before me. "Mount," I said, whispering a few words in his ear, "and let us see how she will carry thee."

He leaped into the saddle, galloped into the plain, and took several turns, the mare astonishing every one by her fleetness, and the ease with which she obeyed her rider, when she came to a dead stop, in the midst of her career. At length she directed her course towards the town, dashing forward at a pace incredible and surprising.

"Behold!" I exclaimed, "the mare runs away with him. Ah, Cazem, thou wilt never be able to stop her. By Allah! she enters the town, and no doubt is gone to join her companions in the stables of the Moohasseel of Kieneh—mashallah!"

Cries of rage from some, and exclamations of treachery from others, were vociferated by turns; a general rush was made to mount their horses, and follow in the pursuit.

"Peace!" I cried, advancing among them, "and be still. Seize those four men," I continued, pointing to the pretended owners of the mare: the order was instantly obeyed. "Now then," I said, addressing them, "you mean to swear that the mare belongs to you?"

"Even so," stoutly answered the delinquents.

"Why, how ye lie, rascals," I cried; "she is mine, and ye know it—though, perhaps, ye know not me. Confess, therefore, or I will convict ye upon evidence which will speedily hang ye all;" for I now perceived Cazem hastening from the town, whither I had sent him for the dagger which had been picked up near the spot where I lost the mare.

"What is thy name?" I said, addressing the most cunning of the four, as Cazem came up.

"Omar," replied the Arab, boldly.

"Ay—Omar—that will do: thou hast well said—Omar is thy name. Knowest thou this dagger?"

thought the fellow would have sunk on the ground when Cazem produced it. "Thy name, Omar, is engraved on the handle of this blade: thou didst leave it as some remuneration, I suppose, for the loss which I sustained. It was once thy friend—'tis now thy enemy—for, in the presence of all thy brethren, it declares thy guilt upon evidence which cannot be controverted. Take him away, Cazem, and see that justice is speedily done upon him. As to his companions, be they guilty or not, they have acknowledged themselves part owners, and merit the same fate. Let them be rewarded with a sound infliction of the bastinado, and then send them about their business. As for you, Scheick Ibrahim, and Scheick Hamed, you are guiltless; but had I found you to have taken part in this robbery, I should have kept your money to myself. You are dismissed—go, and peace be with you."

Having ended this address, I mounted my horse, and galloped towards the town, highly delighted at recovering, in so unexpected a manner, my noble steed, and leaving the Arabs overcome with astonishment and dismay at the issue of the scene.

Before sunrise the following morning I was far on my journey towards the desert, on the expedition against the Arabs of the tribe of Abbabdeh. In two days we reached Essouan, where our appearance excited consternation among all ranks, not even excepting a small party of Mamlouks, belonging to Ismael and Hassan Beys, who happened to be there at the time of our arrival. These gentry looked upon us with much animosity, during the few hours we remained outside the town: but as I was in no disposition to come into collision with them, I struck into the desert at night, leaving them, by our sudden departure, in uncertainty as to our destination.

We had now a journey before us of three days or more, through a desert where there were but few inhabitants, or traces of civilized life. Malek, however, whom I had brought with me, undertook to bring us to the camp of the Arabs within the appointed time. He had accompanied the party which had effected the rob-

very all through the affair; he was, therefore, well acquainted with the locality, number, and disposition of the tribe.

But I had my doubts about falling in with them. Changeable as the wind, and as speedy, they disappeared from the spots which they have hastily ravaged, burying themselves in the interminable wastes to which they are accustomed, and with the tracts of which they alone are acquainted.

Not the slightest intelligence had yet transpired relative to the object of my expedition, except to those persons who had an interest in keeping it secret: but as the appearance of such an armed assemblage would have created alarm, and the heat reflected by the burning sands being insufferably oppressive, we usually travelled by night, reposing during the day in some secluded valley, free from observation and the haunts of men.

Early on the morning of the fourth day of our journey, on clearing a number of sand hills, Malek, who was riding at my side, suddenly exclaimed, "Behold the encampment of the Abbabdeh." Upon hearing this we instantly rode forward, and passed over several small patches of vegetation, which had been cleared off by the horses and cattle of the Arabs. From various signs we concluded that they had quitted the place a few days before.

Accompanied by Malek, and a few of my band, we rode towards some mountains on our right, which we ascended with much difficulty. Arrived at their summit, we looked down upon an illimitable expanse of desert, girt by the dark blue firmament, intersected at our feet by several rivulets, and luxuriant spots of vegetation. Advancing farther upon the level of the mountain, we discerned the smoke of fires, and the tops of tents, peeping out from among some stunted bushes, about half a mile distant. Not a human being was visible. A few goats, sheep, and other cattle were grazing on different patches round, and some dromedaries were staked near to what appeared to be an entrance to the encampment.

"Here," I said, after gazing a few moments in silence on the scene—"here is the lion's den, but the monster has escaped us. What think you, Malek?"

"They are gone, truly," he replied, musing, "but not all—I have it. Our success is certain—let us instantly descend into the plain."

"Wherefore?"

"The Arabs are gone," he replied, "but will return before night: what better security can we have for Mohammed's horses than the wives and children of the robbers?"

"An excellent idea," I cried, "and the sooner we put it into execution the better. The Arabs are absent upon some expedition: they will return before night; by that time we shall have everything prepared for their reception."

The remainder of our band having ascended the mountain, we prepared to descend into the plain. Everything being ready, I gave the word, and we moved on. All was still below, except the occasional low of the cattle, and the bleatings of the sheep—not an Arab was to be seen. On reaching the mountain's base we set off at full speed for the encampment, stretching ourselves out so as to surround it, and prevent the possibility of any one escaping.

The noise of our approach drew several boys and women from tents in the enclosure, who immediately disappeared upon seeing us. We dismounted and rushed in, loud cries and lamentations betokening our appearance. In an instant everything was in confusion; women and children were seen flying from the smaller tents to a large one in the centre. A few aged men came out, gazing upon us with looks of wonder and alarm. I summoned them before me, and commanded them to suppress the uproar among their women, by assuring them that no injury was intended if they remained quiet.

Having done this, they came out again. I demanded where the scheick and his people were gone—they pointed towards the south. I inquired at what time

they would return—at this they shook their heads, declaring they could not inform me. I asked them several other questions, to which they only gave me evasive replies, or a shake of the head.

Perceiving there was not much information to be obtained from them, I placed them together with the women and children in the large tent, stationing a guard at the entrance to prevent any one going out. I then selected half of my band, which I placed behind a range of sand banks about half a mile to the south of the encampment. The remainder I distributed in the tents, carefully concealing from view every object of a hostile description.

The sun was fast sinking in the west, when one of my men, who had been employed in looking out, came to me, and said there was something visible on the horizon. On the plain I observed a moving speck, almost indistinct and indefinable in its outline. As it came nearer it resembled a cloud, rising gradually from the horizon. After an hour's suspense, this suspicious looking object approached near enough for us to discern that it consisted of a large body of horsemen. I brought one of the old men from the tent, who acknowledged, after a good deal of threatening, that it was the scheick and his people returning.

When they had arrived within a mile or two of the camp, I perceived that they were driving before them a large body of horses, which they endeavoured to keep together with loud vociferations. The keepers of Mohammed's stud, whom I had brought with me, immediately exclaimed that they were the horses of the scheick-el-belled.

It was a spirit-stirring sight to see a body of some hundreds of those noble animals bearing down upon our place of concealment with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, pursued, terrified, urged on to fury by their equally wild drivers, who scoured the plain from one end to the other, in order to drive a stray lot towards the main body. On they came in all their native wildness, the air resounding with the clatter of their hoofs, and rain-

ing clouds of sand, which at times completely shrouded them from our view. Distance was traversed with a speed altogether incredible: every muscle of their delicate forms seemed strained to its utmost tension. They were now abreast of the encampment, and the uproar was tremendous: they rushed past us, plunging, rearing, circling, darting, rivalling the eagle in its flight, and performing a thousand extravagant antics in their mad career.

They were driven into a nook formed by the mountains, which effectually prevented their farther progress. I now ordered my Mamlouks to mount, and we issued from the encampment, throwing ourselves between the horses and the scheick's retainers, who suddenly drew up, uttering loud cries, using violent gesticulations, and couching their long lances. I advanced in front of my troop, holding up my hand, and calling upon the scheick to meet me halfway. He held a short conference with those around him, and then rode forward at a slow pace. The usual salutations having passed between us, I proceeded to address him.

"Scheick," I said, "in me you behold the representative of Mohammed Bey, who has heard with much surprise and indignation that you and your followers (in defiance of the ancient custom which has ever been held sacred) have broken your faith, and dared to steal his horses from the deserts bordering the Nile. Hear, therefore, his commands, and obey them. I am come to demand restitution both of the animals and the persons of the offenders. You have heard my orders, now answer me."

"Allah!" exclaimed the scheick, "let not the wrath of my lord the bey fall on the heads of the guiltless. How shall I answer you, or how will you credit the words of my mouth, when I declare that neither I nor my children know anything of the animals of which you speak?"

"How is this?" I demanded. "Am I not to believe my senses, and the assertions of my own people? To whom belong yonder horses?"

“To Ismael and Hassan Beys,” he replied. “Placed in my charge by them, I have now brought them from the desert, to conduct them to their rightful owners.”

“Then I will save you that trouble,” I said, “they are the property of Mohammed; which you, aided by the followers of Ismael and Hassan Beys, stole from the desert of Thebes. Restore them, or by the beard of Mohammed! I will take ample vengeance for your disobedience.”

“I cannot restore that which is not mine own,” calmly replied the scheick.

“Then hear me,” I cried, my temper becoming savage at his imperturbable demeanour: “your encampment, your wives, your children, your aged men and maidens, are in my power. Your compliance will restore them to your bosom—your refusal will consign them to death.”

“God is merciful,” ejaculated the scheick, with unmoved resolution; “he will not suffer my children to perish unjustly.”

“Then be their blood upon your head!” I exclaimed, and immediately gave the signal for the troop behind the sand banks to advance.

They rushed out with loud shouts in the rear of the Arabs, who appeared overcome with alarm and confusion. Hearing the uproar, the scheick turned in his saddle, and beholding the unexpected reinforcement, gave his horse the stirrup, and bounded away towards his retainers. I saw no time was to be lost: I drew a pistol from my belt, and shot him in the shoulder. Although severely wounded, he checked his steed, calling upon his followers, who rushed upon us with overwhelming fury.

Ere, however, we encountered, the scheick, who was considerably in advance of his troops, swayed to and fro in his saddle, lifted up his arms, and uttering a loud cry, fell on the plain: a few of his men dismounted and raised him; the rest, wheeling suddenly round, struck into the desert, and sought their safety in a precipitate flight—but not before a fatal discharge from our carbines had killed several. We saw no more of them.

The scheick and his followers were immediately surrounded and secured, and it was with difficulty I could withhold my men from butchering them. The wounded were despatched without mercy. The scheick himself was nearly gone. He was borne to the camp by his retainers, who wept aloud when they saw the state to which he was reduced. The women and children also set up piercing cries and lamentations, invoking the vengeance of Heaven on the head of his slayer.

We spent the night in much anxiety, uncertain as to the intentions of the Arabs who had fled, but remained unmolested. Before sunrise the following day, I was prepared to return. I compelled the few retainers of the scheick, who had remained with him, to accompany me for the purpose of pointing out a path over the mountains, and assist in conducting the horses. I told them that if they performed the service faithfully, I would give them their liberty and reward them; otherwise, on the discovery of the least treachery, I would shoot them. They promised obedience, and we set off. We left the scheick in a deplorable state, but there was no help for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In three days we reached Essouan, when I dismissed the Arabs with suitable rewards. I sent forward the horses under the care of their usual keepers, attended by a troop of horse, while I remained in the town a day or two with my Mamlouks to recruit.

My route from Essouan to the seat of my government was marked by an interview with Ismael Bey, who had secretly sent me several messages to meet him: but I was too well acquainted with the character of such people to obey the mandate; though there was no bey in Egypt whom I would more readily have served than

Ismael, for he had rendered me many good offices at Cairo. Notwithstanding my disinclination to the meeting, he at length affected it by means which rather perplexed than surprised me.

One evening, after we had left Essouan, I had got the start of my Mamlouks, and was pursuing my way at a slow pace, among some ancient ruins, musing on the many stirring events of my life, when my horse suddenly made a halt. I looked up and saw a stranger, a few yards before me, on horseback: a moment's survey told me that it was Ismael Bey. I mechanically placed my hand on my pistols—he waved his hand, and threw open his vest, showing me that he was unarmed.

“Mahmoud,” he said, “why dost thou distrust me thus?”

“I distrust you not, Ismael Bey,” I replied; “but while I serve those opposed to you, you cannot wonder at my unwillingness to meet you.”

“It matters little whom thou servest, Mahmoud,” he said, “so that the objects which thou hast in view are attained. Take my word for it, thou wilt never rise beyond thy present condition under the scheick-el-belled. Insurmountable obstacles—the deep hatred of many parties, are opposed to thy elevation; while wealth, power, and honours await thee if thou art willing to join us. Our prospects are not so utterly blasted and hopeless as thou mayst imagine. Time will discover strange things: and thou wilt then regret not having followed the advice of one who wishes thee well.”

“It cannot be,” I replied; “the services which you have rendered me are remembered with gratitude, but Mohammed Bey possesses a claim on my affections too deeply fixed: I am linked with his destiny, be it evil or good; and while he lives, I stand or fall by its fulfilment.”

“Is there no temptation, then, which I can offer thee to join us?” he said, after a pause of some duration. “I feel anxious, Mahmoud, to draw around me such men as thee—men who combine intelligence and sagacity with courage and daring. Thy services shall be highly re-

warded, even beyond thy expectations; for I swear, whatever difficulties may oppose thy elevation, when once I set my foot within the gates of Cairo, to make thee a bey. Consult thy feelings, and let me know thy answer."

At this overture I was both surprised and pleased: but yet I perceived there were many obstacles opposed, between acceding to the brilliant offer just made, and casting away the honours which were yet to flow from the hands of Aboodahab. My mind was in too great a ferment to think calmly on the subject, and I told Ismael, that it was impossible for me at present to accept his offer: but it was not unlikely that circumstances might shortly arise to alter my opinion, and when that time arrived, I should not fail to remember his proposal.

He was about to say something, when the sound of my Mamlouks' approach broke on our ears. Ismael saluted me affectionately, and bidding me farewell, turned his horse away, and quitted the spot. My companions drew near, and we instantly set off at a gallop for Kieneh.

My further residence at the seat of my government was not marked by any event of an interesting character. I had visited many places worthy of notice—I had explored regions seldom trodden but by the wild Arabs of the desert—I had seen the falls—satisfied my curiosity by the examination of those glorious ruins, the remains of Egyptian grandeur, around which the antiquity of ages had thrown a charm in unison with a contemplative mind—and my ambition was elated at the prospects which were opening before me.

I was not indifferent to the uncertainty of power and station, and the variable features of all things, which characterized the dominion of the beys: more than once I reflected upon the proposal of Ismael, but foresaw that it would be unwise to accept of it at present; my prudence whispered me there was time enough to join his standard, when any event arose to destroy my favour with Mohammed. I longed to join my old Caïreen friends, from whom I had been absent

many months, to hear how affairs went on, to learn something connected with my own prospects; and, more than all, I was anxious to see my adored Eminé.

It was, therefore, not without a feeling of satisfaction that I beheld a messenger arrive with a mandate for my recall. I had expected the summons before, for Mohammed had been long employed in making diligent preparations for his expedition into Syria. Leaving a small guard behind me, commanded by one of my own Mamlouks, I immediately started for Cairo.

The speed of the wind was scarcely equal to the pace at which I returned. Day and night I travelled, and reached the capital in less than four days.

Cairo resembled a large camp more than a commercial city. An immense train of artillery was placed in the square of Roumelie, for which foreign gunners had been provided; the direction of this was confided to a Frank, who had so completely overcome the prejudices and raised the curiosity of Mohammed, that the latter gave him an unlimited control, and rewarded him with a confidence, dangerous as it was boundless. The Frank,¹ however, was a man of a bold and daring character. While he excited our astonishment by the display of his abilities, he took care to make it known, that many of his valuable improvements were the result of hints suggested by Mohammed. By such a course of flattery he rose high in favour with our chief.

The love of an affectionate wife, and the ardent welcome of a devoted friend, repaid me for many long months of absence from Cairo. Osman afforded me much information of what had happened, and detailed the intrigues which my enemies had carried on to effect my ruin with Mohammed. They had attempted to lower and disgrace me in his opinion; but their malice only served to render him more determined to protect me, and their enmity at length subsided into impotent threats.

I had returned scarcely more than a week from Kieneh, when an army of fifty thousand men marched out of Cairo, taking its route for Syria. Three days

afterward our chief left the city, at the head of five thousand Mamlouks, under the sole command of Murad Bey. Ibrahim Bey was left behind in quality of scheick-el-belled, to keep in awe the forces of Ismael and Hassan. In three days we reached Gaza.

Affairs were in a desperate state with Scheick Daher when Mohammed Bey invaded Syria. His children, already grown old men, tired of waiting for their patrimony, were dissatisfied with several conditions which the Porte had lately exacted from their sire : they were still more resolved to oppose those measures, upon hearing that the hereditary title of Prince of Akka was not to be transmitted to either of them. The consequence was, that they suddenly revolted. Scheick Ali went to Palestine with his Safadians, and encamped near Hebron. Akhmed and Seid retired to Nabloos, craving the protection of its scheick, Aboo Djourrai. Othman was with the Arabs of Sakr, in Cæsarea, and several months passed in these dissensions.

The scheick himself, however, had not been idle since the death of Aly Bey. Collecting a powerful force to meet the approaching struggle, he fortified all the towns in Syria. A part of his troops lay encamped before Gaza. Despairing of being able to cope with the formidable armament now advancing against him, being destitute also of ammunition, they abandoned the place to us, and retired upon Yaffa (Joppa.) This town, proud of having a part in the preceding struggles, was bolder ; its inhabitants flew to arms, assumed a high tone of ardour and defiance, determined to oppose the invasion to the utmost.

While we lay encamped before Gaza, Osman, the Pacha of Damascus, arrived with a large force to assist us. Djezzar, the self-constituted Pacha, of Beirout, watched these proceedings with the eye of a lynx, awaiting the termination of the struggle.

A few hundred Safadians, commanded by the valiant Ali Daher, who had flown to the assistance of his sire, supported by a body of Mootawalys, headed by Deg-nezlé, the governor of Seide, (Sidon,) and a small body

of Maronites, under the Emir Yusuf, Prince of the Droози, were the defenders of Yaffa. These resolute chiefs mounted a few brass cannon upon carriages roughly hewn out of some trees, and with this indifferent force and preparation, awaited the overwhelming squadrons of Aboodahab.

The army at length arrived before Yaffa. We came in sight of it on the third day after quitting Gaza. Situated on an elevation at the end of a vast plain, it is surrounded on all sides by orange, olive, and lemon groves. Our troops took up their quarters behind some garden walls, where they were protected from the fire of the enemy, who kept up a constant discharge of artillery from the moment of our appearance.

A space was now cleared away, and the camp formed, but our chief being little acquainted with the necessary operations upon these occasions, advanced within reach of their muskets. He was soon convinced of his error. The balls which showered upon his tent, killing several of his Mamlouks, compelled him to make a speedy retreat. At length the Frank discovered the proper distance, the tent of Mohammed was pitched afresh, those of the Mamlouks surrounding it, the Arabs and Mawgarbees forming the outside.

A few batteries were hastily erected on a spot of rising ground, behind some garden walls: the artillery was planted, and soon began to play upon the town, though with very little effect, the musketry of the enemy killing many of the gunners at that short distance.

Our chief now mounted his horse, and rode out to view the works, surrounded by his beys and Mamlouks, and preceded by the Frank, who explained everything as we passed on. This display of martial tactics, being quite an innovation in Egyptian warfare, and totally different from their usual manner of engaging, there were not a few restless spirits who viewed so dilatory a mode of proceeding, of throwing up works and forming intrenchments, with feelings of impatience and contempt: but it was a novelty to Mohammed, and he entered into all its

details with the ardour of a child who had got a new plaything.

While we stood viewing the works, a discharge of musketry suddenly opened upon us, and a shower of balls fell among our troop. This little incident convinced Mohammed he was yet too far in advance, by several hundred paces. Much confusion now prevailed among the Mamlouks, who quickly retired from the works, muttering threats on the insolence of the besieged. Our chief had a narrow escape—his horse was shot under him; a few of his personal attendants were severely wounded; a ball struck the handle of my handjhar, glanced off, and wounded my left arm.

The following morning I was despatched to summon the town to surrender. I was accompanied by a small party of Mamlouks. The besieged would not admit us within the walls: on my requesting a conference, however, and making them acquainted with the purport of my visit, they opened one of the gates, when Ali Daher, accompanied by a few of his Safadians, rode out to meet us.

“For what purpose are you come?” he demanded, upon riding up to us.

“In the name of Mohammed,” I replied, “I am come to demand the surrender of the town. Your submission will ensure you his protection, your resistance will only aggravate the horrors which will ensue.”

“It cannot be,” said the scheick; “my sire placed me over this town with these words: ‘Use all your efforts to keep the tyrant at bay, and return not into my presence until you have succeeded, or you will return as a coward.’ Such are my orders, and I am resolved to stand or fall by them.”

“This, then, is your determination?”

“I have said,” calmly replied the scheick.

At this moment a bullet whistled past my head, and struck a Mamlouk dead behind me. He was the tchi-booktchee² of Mohammed, and a great favourite with our chief. No doubt the compliment was intended for myself, but my star was benignant.

An exclamation of treachery burst from my companions ; they drew their weapons and prepared to rush upon the Arabs, when I turned my horse to face them, commanding them to desist. The retainers of the scheick drew up in a compact body, awaiting our attack ; but their chief waved his hand, they fell back several paces, leaving him standing alone before me. His countenance was flushed, his lips compressed, and his eyes bent with looks of fury upon the battlements of the town.

“Shame be upon their heads!” he exclaimed, “and cursed be the hand that did the deed ! Oh ! Arab, Arab—would I had died ere this had happened ! But, may the flames of gehennam be my portion, if I take not vengeance on the doer !”

Saying which, he hurried away with his Arabs into the town, and we returned to the camp, with the body of the tchibooktchee hanging across his saddle. Having related to Mohammed the issue of my mission, and the death of his attendant, his exclamations of rage, and his denunciations of retaliation, were equally violent and bloodthirsty. I was not allowed to escape these manifestations of wrath. He demanded, in a fierce tone, why I had not avenged the fall of the tchibooktchee. I was perplexed, and could only reply by saying, that I considered the scheick and his few Arabs innocent of the deed.

“Innocent !” he exclaimed, with one of his fiendish bursts of laughter, “what have scenes like those to do with innocence ? Hadst thou slaughtered the whole of them, my vengeance would not have been appeased : but thy courage is not equal to thy prudence. Go—my opinion is changed—leave me : and see that to-morrow, at dawn of day, thy troop leads the assault upon the town.”

I quitted the tent, my heart bursting with wounded pride and vexation. His words cut me to the soul—rousing all the vindictive passions of my nature. My courage questioned—oh ! how I burned to avenge the foul aspersion, and send back the blistering censures on his teeth ! I could have borne his wrath, his re

his threats : but to be branded with the name of coward by him, for whom I had gone through so much, was beyond my patience to endure.

“Mahmoud !” whispered a friendly voice within, “beware, ere it is too late : thine own turn may come. Plunged in a fancied security, a volcano is ready to explode at thy feet. Stifle thy resentment—show not thy teeth to the wolf. Summon thy pride : recall to thy heart the feelings of thy boyhood—and hie thee hence.”

“Excellent advice !” I exclaimed, half aloud ; “a few days shall fix my determination.”

Just after I quitted the tent of Mohammed, the attention of the army was drawn towards the town, upon seeing a man hanging from one of the towers on the ramparts. A pole had been thrust from one of the loopholes, from which hung a rope. Presently an Arab appeared upon the walls, attended by one, in whom I recognised the form of Scheick Ali. The fellow submitted to his fate without a murmur, and was elevated to a position which he had little expectation of ever attaining—an inflexible example of Arab justice and severity. The body of the culprit remained there the whole of the day, and our gunners amused themselves by firing at it as a mark.

Mohammed hoped that his appearance alone before Yaffa would have had the effect of bringing its inhabitants to his feet. But he was never so deceived. The besieged, actuated by a bravery worthy of the cause for which they were contending, defied the hosts which encompassed them, and scorned submission. They returned our fire with animation, and the roar of their cannon answered the thunder of our own, and was more destructive in its effects.

The following morning, the assault was made on the town, but failed. The Mamlouks marched boldly up to the attack, I being the first to lead the way with my little troop. But what could our thousands effect against stone walls ? The besieged laughed us to scorn, and we retired with feelings of disappointment raging in our bosoms. All attempts met with similar disgrace. The ability of the Frank, and the valour of the Mamlouks,

were exerted in vain against the daring and obstinacy of the enemy. The siege went on with the utmost violence for days, and even weeks were passed away in useless slaughter. Much blood was shed—much desperate valour was displayed on one side, and many brave actions were performed on the other; while a great portion of the country round suffered all the desolation that fire and sword, under the dominion of vengeance, could inflict.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE army was now getting short of provisions; for the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, having suffered severely during the conquests of Aly Bey, refused to bring the necessary supplies. Several parties were sent out to forage. One day, upon receiving intelligence that Aboo Djourrai, the Scheick of Nabloos, who dwelt in his castle at Sanhoor, was about to throw supplies into the town, I was ordered to intercept him. I was not sorry for a change, as the siege, which had already dragged on a period of three weeks, began to grow irksome. I selected a band of fifty Mamlouks, and a score or two horsemen, to accompany me on the enterprise.

We left the camp at night. Avoiding the numerous villages between Rama and Nabloos, we struck into the mountains as daylight came on, and posting ourselves in a valley, near a rocky defile, a mile or two from the latter place, waited the appearance of the escort, which we were told was conducted by the scheick in person.

After a suspense of about two hours, the train, composed of camels bearing corn, oil, and other provisions, followed by flocks of sheep and goats, was seen issuing from the defile, the rear brought up by the scheick and fifty followers. I allowed them to advance some distance on the plain before I attempted to show myself.

At length, having passed the spot where we were concealed, I gave the word, and we rushed out, spreading ourselves, so as to surround them. They instantly halted ; the scheick called his people round him, and addressing a few words to them, advanced to meet us.

“What do you seek ?” he demanded, when I came up.

“I have been given to understand,” I replied, “that you are about to carry provisions into the town of Yaffa; and am sent by Mohammed Bey to frustrate your object, and to seize the supplies.”

“Allah !” he exclaimed, “what do I hear ? You are imposed upon. My journey hence lies towards Jerusalem, where I am to meet the hadj returning from Mekka ; those provisions are destined for their use.”

“Be it so or not,” I said, “my orders are to seize them, and even to deprive you of liberty : but I will forego this, provided you remain peaceable.”

“It is the will of God !” ejaculated the scheick. “I am content.”

I then desired my men to attend to the train, and get the camels together, some of them having strayed over the plain. While this was being done, the scheick engrossed my attention, by detaining me in conversation on the present aspect of affairs. Considering the capture as certain, I had not noticed his people ; but one of my men informed me afterward, that he had seen an Arab steal along the plain, and disappear among some trees near the defile.

The camp at Yaffa being short of provisions, we had not brought any with us, relying upon our own exertions for future supplies. Not having eaten anything since the preceding evening, my Mamlouks determined to satisfy their appetites, which were becoming excessively voracious, before they proceeded farther. We sat down on the plain, the scheick joining us, placing himself at my side, and joining in our discourse with great conviviality.

Abou Djourrai was an independent character, fond of the good things of this life, and solicitous about those hereafter. His countenance was wrinkled and bronzed

with age and exposure to weather ; and his beard, which was died with henna, he took very great delight in continually stroking.

A few hours passed away almost before I became aware how time was going. The social qualities of my companion won my heart, and I insensibly yielded to the pleasures of his conversation. At length he rose, gave us the salutation of peace, and mounting his horse, left us : I congratulating myself upon having achieved my errand with so little difficulty. We now turned our faces towards the camp, though I resolved to send a few of my men forward with the train, and betake myself to some other enterprise before my return.

We had just passed a small village perched upon an acclivity, when we observed a large body of Arabs, double our own number, besetting the road we were about to take. I commanded a halt : several of them rode up to us, giving us to understand that they were come to demand restitution of the provisions. I told them, in reply, that as long as I possessed the power of resisting, I should retain them. Upon hearing this, and perceiving that I was determined, they joined their companions. A cry from some of my men behind attracted my attention ; turning my head, I beheld the troop of Abou Djourrai making towards us. We immediately retired towards a piece of rising ground near the village, and there resolved to await their united attack.

I now perceived that I had been made the dupe of the scheick, who, in the hurry of collecting the camels, had despatched one of his followers to the town for assistance. A small band of Scheick Daher's Arabs happened to be there at the time, several of the townspeople joined them, they took a circuit by the mountains, and thus cut off our advance.

But our antagonists were not so desirous of acquiring renown on the field of battle as solicitous about their personal safety. Much time was lost, and many words expended, in deliberating upon the best mode of attack. They defied us to the combat, brandishing their weapons before us with all the apparent ardour of redoubted

warriors. They argued so loud, and hesitated so long, that my men grew impatient of delay, and burned for the onset. Well knowing their impetuous dispositions, I gave the word, and we rushed down the hill with overwhelming impetuosity.

But the valour of our enemies had exploded on their lips, and their military dexterity consisted, not in withstanding the force of our charge, but in getting out of the affray. In a few minutes they had disappeared, the hills hiding them from our view, and we were on our route for the camp. Abou Djourrai, however, followed us at a respectful distance, till within a few miles of Yaffa, though his force was too inconsiderable to afford us uneasiness. I then sent the train forward to the camp, with the troop of horse, and accompanied by my Mamlouks, wheeled round, taking a route towards Jerusalem.

My ostensible object was to collect provisions—my real motive plunder. I knew it was just about the time when the Syrian hadj would return from Mekka, and conceiving there was a possibility of picking up something among the rich merchants composing it, I determined to hazard the trial. It was a bold step, but my Mamlouks were men well adapted for such adventures: indeed, it was through their persuasion that I undertook the enterprise.

Yusuf, son of Osman, the Pacha of Damascus, and governor of Trabloos, (Tripoli,) had just before passed on with provisions, to meet the hadj at the village of Falahem. We therefore crossed the mountains, took a view of Jerusalem, again struck into the desert, confining our wanderings for a few days between some paltry villages, till the caravan came in sight. We then sought the mountains, through which their route lay. Our hearts beat high with expectation, when, one morning, we espied a long line of pilgrims traversing the plain beneath us, from the heights on which we were concealed.

The Bosniac guard of Yusuf Pacha, the conductor of the hadj, and the troop of the soureh emini,¹ had entered a defile; a few stragglers on foot and horseback,

with the exception of the pilgrims, were all that remained to oppose us.

I pointed out one detached portion of the caravan, consisting of a train of gayly dressed horsemen, heading a line of camels, heavily laden, and crying out to my Mamlouks, "Behold our prey," we rushed down the hill and gained the spot, almost before they were aware of our approach. Our appearance operated like magic—the hajjis quickly dispersed with cries of terror: but the small detachment which we had in view halted, and made a show of resistance. We advanced upon them, overpowering and cutting down a few of the foremost—the remainder took to flight, as fast as their horses could carry them, leaving us in possession of the booty.

We lost no time in ripping open the loads borne by the camels. Shawls, silks, and stuffs met our sight—we cared not for these—our search was directed after more costly articles. Upon letting out the contents of one package with my sword, there poured a stream of precious stones; in another I found an abundant supply of sequins, dollars, and piastres. I threw them indiscriminately into a shawl, which I tied round my waist, and then moved on to seek other prey. My Mamlouks had not been idle; they had reaped a golden harvest, and at length we ceased to pillage from actual satiety.

While this was going on, my attention was attracted by hearing a groan behind me. I turned round, and saw a young and handsome-looking Turk lying on the ground, wounded and almost fainting; he was one of those who had fallen in the onset. His appearance interested me; I went up to him, and addressed a few words to him. My attention became riveted; I gazed upon his countenance like one in doubt—I was at length convinced.

"Omri!" I exclaimed.

"In the name of Allah!" he cried, "who calls on the dying Omri?"

"You once knew a Greek, named Constantine," I said.

"I once knew such a person."

“Behold him then in me.”

He looked up, gazed at me a moment, but still seemed perplexed.

“It is even so,” I continued; “I am Constantine. Nevertheless, in the Turk Mahmoud you will find as sincere a friend as in the Greek Constantine. I am sorry to see you in this dilemma.”

“It is the will of God,” he murmured, faintly, “and cannot be helped.”

I then inquired how it was we chanced to meet under such circumstances. He told me in a few words, but I must reserve this for another opportunity. Having bound up his wounds, I told him he had better go with me to Yaffa, where I would undertake to put him on board a vessel bound for Stamboul; as it was impossible for him to think of joining the caravan in his present state.

I now called my Mamlouks together, as there was a probability of the pacha's troops coming upon us; we immediately remounted and set off on our return. We reached Rama at nightfall, and the following day entered the camp. The siege was still carried on with unabated vigour on both sides, and very little advantage on either.

I placed Omri in my own tent, and had his wounds dressed by an experienced hakem. In the course of a few days, he was sufficiently recovered to give me a relation of the events which had happened to him since I last saw him at Stamboul.

“It was not until some months after you quitted Stamboul,” said Omri, “that I joined my kinsman, the bimba-shee, whose troop was stationed near the city of Silistria, in Bulgaria.

“About this time the affairs of Turkey were in so desperate a condition with Russia, through the defeat of their armies, that peace was eagerly solicited by the former. The terms on which this was to be obtained, however, required so large a sacrifice of territory, that the negotiations, which continued some time, were at length terminated by the breaking up of the congress which had assembled at Bukarest, and there was every prospect of

war being rekindled with greater fury than ever. It was shortly after this period that I arrived at my station near Silistria, and joined myself to a troop of spahis² under my kinsman.

“For the first month there was no show of operations; but at length our troop was ordered to proceed to Totourkai, a post on the Danube, to attack the Russians who were stationed near the river Ardjisch, which runs into the Danube, some little distance above Totourkai.

“I remember to have heard you speak of those feelings which actuated you on your first display of arms; similar thoughts occupied my mind, when one day an order came for four hundred of us to arm, for the purpose of reconnoitering the neighbourhood of the river Ardjisch. Never shall I forget the proud feeling which animated my bosom. The glitter of arms—the eager curvettings of so many fiery steeds—the anticipation of glory and conquest expressed by the younger portion of the troop, communicated a thrill through my whole frame, seldom experienced on subsequent occasions.

“It was not yet day when he embarked at Totourkai to gain the left bank of the Danube. On quitting the boats, we crossed the country at an angle with the two rivers. Daylight broke over the hills behind us as we approached the Ardjisch, but no sign of an enemy was visible. Two men having been despatched by the bimbashee to a height at some distance, which commanded a view of the country, returned in haste, and pointed out the spot where the yellow-haired Yaoors³ were encamped.

“I was one of the foremost in the onset. My fiery steed so far outstripped every one else, that I began to entertain some serious apprehensions for my safety. At that moment, I assure you, glory appeared but a silly sort of pursuit. His headlong career was, however, put a stop to. A Russian officer, who, it appeared, had retired from the main body to seek repose in a secluded spot, suddenly rose from the ground on perceiving me, and vaulting on the back of his horse, which stood at hand, galloped towards the encampment. I afterward learned

it was the Russian General Suvoroff. This sudden apparition, starting as it were from the earth, checked my forward steed ; he fell back on his haunches, snorting with affright. The remainder of the troop coming up, we proceeded at a more steady pace.

“ Our attack was not so sudden, but the enemy was prepared to receive us. A small body of Cossacks immediately sallied from the hollow, where they were concealed, to attack us. I could not have conceived it possible that my better feelings would so far have destroyed all sympathy as to occasion in my breast those angry feelings which fired the soldier in the heat of conflict. At first, I was animated by the novelty of the scene ; this feeling grew into excitement, till a kind of phrensy seized upon my brain, and I dashed forward into the thickest of the affray with all the fervour of a fanatic, calling upon Allah and our blessed Prophet to give me strength to crush the infidels.

“ The bimbashee, my kinsman, though an aged man, fought with all the ardour of youth, and the most intrepid bravery. He was bold and fearless, having been accustomed to such scenes almost from his childhood, and, though bending under the weight of seventy years, mingled in the affray with an activity which elicited shouts of triumph from his partisans, and commanded even the admiration of his enemies. Individual acts of valour, however, were of no avail ; we were attacked by superior numbers, and reluctantly began to retire. It was during the confusion and hurry of our retreat that my heroic kinsman received a ball in his heart. He fell, uttering one piercing scream, and I was compelled to leave him on the field. My right arm was rendered useless by a shot which I received : indeed, most of the troop were wounded, or made prisoners. I managed to make my escape with a few others, dispirited more by the death of my kinsman than the issue of the conflict. I well earned my yirmibes-lik⁴ that day.

“ Seldom did the Russian general allow us much repose. Towards the evening he effected a descent on the right bank of the Danube, and commenced an attack

upon Totourkai. As I could not make use of my sword, I was prevented from joining in the engagement. It proved disastrous to us. Several redoubts were forced and carried, and the Turks poured into the town from all quarters, in full retreat, pursued by those demons in human shape, the Cossacks.

“I verily believe those Cossacks are the progeny of Eblis, sent by Allah in his wisdom as a scourge upon our nation. They do not fight like other men, but fly upon their scarecrow beasts from one place to another, as if endowed with the power of volitation. They pounce upon one like a swarm of stinging insects, torment one in a similar manner, though much more fatally, with their long pikes, and then are off again before you can give them a blow. Allah! I never met with a more stubborn people: they are insensible; they will not yield, but fight, till you or themselves fall. Their perseverance is quite provoking. But, thanks be to Allah! there is one consolation, they are ordained to roast in eternal fires, while we shall enjoy the delights of Paradise.

“The enemy at length were compelled to retire in turn, crossed the Danube, and took up their quarters at the convent of Nigojeshti, on the river Ardjisch: we remained intrenched before Totourkai. Shortly after this, we were reinforced by a body of eight thousand men, commanded by a pacha, about which time, also, the Russians, under Suvoroff, again showed themselves upon the Danube. They landed on the right bank under a heavy fire, and made themselves masters of several intrenchments, which had been deserted by our troops. An important one, however, situated on an elevation, and which commanded the country around, had only been partially fortified. In one night, it was attacked and taken by the Russians, and in the morning we had the mortification of perceiving their colours waving over its unfinished parapets.

“Against this intrenchment the whole of our force was now directed. A body of horse commenced the attack, continuing the combat for some time, but at length was forced to retire: but though compelled to fall back,

they disdained to fly, returning to the intrenchment with renewed impetuosity, and at one time they had nearly established themselves within the parapet, when they were again attacked by the whole Russian infantry, and compelled to retreat.

“I had hitherto remained with the pacha, who had given me a post about his person, in place of a Gurgistani,⁵ who had been killed at Silistria. The bimbashee had served under him before; and when he arrived at Totourkai, I requested an audience, and telling him who I was, he offered me the post near his person, which I accepted.

“Observing the ineffectual attempts made by his cavalry on the intrenchment, the pacha gave the word to assault. He placed himself at their head, and drawing his yataghan, rushed forward, followed by about two thousand horse. But, alas! the uncertainty of human life. We had nearly reached the intrenchment, when the pacha, uttering a loud shriek, fell back on his horse. I sprang forward and caught him in my arms: a ball had entered his heart, and he was dead almost before I could drag him out of his saddle. A body of Cossacks immediately surrounded us, screaming and shouting like so many evil spirits, and the tumult and confusion became horrible. The pacha's followers closed round his body, and fell by numbers, defending it. The Russian commander, perceiving this, ordered forth the whole of his force; we were completely routed and pursued by the Cossacks, leaving our camp, and all which it contained, in the enemy's hands.

“My hopes were now destroyed in those quarters where, most of all, I expected them to be realized. I was turning the aspect of affairs over in my mind, when I was appointed to a post at the small town of Karissa, and accordingly crossed the Danube, and proceeded to join my bairak.⁶ On my arrival, the pacha in command was about to attack the Russians posted at the town of Tehirskowa.

“Previous to this battle, there had been a great sensation created among the janizaries in consequence of a

nizam djedid,⁷ which had been forwarded to the grand vizier at Schumla, with strict injunctions to see its details carried into execution. Accordingly, under the superintendence of their ustas⁸ and their karakullukdchees,⁹ they were hastily trained to the European mode of battle; and upon approaching Tchirskowa, ordered to advance after the fashion of those infidels, instead of rushing on in irregular and detached masses as they had been accustomed. This silly innovation upon established usage lost us the battle.

“ We arrived at Tchirskowa at nightfall, but the moon afforded us a brilliant light. Never before, or since, have I been engaged in so desperate, and for a time, so well contested, but disastrous an action. We carried the intrenchments by the mere impetuosity of our charge. But the janizaries, who had advanced in the European mode of battle, so totally unaccustomed to fight in that systematic manner, were soon thrown into disorder and repulsed. The carnage was horrible. We were attacked on all sides, and, after four hours' hard fighting, obliged to retire. Many now fell to the ground, and were crushed to death by the crowds which passed over them. The tchorbadgchees and the achetchy hashee¹⁰ of the janizaries flew about in all directions, animating their men to continue the struggle. The derwishes of Hadji Bektash,¹¹ infuriated by opium, mingled in the sanguinary conflict with shouts and discordant screams. Those who continued the combat, they incited to deeds of greater daring, while those who attempted to fly met with the death from their hands, which they inflamed others to seek. But all was of no avail: numbers outweighed valour: and the white sleeve of Hadji Bektash¹² was humbled in the dust.

“ A pursuit was kept up for several miles, and we found safety only in the rapidity of our flight. Dispersed in all directions, we were hunted over the country like so many wild beasts. I had retired with a small body of horse, which I had managed to keep together. Uncertain where to direct our flight, we traversed the country at random. At length, we reached Silistria.

upon which an unsuccessful attempt had been made the day before our arrival by the Russian commander-in-chief, Romanzoff, who had retired into the province of Valachia.

“A continued series of engagements took place, which always ended in our defeat. Nothing material, however, occurred till the middle of the following year, when Romanzoff again crossed the Danube, near Silistria, and the war was once more carried into Bulgaria. But continual defeat had harassed our minds, and our troops became so dispirited in consequence, that a small body of Cossacks frequently had the effect of putting thousands to flight. The greater portion of the Asiatic troops commenced a system of outrage, robbing and murdering their officers, and committing all kinds of excesses on the peasantry. In this dilemma, our arms, instead of being opposed to the enemy, were often turned upon each other. Desertion daily reduced the army, the grand vizier at Schumla was at length compelled to submit to the conditions dictated by the imperial Yoor, and peace was finally concluded at Kainardgee. But, if I mistake not, there is the germ of an impending war breeding in the turbulent councils of the divan. We shall see.

“I returned to Stamboul, suffering from a severe wound, which I had received at Silistria. Here I began to look about for some employment, when a circumstance happened to change all my plans. I became acquainted with the widow of a Turkish emir—young, wealthy, and lovely as an houri. She took a pleasure in listening to the recital of the battles in which I had been engaged among the Yooors, and I became so enraptured that I offered to marry her. I was accepted.

“Previous to our union, however, the lady told me, one day, that her former husband, who was a very religious personage, had left a will, declaring that she was not to inherit any part of his vast property, if (in case of marrying again) she failed to take a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mekka. I considered this command rather harsh, but thought a few months might as well be spent in travelling, as in idling about Stamboul. The

hadj being about to start, we joined it, performed our devotions at the Prophet's shrine, and were returning, when the attack of your Mamlouks has been the means of separating me from the mistress of my heart."

Here Omri finished his narrative, and I condoled with him on the unfortunate issue of his journey. But I told him that it was possible he might yet reach his destination before the arrival of the hadj. He set sail in the course of a week from Syria, and arrived safe at Stamboul, where I met him some months afterward, happily united.

CHAPTER XX.

THE siege had already lasted six weeks, and Mohammed was distracted with rage at the enemy's obstinacy. The inhabitants, however, were suffering dreadfully from want of provisions, and became weary of defending Scheick Daher's cause; they had sent repeated messages to his minister, Ibrahim Sabbar, for succour; but he was not prudent enough to render them assistance.

At length our chief, whose temper was daily growing more ferocious, intimated to the Frank, that if a breach were not effected by a certain day, he should be blown away with his own cannon. This threat had the desired effect; the breach was made. But here it became a question how we were to get through. — We galloped up to the breach, but after several attempts to mount on horseback under a galling fire we at length consented to quit our saddles and march on foot. Murad Bey was the first to leap into the space between the walls and the town; we followed, and were instantly assailed from the terraces and windows of the house with a shower of balls. Murad brought us several times to the charge—but in vain: we declared it was impracticable, because we could not enter the breach on horseback.

Several assaults were made with like success. At length some of our troops, opening a communication with the inhabitants, began to treat with them ; and it was proposed to give up the town, on Mohanmed's agreeing to protect them from slaughter and pillage. Conditions were agreed upon, and the affair might be considered as concluded, when, in the midst of the security occasioned by this belief, a band of Mamlouks entered the town : numbers followed their example—attempts to plunder were made—the inhabitants flew to arms—the army rushed in, the assault commenced, and indiscriminate massacre ensued.

The defence had all the appearance of the maddest fury : even the women fell upon us with their daggers. Caring little for our numbers, the Safadians of Scheick Ali, though attacked and incessantly surrounded by fresh parties, fought like lions : no exertions could arrest their indefatigable activity—no dangers disturb their inflexible intrepidity. When the assault was over, Mohammed commanded a pyramid, of about fifteen hundred heads of the slain, to be raised in the market-place ; there to remain a monument of his victory and vengeance.

The road to Akka was now laid open ; the army, after remaining a day at Yaffa, took its route for that place. Consternation and terror pervaded all classes. Scheick Daher, and the Emir Yusuf, Prince of the Drooz, aware of their inability to contend, fled to the mountains of Safad. The valiant Scheick Ali, relying upon some agreement which had been made between him and our chief, took upon himself to defend the town ; but finding there was little faith to be expected from such a quarter, retired, and we remained masters of the place. Mohammed despatched a messenger to Djézzar, Pacha of Beirout, to come and take the command.

The conquest of Syria was in a manner complete, though several towns still held out. Seidé, Antakie, (Antioch,) Haleh, (Aleppo,) and Trabloos, were expected to be easy conquests : torn by divisions, and distracted by sedition, they beheld the approaching storm without the possibility of averting it.

As Mohammed entered Akka, he was met by a procession of the principal inhabitants, who invited him, in the name of Daher, to take upon himself the government. The Frank merchants settled there also met him and claimed an exemption; but our chief, whose temper had been soured by the protracted struggle before Yaffa, bade them, in a harsh voice, retire to their houses and await his commands. They were not allowed to remain long in ignorance of those. The order was sent forth. The Mamlouks, on their fierce barbs, rushed up the rugged and precipitate streets; the Mawgarbees followed; the Arabs brought up the rear, and the work of destruction commenced. The town and its inhabitants were abandoned to them for the space of some hours, and a scene of wild confusion, slaughter, and pillage, ensued, which it is impossible for imagination to conceive, or pen to depict.

Meanwhile, Aboodnab had retired to his tent without the town. His thirst for blood was reserved for a more refined display of torture. Mallem Ibrahim Sabbar, the minister of Daher, endeavouring to escape from Akka, was taken and brought before him. At the same time he summoned several Roman Catholics, and the monks of Nazareth, imagining they knew where the treasures of Daher were concealed. These men were brought into his presence, heavily bound with chains. Honest and fearless, they neither shrank before his withering glance, nor the terrible denunciations of his wrath. With countenances unchanged, in language simple, yet bold, they denied a knowledge of the treasure. Mohammed's brow lowered—he reviled and menaced them; but his abuse was unheeded, and his threats disregarded.

The torture was applied: every species of cruelty was resorted to for the purpose of intimidation; but even under those accumulated torments they remained inflexibly firm. Mohammed rose from his cushion, and advanced towards them. He drew forth his dagger, and afforded them a chance of escape, by once more giving them an opportunity of disclosing the secret. They one

and all cried out, "Let the God of our fathers be a judge between you and us—we know nought concerning this."

"Then let the God of your fathers protect you!" exclaimed the bey, and he sprang upon the foremost, burying his dagger in his bosom. He followed up the sacrifice by falling upon the rest, who shared a similar fate, to appease his relentless fury, and the ground was strewn with the dying and the dead.

I had witnessed many scenes of blood—my own hands were imbrued with many a sanguinary deed—but I had never yet beheld anything equal to this exhibition of atrocity. My heart swelled with rage, and my hand rose mechanically to my dagger, eager to draw, and sheathe it in the tyrant's heart.

When the tragedy was completed, and the bodies removed, Scheick Daher's minister was brought forth. Fresh from the inhuman slaughter, his hands still reeking with the blood of his victims, the bey talked of mercy, and applauded his own humanity; but the minister seemed to expect little from either. He read his doom in the countenances of those around him, and his energies seemed bent upon how he might meet his fate with serenity.

He was interrogated respecting his master's treasure, and the disposal of his own. He replied by saying, that the scheick had carried it away with him: with regard to his own property, he considered it too insignificant to make an offer of it to so generous a conqueror. Mohammed was somewhat appeased, though he scowled at the reply. A day was named to produce the money, when Aboodahab hinted he should expect to hear something further of the scheick's treasure. In the mean time, Ibrahim was to remain a prisoner; and for this purpose he was placed under my care. I took him to my tent, and placed a guard over him till the time arrived, allowing him to communicate with whomsoever he pleased.

For some days I had not been indifferent to rumours that were afloat, respecting the attack which had been made by myself and others upon the Syrian hadj.

Such affairs were of frequent occurrence, particularly among the Arabs, and no notice was taken of them. It appeared, however, that the enmity of a certain faction, ever on the alert to do me some disservice, now directed all its virulence against me, resolved to make this occurrence the means of my destruction.

We had all sworn among ourselves to keep the affair secret: but one of my companions, dissatisfied with his share of the booty, disclosed the affair to those who were ever ready to seek occasion of animosity against me. It was communicated to Murad Bey, and by him carried to Mohammed.

I heard of it one evening, as I returned from an excursion to Yaffa, from my friend Osman, who came hurriedly to my tent, expressed his fears for my personal safety, and urged me to fly instantly—there was yet time: he even offered to bear me company, but I would not hear of such a step. If taken, both of us would fall a prey to Aboodahab's vengeance. I resolved, however, upon immediate flight, and began to select such articles of value as would be necessary to me hereafter.

While thus engaged, a tchaoosh suddenly entered my tent, announcing that he was commanded to bring me before Mohammed. The tchaoosh was my intimate friend, and I said, "Is it even so?"

"It is even so," he replied; "I fear there is no hope for you."

"How came our chief to know of this?" I demanded.

"I need not say more," he replied, "when I tell you that Murad Bey has just been with him. Your name was frequently mentioned during the conference, and I heard sufficient to convince me that you have little mercy to expect at the hands of the scheick-el-belled."

"Are there no means of flight?" I said. "My horse is ready, and you have only to walk away."

"Willingly would I assist you," he replied; "but if you cast your eyes without the tent, you will see several of your old enemies, who followed me hither, carelessly standing by, doubtless expecting such will be your object."

struggle. His eyes seemed as if they would have darted from their sockets, glaring round the tent, fixed upon no object. He laughed—but his mirth was the outbreakings of a distempered brain, his words the wild and incoherent exclamations of a madman.

I stood by contemplating the frightful scene with feelings of awe and amazement, and murmured inwardly. "If, to be the slave of passions like these, Mahmoud, thou hast coveted power—if thy presumption, overstepping the boundaries of reason and humanity, has hurried thee into crime—behold now the littleness of authority, and the emptiness of pride!"

Not many minutes had elapsed since I entered the tent, but in that brief period, my own fate and the destinies of a nation were decided. For a day or two Mohammed had suffered under a slight fever, which to-day had increased in violence. Even now, while I stood before him, the fatal disorder, fastening its relentless fangs upon the heart of its victim, corrupted his fluids, and struck him with madness. His outrageous passions heightened the foul distemper, and he sank beneath its violence as if under the influence of the poisonous wind of the desert, and with a suddenness which no human agency could avert.

A moment I stood gazing upon the frantic bey, who rolled and flung his arms over his head, in all the wildness of delirium, his blistered tongue giving vent to expressions of mingled blasphemy and menace. His shrieks of agony were horrible, heard even by the inhabitants of the town. Restrained by his impetuous disposition from disturbing him in moments like these, his attendants stood without, unconscious of the cause of his outcries, fearful of coming to his aid. At length one or two, more bold than the rest, entered the tent, and were struck with dismay at the frightful picture presented to their view.

"How is this?" they demanded, with glances of fire directed at me.

"Shar Allah!" I exclaimed, pointing at the bloated

and delirious figure. "Behold the justice of God ! the bey is dying."

They rushed forward to raise him, for he lay wallowing on the floor, but their united strength was insufficient to restrain him. Seeing how matters stood, others now came pouring in, and the tent soon became thronged with his Mamlouks. I was unheeded amid the general uproar : and managed to make my way out without being observed, perplexed and confounded by the scene.

I hurried away with the stupified feelings of one who, having fallen from a precipice, finds himself unexpectedly uninjured, but with sufficient strength left to crawl away, without the faculty of estimating the danger he has escaped. I reached my own tent, amid the confusion and dismay which followed the announcement of the event to the camp : selecting the most valuable of my effects, I prepared to fly.

A thought struck me, and I resolved to perform one act of justice while yet the opportunity was left me. I went into an inner tent, commanded my prisoner, Ibrahim Sabbar, to rise, told him in a few words how matters stood, and that he was at liberty to go wherever he pleased. I released him from the chains which bound him, led him to the door of the tent, and he left me, amazed at his unexpected deliverance.

I then mounted my horse, and was about to fly, when I heard my name called out by some one. I turned my head, and beheld Osman. He was mounted, and his quick breathing bespoke the intensity of his feelings.

"I have heard," he said, hurriedly, "of thy wonderful escape ; there is no safety for thee here. Remember ! though the serpent be killed, his venom still remains : if Mohammed dies, of which there is little doubt, Murad will take his place. Never shall my arm fight for him : there are others who will be glad of our services—follow me."

Saying which, we gave our horses the stirrup, cleared the camp in a few minutes, and directed our

course for the village of Sedid, from thence to Medj-el-kooroum—nor did we think ourselves in safety until we reached the valley of Bekaa, near the mountains of Safad.

It was towards the close of the following day that I learned the events which took place after my flight from Akka. I had communicated to Cazem, my attendant, the place where I was to be found, in case anything should arise to urge a further retreat. On the evening of that day we saw him approach our place of refuge, having quitted the camp the instant the death of Mohammed was communicated to the army. This event had taken place a few hours after my departure.

“The sudden and inexplicable disorder,” said the attendant, who gave us a narrative of what had happened, “which seized the bey, paralyzed many for a time, though there were not a few whose hearts beat high with hope at the prospects which his death would open to them. The night was a sleepless one to all. I stood near his tent, one among the vast crowds assembled, to learn the progress of his malady. His shrieks of anguish were appalling—even now they ring in my ears. Ere the sun rose he was dead: by order of Murad Bey he was then brought forth, and exhibited to the assembled thousands, a black and disfigured mass of corruption.”

Thus died Mohammed Bey—thus perished Aboodahad, the Father of Gold! His acts will long be remembered by the nation of Syria, and his memory, as it ought to be, execrated. He was the enemy of the rich and powerful, the dread of the poor and feeble. He walked forth as a pestilence, destroying from mere wantonness. He died as he lived—a foe to God and man—without a solitary redeeming virtue to gloss over the enormous mass of crimes which had stained his sanguinary career.

Here let me pause a while, and reflect on the checkered events of my life. Entering upon the scene of my existence with the joyous sensations of youthful ardour, I regarded nature with universal love. My

course was unclouded by the bitter casualties of life, and the prospect which lay before me bid fair for a continuance of felicity. The mere surface of things was enough to satisfy me that all was glittering which appeared to be so. I did not trouble myself to dive into the decrees of fate, nor did I wish to ascertain the stability of its woes or its blessings. Suddenly snatched from the unsophisticated scenes of my boyhood to fill up a space in the drama of life, I became eager after pleasure, and unbounded in its pursuit. I was not slow to discover my estimation in the eyes of an only parent, who hung upon my existence as the shipwrecked mariner to the last remaining plank : nor did I fail to exercise, to its full extent, this tyranny of conscious power.

In defiance of the paternal malediction, I married. My young heart's spring of happiness was full ; I deemed it infallible. Alas ! why is the cup of enjoyment given to man only to be dashed from his grasp ere his heart has scarcely expanded to the full tide of bliss conferred. Crossed in my path of happiness—my hopes blighted—the superstructure of my pictured elysium was suddenly overthrown—its fall accelerated by the hand of friendship. My disposition, naturally generous, but violent when excited by passion or roused by opposition, yielded to the corroding demons of hate and revenge. I brooded over my dark purpose, I received consolation only in the prospect of its fulfilment. Hitherto accustomed to view society in its kindlier aspect, I now walked forth an altered being, reckless of the world's opinion, and despising its prescribed usages. I can well remember what a feeling of loneliness and desolation, at that period, took possession of me. My temper became gradually embittered, my whole mind overshadowed.

Fate marked out in a strange land my devious path of future distinction, which human wisdom could not foresee. I rose from the lowest depths of indigence, and the condition of a slave—but I only rose through the commission of one vice, too often gilded over and refined in its perpetration, and by abandoning the precepts of that

religion which I had imbibed with my birth. This was my first crime—the eternal curse, which clung to me like a poisoned garment, often dashing the cup of my sweets with bitterness and sorrow. If goaded by the undying worm which festered near my heart, and urged by ambition—if too confiding in human nature, too easily influenced by example, I became the abject slave of one whose fiery hopes and passions resembled a volcano—it was done as much in the spirit of bravado, as in the insolence of power. My wounded spirit disdained to be further trampled upon; I forgot the ordinary sympathies of humanity, which would have led me to make some sacrifice of feeling, and only studied how I could serve my chief with a zeal which should surpass the recklessness of his dependants.

If I succeeded, if I gained distinction, I succeeded through crime and folly, by enduring a world of inward torture, acquiring wealth and honour without reaping enjoyment. Let my own heart tell what I suffered. The sword of Damocles hung over my head, suspended by a hair, ready to descend upon me, and execute a retributive justice. No man becomes a villain at once; but there may be circumstances so overwhelming in their operation, so destructive of all moral rectitude in their effects, as to break asunder, for ever, the bonds of social intercourse, and beget a morbid sensibility, from which there too frequently spring those frightful passions which time and evil courses will only serve to increase and confirm.

The immediate consequence of Mohammed's death was the sudden departure of Murad Bey for Egypt, accompanied by the greater part of the army, in order to dispute the power with Ibrahim Bey, who had been left scheick-el-belled. Murad's first inquiries were directed after me: finding I had escaped, his rage was boundless for a time. The present aspect of affairs, however, was of too important a nature to allow a mere feeling of animosity to interfere with his future prospects, and he left Akka for Egypt, to kindle afresh the flame of civil war, which had been for a time extinguished.

My own prospects were not of the most flattering description—but a Mamlouk has little time for reflection. I knew it would be madness to return to Cairo, and instantly decided upon joining Ismael and Hassan at the Falls, in whose service I was sure of promotion and reward. I was well aware that these two intrepid chiefs would not rest until they had made an attempt to establish themselves in power: and I well knew how acceptable even the smallest force would be to them at such a crisis. I determined, therefore, to return to Akka, collect whatever stragglers still remained behind, induce them to join me, and start for the Saïd.

I communicated my resolution to Osman, who agreed to accompany me in whatever expedition I should undertake. The enterprise was one of difficulty, and would not be unattended with danger: but to men like ourselves, accustomed to hardship and privation, reckless of personal hazard, a journey across the desert was not to be looked upon as such a hopeless attempt, with the prospects which we had in view.

We quitted the valley of Bekaa, and returned by Safad. Just as we came in sight of the town, a troop of Arabs galloped towards us. We reined up our horses—for our appearance, although divested of anything hostile, seemed to occasion them some distrust. Foremost in the throng I recognised Scheick Ali and Degnezle, the sturdy defenders of Yaffa. I made the sign of peace, they drew up, and the scheick commanded his followers to halt. I advanced to meet him, and having got sufficiently near, cried out “Mohammed Bey is dead!”

“Allah!” he cried, with looks of amazement, “what is this I hear?”

“Struck with a raging fever,” I replied, “this morning saw him a livid corpse. By this time the army is dispersed, and on its return to Egypt. So perish the enemies of the scheick, thy sire!”

“Allah!” cried the valiant Arab, his countenance glowing with animation, “but this is a wondrous event.”

“And a glorious one for thy house,” I rejoined; “may it prosper, as that of the tyrant perished!”

“Thy words are as water in the desert,” he said; “but come, if thou canst partake of an Arab’s hospitality, go with me to yonder village, where thou shalt behold my sire, who will bless thee for the tidings which thou hast brought us.”

He then embraced me, and communicated the news to his followers, who rent the air with their acclamations, crying, “So perish the enemies of the scheick, thy sire!” We then turned our horses’ heads, and hastened towards Safad. The intelligence of Mohammed’s death spread like wildfire: and the troops and the people were intoxicated with amazement and delight.

As we galloped in at one end of the village, a train, headed by the Scheick Daher, accompanied by the Emir Yusuf and his Drooz, appeared at the other. For the first time, I cast my eyes on the Prince of Akka—the hero of a hundred battles!—it was said he had never lost one. His soul beat high as ever; and even now, at the age of fourscore and ten, he was equally ardent to take the field, but for his limited force, as in the days of his youth.

It does not seem extraordinary that in his circumstances he should have encountered dangers, or engaged in any attempt, however desperate, that might afford a possibility of retrieving his affairs. The attachment and intrepidity of his followers at the siege of Yaffa was truly astonishing; whose hearts, instead of being dejected on seeing the hosts of Mohammed, or of sinking under a consciousness of their own desperate condition, beat high for the engagement; and without any resource but their own native valour, contended with all the confidence which arises in troops led by a chief renowned for his personal daring.

The venerable scheick invited us to a feast, which was marked by Arabian hospitality and friendship. In the midst of our rejoicing, Ibrahim Sabbar made his appearance. Surprise and gratification were visible in his master’s countenance; and the two old men shed tears of joy, embracing each other with all the affection of brothers. My claim to their gratitude was now doubly

strengthened by the minister relating how I had befriended him.

Ibrahim also confirmed the intelligence which I had brought; and added further, by calling upon the scheick to return instantly to Akka. Though the army was gone, several lawless bands still lurked about, who might take it into their heads to fall upon the inhabitants, for the sake of plunder. On hearing this, Scheick Ali instantly gave orders for the troops to march: Osman and I accompanied him. A few hours of hard riding brought us to Akka. Djezzar, hearing of our arrival, immediately retired to Beirout.

I did not remain longer in the town than my necessities required. I found several Mamlouks left behind; some of them suffering from wounds; others, discontented like myself, inimical to Murad Bey, and unwilling to attach themselves to his fortunes; but all eager to seek adventure of some kind. Osman took upon himself the task of breaking our project to them: he succeeded as well as I could wish—they embraced the proposal, only wondering they had not thought of it before; and more than all, consented to put themselves under my guidance and direction. I selected such men as I thought would suit me, to the number of fifty; and the following day was named as the time to commence our journey.

Before sunrise we were on our march. On our route we fell in with several straggling parties returning to Egypt, anxious to quit the neighbourhood of a people whose country they had devastated. We reached Gaza, and remained a night for the purpose of supplying ourselves with a scanty stock of provisions, previous to entering the desert.

Leaving Gaza, we struck into the boundless wastes of Arabia, and pursued our way across these dreary solitudes with the speed of the wind. Our horses spurned the red-hot sands, as impatient of restraint as our own impetuous spirits were desirous of arriving at the termination of our long and weary pilgrimage. Many and various were the tribes that we encountered. Some of those we avoided on being apprized of their treacherous

disposition, while we sought the friendship of others, shared their hospitality, and left them in peace. Several intercepted our route, threw down a sheepskin, demanding the customary tribute. We gave the required sum, more desirous of proceeding than anxious to decide the question by blows. All of them gazed in wonder at the incredible speed with which we travelled. At length we reached an arm of the Red Sea, which we crossed, and directed our course for the Saïd.

On the fifteenth day of the month Rajeb, (July,) we entered the town of Kieneh, the seat of my former government. To my astonishment, the news of Mohammed's death was not even known, and I was desirous that the people should remain in ignorance until I had matured my plans. A day or two sufficed for me to impose and collect the revenue. Several of my loving subjects resisted—but my case was urgent—the remedy desperate: I therefore seized the treasure, bade farewell to my honours, and left the town just in time to escape a formidable band of Mamlouks, which arrived from Murad Bey, with the intelligence of Mohammed's death, and the accession of Ibrahim Bey to the post of scheick-el-belled.

In the evening we reached Kous; the following morning passed Thebes, crossed the Nile, and in a few hours entered Esné, where we found Ismael and Hassan encamped, being the first to communicate an event which struck every one with amazement and delight.

“You would have done well,” said Ismael, when I had given him a narrative of the events which had happened in Syria—“you would have done well, had you joined us before; but you have brought that which will ensure you a welcome. I am anxious to get around me such as you; for though our force be small, it comprises men possessed of daring and sagacity. When we learn the course events are likely to take, it is my intention to advance upon Cairo, and decide the title to the post of scheick-el-belled by the sword. In the mean time I nominate you my kehaya, an office you would never have attained to under your late chief—now go and take your rest.”

I quitted my new patron, my heart swelling with the tumultuous feelings of gratified ambition, and joined a troop of his followers, who stood outside his tent, to relate to them the good fortune which had befallen me. Unlike the Mamlouks of Aboodahab, they congratulated me on the event, and expressed themselves desirous of fighting under me. Osman was not forgotten; he was nominated to a post near the person of Ismael. A short time after my arrival at the camp of Esné, news was brought of the events which had taken place on the return of Murad Bey to Egypt. He sent a message to Ibrahim, claiming to be admitted scheick-el-belled. Cool and cautious, the latter denied his title, and preparations for war were made on both sides: but at length both parties finding that the contest must be attended with difficulty, as well as uncertain in the event, agreed that Ibrahim should retain the office of scheick-el-belled, and with it he took the relict of Aly Bey. Murad was named Emir Hadj, enjoyed the half of power, marrying the widow of Mohammed. Sulieman, Abderrahman, Mustapha, the two Ayoobs, and other Beys, the children of Mohammed's house, came in for a share of the spoils.

Upon learning this, our chief, who had formed an alliance with the powerful Arab Scheicks of Esné and Negaddé, now summoned them to join his standard, resolved to make an effort for power, while the strength of the opposite faction was yet in its infancy. Preparations were instantly made for our march. The Arab Scheick Isman-Aboo-Ali came to the camp, attended by six thousand of his followers, and the Emir princes of Esné and Negaddé appeared with half the number. Joined to this force, Ismael had collected from various quarters about six hundred Mamlouks. All things being prepared, we immediately set off for the capital, with spirits eager for the contest, and glowing with inextinguishable ardour.

Our march resembled a flight: day and night we traversed the left bank of the Nile, unsubdued by fatigue, and unopposed in our career. Such was the extraordinary rapidity of our movements, that the news of our coming preceded us only a few hours. Unprepared for

this sudden attack, rash and impetuous, Murad was eager to rush upon us, and decide all by a single cast of the die: but Ibrahim, more cool, and possessing more artifice, wisely yielded to a power against which he was unable to contend with any hope of success.

As we crossed the Nile by Dgizeh, the scheick-el-belled, joined by Murad, and their impetuous followers, quitted Cairo by Mount Mokattem, and retired to the town of Dgirdgé in the Saïd, leaving us in undisputed possession of the capital.

CHAPTER XXI.

ISMAEL now tranquilly reaped the fruits of his daring, and beheld only dependants and slaves. His first act was to remove the seditious and the discontented—those who had ever shown themselves opposed to him. There were few who had the hardihood to remain and brave the resentment of a victorious chief. Some of those were selected for example, others made their peace, too happy, by the sacrifice of half their wealth, to escape the fate of their less fortunate companions.

The scheick-el-belled was well aware that his power was but of a temporary character, unless he secured the concurrence of the pacha. Though the authority which the Porte preserved the appearance of exercising over Egypt by means of this personage was chimerical, it was ever offensive to the republic. Often as the project had been essayed to throw off this galling dependance, it had never succeeded but with Aly Bey. Seldom exercising the functions of one invested with absolute authority, but rendered incapable of using it, the pacha has ever been the slave of the beys, even in the plenitude of his delegated authority.

Ezed, the present pacha, had remained in the capital since the death of Mohammed. Of an adroit and enter-

prising character, possessing much influence in the councils of the divan at Stamboul, his character for daring and inflexible firmness of purpose, caused him to be looked upon as a formidable acquisition to any party. Having gained him to his interests, together with the aga of the janizaries, the scheick-el-belled considered himself secure from present molestation.

Placed on the pinnacle upon which he had so long fixed his ambitious designs, Ismael now distributed provinces and rewards to his adherents. The companions of his exile, the sharers of his adversity, were promoted in a manner suitable to the privations which they had suffered, the perils encountered, and the conquest achieved.

Hassan Bey, however, though one of the chief instruments by which the elevation of the scheick-el-belled was effected, came in for a share of the spoils, which neither gratified his ambition, nor indulged his avarice. The grasping desire for power which influenced the mind of his leader, told him that he had little else to expect beyond the mere empty sound of title and dignity. Dissatisfied with the meed which had been awarded him, he dissembled his resentment, resolved to be revenged for the neglect which had been shown him. On the other hand, the scheick-el-belled, aware of the weak and irresolute character of his colleague, hesitated to confide to him that extent of command and authority, which he would willingly have bestowed upon a more sincere and firm supporter. He feared his vacillating nature, and already became suspicious of those attempts which he foresaw would be made by his artful opponent Ibrahim on a disposition so variable and inconsistent.

It was not long after the elevation of Ismael to the post of scheick-el-belled, before I was summoned to attend him at his palace in the Usbequie.

“Mahmoud,” he said, when I came into his presence, “I have sent for thee for the purpose of letting thee know the honours which are awaiting thee. Thy fidelity and firmness were eminently displayed under thy leader

Mohammed, and I am led to believe that I may repose equal confidence in thee. Doubtless thou rememberest our meeting near Essouan, and the promise which I made thee, if thou wouldst join my ranks. I will fulfil my word to thee, and my faith shall be kept inviolate. Hear me. To-morrow thou art to be admitted a member of the republic."

On hearing these words my heart leaped with unbounded feelings of animation and delight. I rushed forward, threw myself at the feet of the bey, who, instead of manifesting that haughtiness of demeanour and insensibility of disposition which characterized his race, embraced me with the affection of an adopted father, and the ardour of a long-continued friendship.

I left the palace, my brain in a whirl of delirious joy, which I found it impossible to calm. "Mahmoud!" I exclaimed, as I rode through the streets to my house, "is then the ardent wish, the one great object of thy heart, about to be gratified? Are the dreams of thy fancy and the yearnings of thy ambition about to be realized? Are the years of toil, crime, and folly, which thou hast spent in pursuit of this vision of thy happier hours, about to be accomplished? Oh! Mahmoud, Mahmoud, lift thy heart and rejoice: let envy crumble into the dust, and malice hide its head—thy triumph is complete, thy destiny fulfilled! Thou hast arrived within reach of the topmost branch of the tree, and who can say thou shalt not gain its summit?"

Having obtained the consent of the pacha to promote several of his adherents to the dignity of bey, the scheick-el-belled, at the same time, strenuously supported my claim. Much opposition was manifested by Hassan Bey against the nomination, which Ismael soon overcame with arguments more convincing than they were agreeable, and the thing was ceded on the part of this bey without further demur.

Accordingly, on the following day, I accompanied a gay cavalcade to the castle, where the ceremony took place with much pomp. There I was invested, together with several others, with the title of bey, and became a member of the Caireen republic.

The perfection of my ambitious aspirations did not more gratify my pride, than it created a feeling of delight in the hearts of those whom I had drawn around me by similarity of character and disposition, attached to my interests by acts of kindness and liberality, and whom I now stood forth boldly to claim as my companions and dependants.

Osman—the friend of my heart—the watchful saviour of my existence—the comforter of my hours of gloom and sadness—was the foremost of that band of impetuous and generous spirits which welcomed my accession to honour, and ranked themselves under my standard with a devotion which exceeded my warmest expectations. Having intimated a wish to remain for the future under my command, I conferred upon him the post of my kehaya.

Those Mamlouks whom I had brought with me from Syria, the children of the house of Mohammed and Aly Beys, still remained with me—a few I purchased—several I picked up upon a rumour being spread that Ibrahim and Murad were about to make a descent upon the capital. Attracted as usual to Cairo, eager to join the strongest, I selected from among them those whom I thought best adapted for my purposes.

And now behold me Mahmoud Bey! arrived at a dignity next to the highest in the nation—rolling in the splendour of boundless wealth—courted and favoured by my chief—idolized by my followers. Resplendent with glory, I looked around, gazing upon dependants and slaves: man fell to the earth before me; at my frown he trembled—at my nod he was swept away!

The efforts of the scheick-el-belled to establish himself in power were successful. His popularity, however, was not of long duration. With a disposition naturally cunning, possessed of the avarice, though not the reckless daring, of Mohammed, he rendered his sway equally feared and detested. Intoxicated with triumph, he filled the city with bloodshed—fines and confiscations poured into his coffers—anarchy and confusion stalked around: the people rose, resolved to throw off the yoke of oppres-

sion, and the city for days was the scene of undisguised slaughter and pillage. Like other nations, that of Egypt too frequently had its moments of relaxation and insanity, in which the laws lost their force, the people their understanding, and the republic its power—in which there was no counterpoise to the authority of its beys, the avidity of their hirelings, and the rapacity of their dependants.

While the scheick-el-belled supposed he had nothing to fear from Ibrahim and Murad, they were ardently desirous of bringing the affair to a trial of strength. Ever ready to decide everything by the sword, the latter urged his coadjutor to descend at once upon the capital, and decide all by a single battle. Ibrahim renounced such mad proceedings, resolving to await a more favourable opportunity. The fiery disposition of Murad, which resembled that of a tiger wrought to phrensy by confinement and hunger, would admit of no delay. He summoned the Arab scheicks of Farschoot and Dendera—they granted him protection—the deserts poured forth their wild tribes, and joined his standard to the number of eight thousand.

Thus strengthened, the insurgents descended from Dgirdgé, coasted the Nile, seized the principal towns on its banks, and approached Cairo by Dgizeh. Here they encamped, and sent a message to the scheick-el-belled demanding readmittance. The latter was too well prepared, even for this sudden attack, to submit: the gates were closed, business was suspended, the people retired to their houses, and the cry of war once more re-echoed through the streets of Cairo.

It was on the second day after they had shown themselves at Dgizeh, that I marched out of the city at the head of a large body of Mamlouks and Arabs, and crossed the Nile for the purpose of trying their strength. Most part of the day was spent in endeavouring to draw them to an engagement, and the evening was coming on, when my own Mamlouks becoming impatient for blows, and clamorously demanding to be led on, I gave

the word for action. The enemy seeing us in motion, sallied forth from behind a range of sand banks to meet us.

It was a tremendous and heart-quaking sight, to behold a body of upward of fifteen thousand men on fierce barbs, clad in rich array, with flashing weapons and clamorous war cries, rushing tumultuously to the onset. Such an assemblage of bold and fearless spirits I never before accompanied to a charge, which was proportionably increased in velocity as we advanced within pistol shot. The shock was tremendous. Active and sinewy forms, which but a moment before darted forward in all the pride of anticipated conquest, and the wildness of delirium, now lay on the sand, hurled from their saddles, wounded and dying, stretched beneath the horses' tread, never to rise again.

For an hour or two the contest raged with deadly violence, and we flew upon each other, actuated by the rancour of faction, and hacking and hewing with the remorseless inhumanity of savages. My brain was in a whirl of phrensy : one object alone engrossed my mind, the destruction of the enemy. Blood ! blood ! the fiend thundered in my ears, and I obeyed the call. I experienced that horrid joy which still demanded another victim ere the unnatural appetite for slaughter should be palled into satiety. In that day's action men forgot their natures and became demons.

In the van of the opposite faction, there was one man whose presence imparted a vigour to his followers, and was the harbinger of death to his enemies. He dealt destruction around him with more than mortal energy ; every one that opposed him fell subdued—no man could withstand the resistless impetuosity of his arm. Men gazed on in stupid wonder, or fled before him to avoid the impending death stroke. He seemed endowed with the attributes of ubiquity : one moment he was here to succour—the next he was there to slaughter. With a voice of thunder he darted upon his foe, and bore him to the plain with a thrust so deadly, that it needed not to be repeated. Such was Murad Bey.

It was towards the close of the evening, when, joined

by an impetuous band of my own Mamlouks, whom I summoned round me, we galloped towards the spot where Murad Bey was dealing around him such proof of his valour, resolved to take him or perish. In the confusion and tumult of Mamlouk warfare, in which small bands often detached themselves, we had much difficulty in reaching the spot. This stratagem necessarily separated me from Osman, who had hitherto fought near my person. I was dashing through the thickest of the affray, when a sudden cry raised by my people, whom I had just quitted, answered by a shout from the enemy, rose above the tumult and arrested my career. I instantly wheeled round and galloped towards the spot. "Osman!—the kehaya!" shouted a hundred voices, pointing after a small body of the enemy, retreating with the speed of the wind. I arrived just in time to behold my friend carried away in their power.

"On your heads be it!" I cried, calling on my people to follow me: they needed no incentive to urge them on to attempt a rescue; indeed, the whole of my own Mamlouks flew like madmen to the spot, uttering cries of vengeance.

Four of the enemy had him in charge: they were hastening to the rear as fast as their horses could carry them. Perceiving our intentions, several Mamlouks of Ibrahim Bey threw themselves across the line of pursuit. The struggle was sanguinary, though about a score of us managed to effect a passage in the direction which Osman's captors had taken; but they had far outstripped us. A fresh body of our foes now took a sweep, encompassing our little troop, and thus cut us off from pursuit or retreat: our situation was desperate; and we reluctantly gave up the chase.

I now called my Mamlouks together, and we wheeled round to return to the scene of action, infuriated by the loss of Osman. We were not allowed to pass without incurring a few distinguishing marks of the enemy's prowess. They rushed forward with the view of intercepting us: a few saddles were emptied on both sides, before we were enabled to join our companions. About

half our troop escaped with life ; and I received several wounds, which completely disabled me from continuing the engagement.

The sun had set, and the short twilight was drawing round us, when, perceiving the inutility of contending further, I passed the word for a retreat, and we began to fall back upon the Nile.

Vigorously pressed on all sides, and separated from my Mamlouks in the confusion, I directed my course to a point below Dgizeh, rather out of the line of pursuit, with the intention of swimming my horse over. In my flight I was overtaken by a Mamlouk who had followed hard upon me, a mere stripling in face and form, but possessing a daring which excited my surprise. He flew upon me, and aimed a blow at my head ; I caused my horse to spring on one side, and arrested the whirl of the impending weapon by grasping his arm.

I might have despatched my enemy at a blow ; but admiration of his bravery withheld me ; I sought only to disable him, and defended myself, at the same time retreating towards the river. Fatigued, however, and worn out with toil and loss of blood, my passion got the mastery of my finer feelings, and in a moment of irritation I wounded him severely, and he fell on the plain.

At this moment I observed several figures indistinctly through the twilight riding towards us, evidently seeking some one. Perceiving the struggle between us, they rushed onward with loud cries, calling upon some one by name. The dying youth at my horse's feet recognised the voice, and answered by a faint exclamation—he was the tchibooktchee of Murad. The latter never forgave me this.

The Mamlouks instantly flew towards us, and I perceived at their head the dark form of Murad himself. I stopped not to observe more—I had experienced enough of fighting for one day—wounded and faint, I urged my horse with desperate speed towards the Nile, dashed into its current, gained the opposite bank and entered Fostat, where I fell in with my followers, retreating in all directions.

I recrossed the Nile at Dgizeh, defended the embarkation of my troops even to the last straggler ; once more plunged into its waters with a few of my Mamlouks, shouting a defiance to the enemy, who fired at us from the bank.

The engagement was disastrous to both parties : it was almost impossible to say which of us had the worst of it. It had one good effect, that of keeping the insurgent chiefs in check for some time. Murad at length, impatient of restraint, resolved to make an attempt upon the capital, and drew up his troops at Dgizeh to cross the Nile.

In the mean time, the scheick-el-belled, having raised a large force, left the castle, where he had taken up his quarters, to prevent them. Fearing the impetuous valour of Murad, and the caution and sagacity of Ibrahim, he was not desirous of bringing the issue of the affair to a single battle. For two days we remained in sight of each other, the followers of both parties burning for the contest. The scheick-el-belled, however, knew his interests too well to risk an engagement : treachery was a surer means whereby he could effect his object.

Negotiations were at length opened between them. The chiefs claimed to be admitted to their former title and dignity ; but Ismael told them, that as he had acquired the post of scheick-el-belled by right of conquest, he was resolved to maintain it, and offered them their rank as members of the republic. A few concessions were granted to appease the imperious spirit of Murad, peace was then signed, and the chiefs marched into Cairo. Murad, frowning and fretful, retired to his palace. An apparent tranquillity prevailed—but it was only the insidious calm which precedes the tempest.

I was unable to stir abroad for some time after the battle at Dgizeh, the nature of my wounds confining me to the house ; but I was daily apprised of everything which took place by Osman, who had returned with Ibrahim Bey, and whose liberation I purchased for a large sum : had the price cost me the whole of my wealth, I should have considered the sacrifice trifling, to

redeem him out of the hands of a master for whom he had no affection.

One day, about a month after the battle, Osman, whose countenance bespoke the intensity of his feelings, entered my apartment.

“The shafts of malice, and the intrigues of thy enemies, will never cease,” he said, as he made his appearance.

“What fresh source of calamity is about to happen, Osman?”

“Get up, my friend, and hie thee at once to the scheick-el-belled.”

“Wherefore, Osman?”

“Thou well knowest,” he went on to say, “that thy eternal foe, Murad Bey, has sworn never to rest till thy life has atoned for the injuries which thou hast done him. Ere the peace was ratified, which placed him within the walls of this city, he required certain concessions of the scheick-el-belled, among the number of which was this: thou wert to be sacrificed to appease his revenge. This moment have I heard the news; but though thy own power may enable thee to defy that of Murad, thou mayst not be skilful enough to escape the designs of the scheick-el-belled.”

While Osman was yet speaking, one of my attendants entered, stating that a tchaoosh had brought a message from the scheick-el-belled, requesting my immediate presence at the castle. I looked at Osman for my answer.

“Far be it from Osman to counsel the friend of his heart to his ruin,” he replied; “there may be danger lurking about thee; but methinks the scheick-el-belled feels his weakness too deeply, to hazard such a proceeding at the present moment.”

“I will go,” I said, rising, “and face this bey—once my master, now only my equal. Go thou, my friend, and get ready a troop to attend me—and remember, Osman—if the Bey Mahmoud falls by the hand of treachery, the streets of Cairo shall run with the blood of his foes.”

I mounted my horse, and followed by my Mamlouks, repaired to the castle, where the scheick-el-belled had taken up his quarters, since the late events, to keep the rebel beys in awe. On arriving there, I left Osman in charge of my Mamlouks, and alone entered the apartment where my chief was, not without apprehension that treachery was intended. I was well armed, and resolved that my fall should be accompanied by that of a few of the perpetrators of such an act of villany.

The scheick-el-belled was alone. "Mahmoud Bey, thou art welcome!" he said, as I entered. I returned the salutation, and seated myself before him. After a few moments spent in a doubtful kind of silence, we paid each other the usual compliments, and then relapsed into another revery.

"I am no longer permitted," at length the scheick-el-belled began, "to delay sending for thee. The enmity of a certain faction has already shown itself, and I suspect that its intrigues aim at higher game than the objects of mere personal malice. Thou hast ever been a source of deep hatred to Murad and his party, and thou art even now placed on the edge of a precipice, from which the finger of power might hurl thee headlong. But let not thy heart for one moment conceive the thought that injury is intended thee. Haughtiness may scowl at thy prosperity, power threaten thee, insolence rave at thy door, cunning devise thy ruin, but no attempts shall force me to abuse the claim which thou hast on my affections. Now hear me, for I have something of importance to disclose to thee. Thy devotion has been tried—I have marked thee well—and I can rely upon thy prudence.

"Neither the disposition of man, nor the malevolence of party, afford a prospect that things will continue much longer in their present state. The turbulent disposition of Murad Bey will never allow him to remain inactive: I foresee a crisis, and we must strike a blow ere it arrives. How then shall we foil their ambitious hopes? Thus it is ordered: On Friday next there will be a divan summoned to meet in the citadel. Ibrahim and Murad,

as members of the republic will attend, but never shall they quit the place with the breath of life. This day only has the affair been settled between Ezed Pacha, who is a willing instrument in our hands, and myself. Thou art the only one to whom it has yet been named: I therefore rely upon thy prudence to hold it secret, and call upon thy daring to assist me in the hour of need. This is our signal. When the pacha rises to close the divan, then let your weapons consummate the deed: I exact from thee a promise to strike the first blow—let Murad's heart receive it. If the enterprise prove successful, I swear to thee, by the soul of our blessed Prophet, that thou shalt enjoy a power and dignity equal to that of my colleague, Hassan Bey."

Many and various were the thoughts which occurred to me while the scheick-el-belled was speaking. Could I credit his words? Even if I placed dependance in his faith, was I not thrust forward as a tool—a stepping stone to the ambition of others—perhaps to be the victim of both parties? These ideas passed rapidly through my mind.

But I could not accuse my chief of duplicity: the recollection of his former kindness, the recent instance of his generosity, dispelled my doubts, and decided me at once how to act. I resolved to attempt it, only for the pleasure, the boundless satisfaction of bathing my weapon in the blood of the only man, whom I might be said to execrate and abhor.

I communicated my willingness to the scheick-el-belled to enter heart and soul into the project. He embraced me affectionately, and I left the castle with thoughts of a speedy vengeance glowing in my bosom: ridiculing my fears, and laughing in my sleeve at the credulity of our enemies.

The time was drawing nigh when our design was to be put into execution: everything was prepared for the event. The aga of the janizaries—the beys, the children of the house of Ismael, were all accessaries to the plot. But where shall we look for the hand of treach-

ery?—what eye can pierce the subtlety of Egyptian intrigue?

The day previous to that on which our hopes were to be realized, when, if we had succeeded, faction would have been annihilated, and the power of the scheick-el-belled completely established—early in the morning of that day, consternation and alarm pervaded all minds, on learning that the Mamlouks of Ibrahim and Murad, had suddenly mounted their horses, and galloped through the streets with the speed of the wind, shouting vengeance against the scheick-el-belled and his party.

Not suspecting that our design was known, we allowed the boisterous valour of these fierce warriors to expend itself in idle menace and boasting. The insolence of Murad however, becoming more daring, the cry to arm was re-echoed from minaret to minaret, and from street to street, the cannon of the castle were pointed at the insurgents, and they quitted the city without further delay, betook themselves to their old post at Dgirdgé, which they fortified, called the Arabs to their assistance, threatening to return, and fill the capital with bloodshed.

CHAPTER XXII.

“WHO is the traitor?” now rang through the city, after they were gone. All were eager to clear themselves of the charge: even the arch delinquent himself vented his wrath on such a dereliction of faith, and denounced his vengeance on the doer.

Fearful and suspicious, the scheick-el-belled surveyed his adherents with an eye of distrust, thus to see his prey escape when within his grasp: and had not a circumstance come to my knowledge which threw some light on the affair, we might have cut each other's throats to no purpose. I learned sufficient to quiet the misgivings of my chief; though it was not until some time afterward

that Hassan Bey stood forth proclaimed the inconstant and perfidious being which in truth he was.

The plan that had been formed to massacre Ibrahim and his haughty colleague in the citadel, inflamed the latter to a pitch of ungovernable fury, and we were doomed to experience the effects of that power which he still possessed, to our serious inconvenience. The Nile was lined by Arabs: all provisions destined for the capital were seized, and he determined to reduce us by famine. Thus some weeks were passed with the prospect of starvation before our eyes.

At length the scarcity aroused the scheick-el-belled from his apathy: he collected his troops, and we marched out of Cairo to give battle to the insurgents. Confident in our superior strength, we anticipated a glorious victory, and our spirits were proportionably roused, when we reflected that we were about to contend, not only for our lives, but the means whereby we existed.

We left Cairo by Dgizeh, coasted the left bank of the Nile, and in two days reached Benisoof—arrived at Minieh the following night, when news was brought us that Ibrahim had left Dgirdgé with his colleague, and awaited us at Siot. Aware of the impetuous nature of Murad, the scheick-el-belled proceeded only as far as Manafloot, resolved to await their attack at that town.

Intelligence was brought us that the chiefs were in full march for our position. Early one morning they made their appearance on the plains around Manafloot, and we instantly marched out to meet them, our hearts burning for the contest.

Aware that all depended upon the engagement which was about to take place, we charged with a vehemence not to be withstood. Famine stalked behind us, the foe lay in front, affording hope to none except in victory. Defeat, however, entered not our thoughts: we advanced in the arrogance of a victory already achieved. The struggle was long and sanguinary. Like tigers which have once tasted the blood of a human being, the recollection of the affair at Dgizeh only acted as an incentive to further acts of slaughter. There was no deliberation

—no doubtful pause—no cessation of blows, which told of mortal agony. All that was achieved at Dgizeh, was now reacted with a more daring intrepidity, and a wilder animosity than imagination can conceive.

It is needless, however, to repeat the oft told tale of the victors and the vanquished, of those who died bravely, or fled ingloriously—the slaughtered and the survivors—the dying and the dead. The end determines itself in the glory of one party, and the defeat of the other. The latter was allotted as the fulfilment of our destiny, and calamitous was the result.

In the midst of the carnage, while the star of Ismael's house was yet bright and cloudless—even while victory is hovering over his head, and we deemed the day our own—the hand of treachery was secretly working our ruin: against which valour was of no avail, and a host ineffectual.

Ibrahim Bey had employed the same artifice with Hassan which Mohammed had used with Ismael. Knowing the avarice of the latter, and that the pay of his troops is but indifferent, Ibrahim made Hassan the most splendid offers, accompanied by a promise to admit him to an equal participation of power, and promote his Mamlouks to station and emolument. Nothing more is necessary to gain over a bey who, faithful to none, is despised by all—one ever ready to sell himself to the highest bidder. In the midst of the battle his troops went over to Ibrahim—a vigorous but useless struggle is kept up for some time, and at length we began to fall back with aching hearts.

The route soon became complete, with the exception of a few hundred Mamlouks, among whom I remained, resolved to fight as long as our strength lasted, and life remained: and we animated each other with a desperate valour which outweighed numbers.

But our strength was fast sinking: confused and terrified, the greater part fled, beholding death on every side. Numbers fell to the earth from mere exhaustion. Destruction stalked around us, and we turned

at length with the rest to seek a temporary respite from the horrors of the scene in the rapidity of our flight.

Desperately wounded, and closely pressed, we found our situation critical, but the mettle of our steeds outstripped everything. Accompanied by Osman, and a few of my most resolute Mamlouks, we dashed into the desert, took a sweep of some miles in extent, not even allowing ourselves time to partake of refreshment of any kind but a few dates, and the next day reached Cairo, being the first to communicate the news of our disastrous defeat.

The scheick-el-belled, however, had arrived before us. On the first intelligence of Hassan's treachery, he left the field of battle and fled. His popularity had been destroyed by his severity and his extortions, and he had little sympathy to expect from his subjects. He therefore loaded fifty camels with the enormous treasure which he had amassed. As we entered the city by Dgizeh, he quitted by the Birket-el-Hadj, crossed the desert to Gaza, where he embarked for Stamboul, to seek assistance from the Porte.

Abandoned by the scheick-el-belled, and left to shift for myself, my prospects appeared hopeless. Conscious that my former course of life was well remembered by many, I began to think that the day of retribution was at hand.

On entering Cairo I felt that I could not proceed any farther; wounded, and faint from loss of blood, exhausted by the tremendous efforts which I had made to reach the city, I should have dropped from my horse ere I reached my own house, had I not been supported by Osman. Once placed within the sanctuary of my harem, and receiving the attentions of the assuager of my woes—my beloved Eminé, I felt comparatively content, resolving to meet my fate with a dignity becoming my station.

The following day, Ibrahim and Murad made their entry into the capital. The frowning chief himself was so severely wounded, that he was obliged to be brought home in a litter. When he heard of my being left be-

hind, he instantly demanded my life at the hands of his colleague: but the latter, cautious and wary in all his undertakings, endeavoured to reason with him. Finding him resolutely bent on my destruction, he sent me a message privately to quit the capital as soon as possible, as he would not answer for my safety when Murad should be able to come abroad.

But if I was inclined to remain, he said that he thought he had sufficient influence with Murad, desperate as matters were between us, to bring about a reconciliation, provided I consented to join their ranks. Too well versed in the friendship of such people, and wishing to temporize, I acknowledged his generosity by a magnificent present, and told him I would consider his offer. At the same time, as I was daily getting convalescent, I prepared to leave the city by stratagem.

This was a matter of much difficulty. Prevented himself from going abroad, Murad resolved that I should not again escape him. My house was beset day and night by his spies: on the kalidj, which flowed underneath my windows, a boat constantly rowed up and down, manned with my foes; in the street, at the back of my mansion, his hirelings skulked at the corners, watching every movement connected with my household. Thus surrounded, my situation was unenviable, and my prospect of escape apparently hopeless; but I resolved to attempt it.

Everything which was required to favour my flight was done by Osman. Day after day several of my attendants left the city, one by one, and proceeded as far as Gaza. Early on the morning of the day on which I was to make the daring attempt, Cazem, my attendant, brought forth my beautiful mare, Borak; the steed that never failed me, though man did. He rode her without the city walls, taking another horse with him, as if for an airing; and there awaited my coming.

When all was ready—when Osman, who was observing the motions of the guard on the kalidj, through the latticework of a window in my house, gave me the signal—then it was that I rushed into the apart-

ment of my beautiful, my devoted wife. I told her all—for she had purposely been kept in ignorance till now—and clasped her in my embrace with all the phrensy of a heart about to be for ever disunited from all its loves. Her gentle soul, subdued by affection, sank under the unexpected shock: I gazed on her an instant with a look of desperate grief, placed her in the arms of her women, and rushed from the room.

In the mean time, a boat, manned with several rowers, came up to the landing-place of my mansion, as if for the purpose of taking me out. One of my slaves, much resembling me in height and appearance, disguised in my apparel, leaped into it with much apparent hurry; the rowers pushed off, and the boat flew along the waters with the velocity of the wind.

In an instant all was uproar—the guardboat pursued, the rowers in mine strained every nerve, and the slave acted his part to admiration; shouts were raised and shots were fired—the alarm was speedily communicated to those in the street—the watchers quitted their post, eager to join in the pursuit—and while they were flying towards the Nile, I quitted my home in the dress of a slave, and hurried away for the city gates.

I had just gained a street leading to one of them, when a cry was raised by some people who came pouring in at the other end. I rushed onward, reached the gate, and was about to fly through the entrance, when the keeper, suspecting something wrong, attempted to close it. The people were shouting and pointing after me. I therefore perceived that it would be useless to remonstrate further with a fellow so determined. In the struggle I drew a pistol from my belt and shot him. I then darted through the gate, closed and locked it—threw the keys into a heap of rubbish, and hastened for the spot where I was to meet Cazem.

I soon came up with him. Osman, who had left my house previously to myself, was with him on a fleet barb. I vaulted on the back of the mare—Cazem mounted the other, and we put them to a speed which defied all hope of outstripping us. We never slackened

our career all night, and the following morning, long before sunrise, came in sight of Gaza—where I found my attendants; having performed a journey of upward of thirty leagues in a few hours.

Here we considered ourselves safe, and remained to recruit after our fatigue. No vessel being expected in the harbour for some time to sail for Stamboul, to which city I intended to proceed, I determined to return overland, proceed through Syria, join the annual pilgrimage from Mekka and Damascus, and travel with it to Stamboul, whither we now learned Ismael Bey had gone about three weeks before.

We stopped at Yaffa a day; our next resting-place was Akka, over which town the ruthless Djezza had just been made pacha. What recollections did the sight of this place conjure up in our minds—and how similar the events which effected my life on my first and last visit there!

But how shall I describe the ruin, the desolation, and the wonderful change which had taken place since I was there twelve months before? Shortly before my arrival, Hassan, the capitan pacha, had appeared on the coast with a large fleet. Deceived by the artifices of Hassan, who represented that he came with no hostile view, but only to settle the misunderstanding between his master the sultan and the scheick, the latter invited him to land, and entertained him at a feast. In return Hassan begged the scheick to pay him a visit on board.

Too confiding and unsuspecting in his nature, the aged Daher went attended by his minister Ibrahim Sabbar, and a few of his attendants; the instant he arrived on board his head was struck off. Ibrahim suffered a similar fate, not, however, before he had been compelled to disgorge his enormous wealth. Djezzar was then constituted pacha of Akka, and the task confided to him of crushing the sons of Daher. This undertaking he was now engaged in, at the period of our arrival. These sturdy chiefs, however, defied his power, treating his menaces with scorn; and it was not until

the following year, when Hassan again appeared on the coast, that they perished one by one, with a courage which deserved a better cause.

We quitted Akka with a feeling of sadness at the fate of its aged scheick, and directed our course for Damascus. Here we remained a week or two awaiting the Syrian hadj. On its departure from that city, we joined company with the pilgrims, and commenced our long and weary journey for Stamboul.

I pass over the incidents which occurred, being devoid of interest: the fears expressed by one portion of the caravan, and the boasted feats of valour displayed by the other, in their encounters with the Turkomans, were the subject of much conversation and dispute. The latter had several opportunities of making good their assertions—but like those curs which often bark at a shadow, when the substance appeared in the shape of a formidable band of grim-looking robbers, they were nowhere to be found, and the first to run away.

After a long and tiresome journey of several weeks, I stood once more among the almond and myrtle groves of Sidikeui—once more I looked down from its olive plantations upon the dark blue waves of the bay of Ismar, and once more trod the busy quarters of its city.

What associations arose in my mind at that moment! What thoughts of bygone days—of happy, joyous days, which came like a gleam of sunshine across my brain, serving only to render the interval of my existence more gloomy and sad! And now to think what I might have been, and what I was; after all my wanderings—my misery, folly, crime, and splendour—now arrived at the home of my father, but without a friend to bid me welcome to its portal—without a home to cover my head. The retrospect was wormwood to my heart.

I learned much to surprise me at Smyrna. Nicolaidi, the old and faithful servant of my father—or rather my reputed father—was still alive. He told me many things which astonished me. Morozi did not die at the period of my marriage with Estafania. Struck with a fit, he believed himself at the point of death, and, in a moment

of irritation, dictated the letter which I received at Stamboul.

He had in vain endeavoured to discover my abode; for my captivity among the Algerines destroyed all clew: it was only within the last few months of my arrival that he learned my real situation from the captain of the vessel, who had returned from captivity, and made a voyage to Smyrna. Morozi was snatched away in the midst of forming plans for my future prosperity; but though he lived not to fulfil his intentions in my behalf, he bequeathed to me the whole of his property, his forgiveness, and his blessing.

What more I learned from Nicolaidi respecting my birth, I shall say in a few words. I am not the son of Morozi. I first drew my breath in Stamboul. A greater power—a mightier title may yet shed a halo round the brow of the apostate Mahmoud. But these events I must draw a veil over. Let it suffice—I am the son of a pacha, and the offspring of a sultana.¹

I have little more to add. I settled my affairs with the agents who had charge of my reputed father's concerns, and Osman and I immediately started for Stamboul. Here we found Ismael Bey wasting his time, and exhausting his wealth to interest the Porte in favour of his claim. He welcomed us with tears of unfeigned delight, and expressed his wonder at my miraculous escape. He was not without a hope, he said, that the day would come, when he should be restored to power, and swore never to forget those friends who had left all to follow his fortunes. Soon, therefore, do I hope to revisit Egypt—the scene of my exaltation, and of my abasement.

One thought alone imbittered my hours with gloom and sadness—the recollection that I left behind me the still lovely partner of all my happiness and adversity—my beloved Eminé. Her person and property, however, were respected even amid the vicissitudes and turbulent factions of Mamlouk warfare. The asylum which enclosed so many charms was held sacred, and she

remained quiet in that abode which neither rancour nor revenge have ever yet dared to profane with their fury.

I exist on the hope that I shall yet behold her: the clouds of adversity may still linger over my path, but my heart whispers they shall be dispersed; I solace myself with the words of the poet which tell me, "If thy night is dark, it will be followed by a brighter day. If thy rose fades, it will be replaced by a fairer rose tree."

NOTES TO VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

1. Cafoodgee—Coffee bearer.
2. Bab Humayon — Principal gate to the seraglio, called by Europeans the Porte.
3. Yaftas—Papers setting forth the offences of persons executed.
4. Franghestan—Europe.
5. Fisbé, fisbé—"Charity, charity."
6. Romaic—Modern Greek.
7. Stathi—Short for Eustathius.
8. Defiance of slippers—A precaution often put in practice to keep the husband away from the apartments of his wife. It is usually rigidly observed by the former.
9. El fakru fakri—Poverty is my glory.
10. Barbary powers—The recruits are usually raised at Smyrna for the Dey of Algiers.
11. Combing her hair—A golden comb is sometimes used, which is afterward thrown into the sea. This ceremony is performed by a widow, previous to her re-entering the marriage state.
12. Toma—Take it.
13. Empshie—Go.
14. Mahbool—Mad.
15. Drubee ross, drubee ross—Beat him on the head, &c.
16. Calpachee—A turban maker, or manufacturer of calpaks.
17. Wezn—The scales in which the good and bad are weighed.

CHAPTER II.

1. Tchorbadgchee—Colonel of janizaries.

2. Mulassim jolsash — Cadets among janizaries.
3. Kasna—An ordinance.
4. Testa—Signature.
5. Kiskas—Barracks.
6. Kulluks—Guardhouses.
7. Schereef—Profess to be descended from the Prophet, wear green as a distinction.
8. Allah kama Sidi Schereef!—God preserve your master the Schereef!
9. Ash nu harda?—What's the matter?
10. Uras enti—On your heads be it.
11. Allah kama dey!—God preserve the dey!
12. Aga Mezooli—Those who have retired from the office of the aga of the army, which is only held for two months, are so called.

CHAPTER III.

1. Ala raci, ou âini!—By my head, and by my eye!
2. Kief, kief—So, so.
3. Feizar, feizar — Quickly, quickly.
4. Joba, joba—Forgiveness, forgiveness.
5. Beintee, beintee—An endearing expression.
6. Halloo—Sweet.
7. Saddok—Dowry.
8. Gehennam—Hell.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Haram-kar — An adulterer. Harem is used in a good sense—Haram in a bad one.

2. Caftan—Outer robe.

3. Ellouh-el-Mahfoud — Literally, the plate well preserved. It is the tablet of eternal decrees, suspended in the middle of the seventh heaven.

4. Ahaffouch-scharib ve âful lil-ha—Cherish your mustache, and let your beard grow.

CHAPTER V.

1. Kafflé—A part of, or a small caravan.

2. Adan—Morning prayer.

3. Simoom—Poisonous wind of the desert.

4. Al humd el Allah!—To God be praise!

CHAPTER VI.

1. The Saïd—Upper Egypt.

2. Hunt the hare in the cart—Do your business covertly, and avoid precipitation.

3. Madjnoun—Opium.

4. Kawasses—Attendants who precede to clear the way.

5. Anakhtar Aga—Commander of Citadel.

6. Dgin Aly—Aly the genius or supernatural.

7. Bulut Capan—Aly was so called, because he cleared the country of robbers.

8. Sais—Groom.

9. El magreb—Sunset.

10. Dhûl Malldrhatt—A man fit for anything.

CHAPTER VII.

1. Miri—Territorial tax.

2. Uali—Chief of military police.

3. Bash Aga—Chief of civil police.

4. Tchouadars—Servants who attend on foot.

5. Haznadar—Treasurer.

6. Selictar Aga—Sword-bearer.

7. Waaffa Allah!—The will of God is accomplished!

8. Medin—Small coin.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. Hogget—Title deeds.

2. Kaisariyyah—Bazaar.

CHAPTER IX.

1. Toolondgee—Tobacco-pouch bearer to a bey.

2. Mohtesib—Superintendent of markets, weights, &c.

3. Tchorbapgchee—Colonel of janizaries; literally, giver of soup.

4. Allemdars—Ensigns.

CHAPTER X.

1. Djerm—Country vessels on the Nile.

2. Maash—Covered passage-boat.

CHAPTER XI.

1. Bazirghian—Government purveyor.

2. Boraks—The horse Borak was that on which Mohammed made his journey to heaven in one night. It had the head of a woman, and the body of a horse.

CHAPTER XII.

1. Howa—Eve.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. Shams—Damascus.

2. Uaqueels—Agents.

3. Akdnameh—Marriage deed.

4. Yengue kadin—Mistress of nuptial ceremonies.

5. Bardaks—Earthen vessel to cool water.

6. Fellahs—Egyptian peasantry.

CHAPTER XV.

1. Selim Saricktchee—Selim turban-bearer

2. Akmed Imbricktchee—Akhmed, keeper of basins.

3. Somebody's mother—Expression of contempt.

4. Mohasseel—Governor of a small town or province.

CHAPTER XVI.

1. Imaum Schafi—Founder of

one of the four orthodox sects. He is buried at Cairo.

2. Kalidj was opened—A day of great rejoicing. It is opened when the Nile is at its height.

3. Expert divers—Money is thrown into the Kalidj on this day, and there are very expert divers who will bring a sequin from the bottom.

4. Sixteen cubits—If the Nile does not rise sixteen cubits, Egypt pays no tribute to the Porte.

CHAPTER XVII.

1. El asr—Three in the afternoon.

2. El dore—Noon.

3. Taib! taib!—Good! good!

4. Melieh—Very well.

5. Borak—Lightning.

6. Taàle haouda—Come hither.

7. Edgri—Away! run!

8. Kiff el gazell—Like the gazel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1. The Frank—He was an Englishman, and his name was Robinson.

2. Tchibooktchee—Tobacco-pipe bearer.

CHAPTER XIX.

1. Soureh emini—Pacha who carries the carpets from the sultan to the tomb of Mohammed.

2. Spahis—Cavalry.

3. Yellow-haired Yaours—Russians.

4. Yirmibes-lik—Reward given for every head of an enemy killed in battle.

5. Gurgistani—A native of Georgia.

6. Bairak—Company.

7. Nizam djedid—New system of military tactics.

8. Ustas—Sergeants.

9. Karakullukdchee—Corporal; literally, scullion.

10. Achet-chy-bashee—Major; literally, head of kitchen.

11. Hadji Bektash—Patron saint of janizaries, and their founder.

12. White sleeve of Hadji Bektash—The sleeve which hangs from the cap of janizaries.

CHAPTER XXII.

1. Son of a pacha, and the offspring of a sultana.

The birth of Mahmoud is attended with circumstances somewhat enveloped in mystery; the following will explain them:—

The schah sultana, eldest sister of Sultan Abdoul-Hamed, was married early in life to the Pacha of Salonica. The pacha being a man entirely free from ambition, and giving no umbrage at court, was allowed, contrary to the usual custom, to reside in a palace near the suburb of Eyoob. Here the sultana was delivered of a male child, apparently still-born. The infant was immediately handed over to the sultan's hakim. This official, in compliance with the Mohammedan law, which devotes to death the male offspring of such branches of the imperial family, proceeded to dispose of the body in a manner perfectly consistent with Eastern usage. Supposing the infant to be dead, he wrapped it in a cloth, and threw it into the stream of Kiadhané, which ran underneath the windows. Nicolaidi, a servant of Mahmoud's reputed father, (who was a Greek of the Morozi family, and purveyor to the household,) happened to be stationed in a boat

near the spot, waiting for orders. Curiosity induced him to take up the bundle, but perceiving its contents, and being fearful of bringing himself into trouble, he would have cast it into the stream again ; the immersion, however, had awakened the vital principle: the infant uttered a faint cry—Nicolaidi's better feelings prevailed: his master was childless, and had long wished for a child: he therefore carried the infant home with him; it was adopted by Morozi, and sent to the Morea, in order to prevent any disagreeable explanations.

THE END.



GALLER

MAY 24 1929